

# DRUMMER

ISSUE 136 / \$5.95

A SPECIAL  
PULLOUT SECTION:

**1990  
LEATHER EVENTS  
CALENDAR**

MARK THOMPSON ON  
THE LEATHERSEX FAERIES

**BLACK LEATHER  
WINGS**

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA  
DRUMMER

**STEVE  
PATTEN**

THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSIONS  
OF SUBMISSION  
BY JOSEPH W. BEAN

**BONDAGE**

LEATHER HEART/LEATHER ART

**BRUCE  
RAPP**

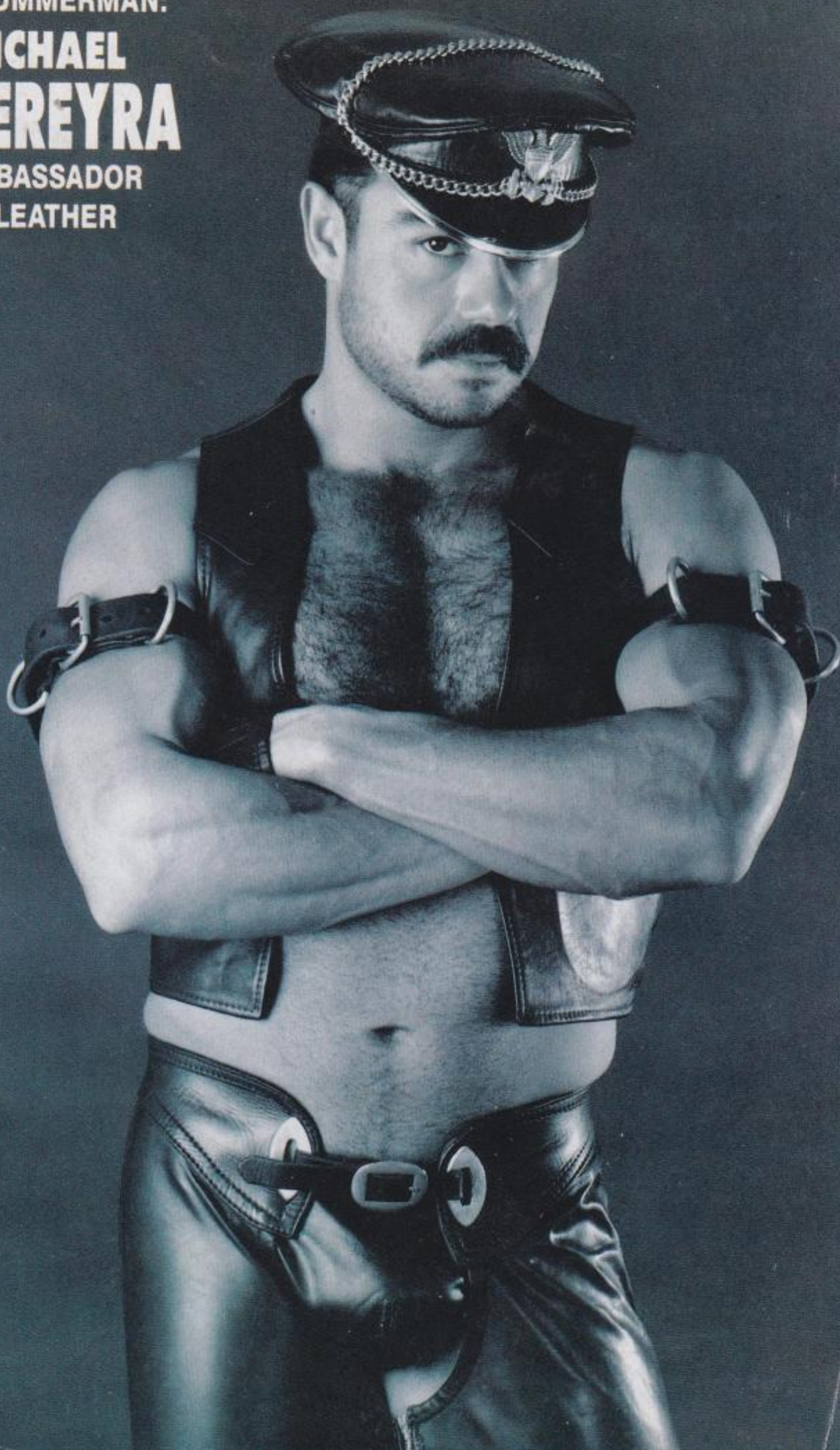
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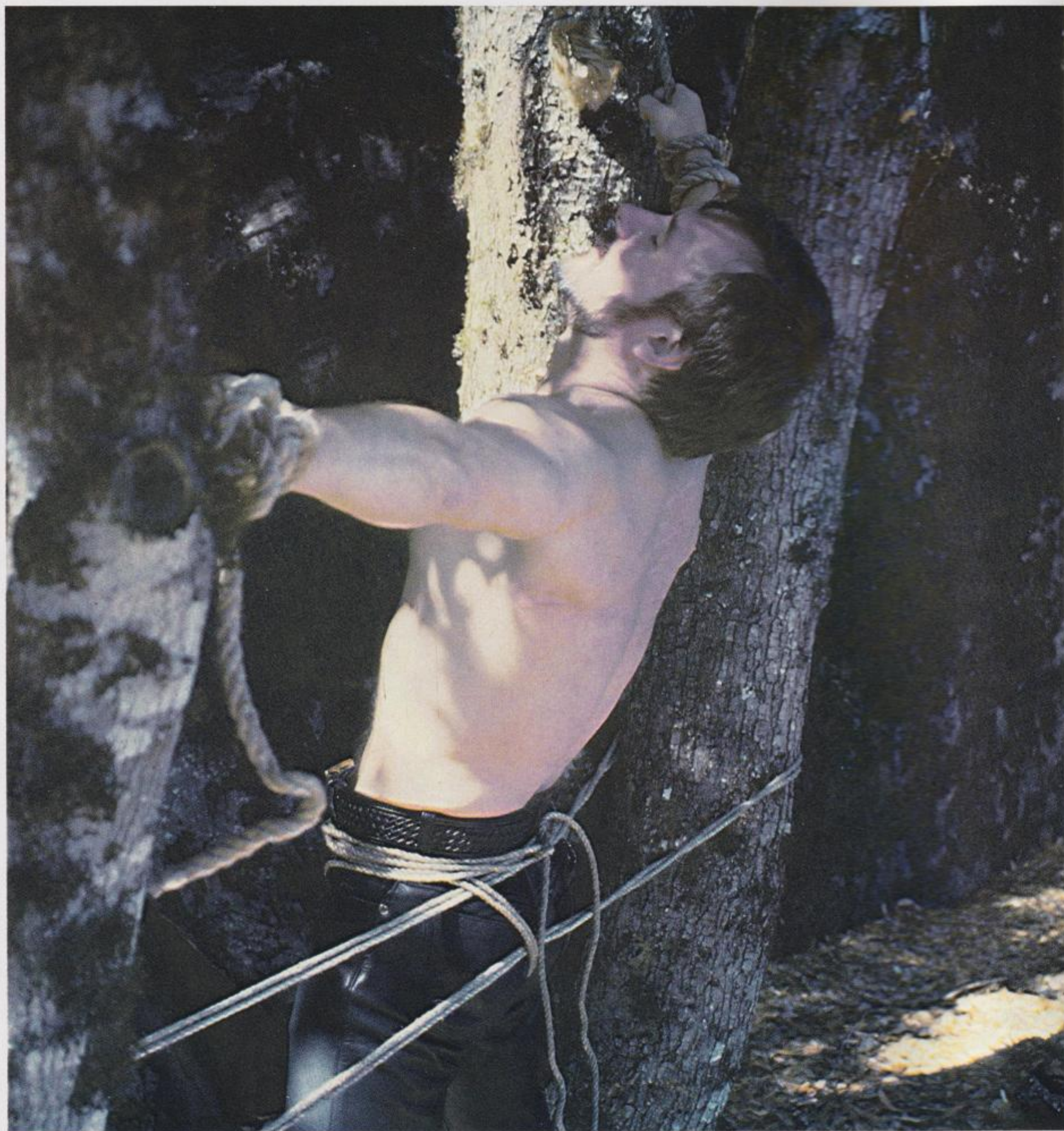
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//If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away.// —Henry David Thoreau

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Published 12 times a year by  
**Desmodus, Inc.**, P.O. Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314  
(415) 252-1195

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# OFF THE TOP

by **Fledermaus**

**A** new year and a new decade are upon us. We can only hope that the coming years will be better than the recent past. For all too many of us survival is the real and foremost concern. Too many of our friends have been lost to THE disease over the past decade, but even on that front things look brighter for the coming years. Censorship continues to be a threat to our lifestyle and to our literature, music, theatre, etc. But the crunches we anticipated two years ago have not been as bad as we thought, at least not yet.

On a different level the Leather/SM/Fetish community has thrived over the past decade, and gives every indication of continuing that upward trend through the 90s. Closet doors have been swinging wider and wider as more and more men, and women, experiment with the kinkier aspects of sexuality.

Chicago Hellfire Club will be celebrating its 19th anniversary this year, now owns its own clubhouse and is again experimenting with a further expansion of Inferno. The 15 Association, the second oldest men's SM club, celebrates its 10th anniversary in February. The Rocky Mountaineers now own a permanent run-site, and many of the SM clubs that have been formed more recently continue to thrive and grow. Many of the long established motorcycle and social clubs also thrive and new ones crop up every day. While the number of weekend-long outdoor runs has grown smaller over the years the ones that survive are bigger and better than ever. And the number of special interest or fetish clubs continues to grow vigorously, not only as nationwide, or worldwide, contact groups, but as local action groups as well.

Over the past decade we have seen the International Mr. Leather and Mr. Drummer contests grow from "beauty pageants" to genuine searches for spokesmen who can represent the Leather/SM/Fetish community, both within the community and as outreach to the more vanilla world. The 1990 Mr. Drummer Contest finals will include regional finalists from Germany, Britain, the Netherlands, New Zealand and Australia as well as from 16 regions around the US and Canada.

The last years of the 80s has also seen an amazing emergence of leather women from their own feminist-locked closets. Leather women's clubs are now growing rapidly in size and numbers, and International Ms. Leather is helping provide active and dynamic women willing and eager to take their leathers into the spotlight.

While pan-sexual clubs open to all genders and sexual orientations have been around for quite some time, Eulenspiegel in New York and Janus in San Francisco, the oldest SM clubs on the continent, have maintained relatively low profiles. Now these



Photo by Rink Foto

The publisher of *Drummer* gets a shoulder massage from Dave Rhodes, publisher of *The Leather Journal*, at the Folsom St. Fair while Mr. Great Lakes Drummer, Carl Cliver, looks on. Far from being competitors, *The Leather Journal* and *Drummer* (and the other Desmodus Inc. publications) complement each other. Any well rounded and well informed leatherman should be reading (and subscribing to) ALL of them.

I am honored to have just been named the *Leather Journal's* Business Person of the Year for 1990. My thanks to David Rhodes and my congratulations to the others honored by *The Leather Journal*: Dustin Logan, Man of the Year; Jan Lyon, Woman of the Year; and GMSMA, Organization of the Year.



clubs are also beginning to have higher profiles. And the number of such clubs is growing all across the country.

Undoubtedly the greatest achievement of the last part of the 1980s has been the way in which leather/SM/kinky men and women from all sexualities and diverse geography have begun to work together to share knowledge and experience and to help improve the quality of leather life for all kinky people. Behind the banner of "SAFE-SANE-CONSENSUAL" Leather men and women came together as a highly visible segment of the 1987 March on Washington. The men of GMSMA, and particularly Barry Douglas, are to be thanked for organizing the nationwide cooperation that was

needed to make this event momentous. On the opposite coast the National Leather Association started holding Living In Leather conferences in 1986. Each year these have become bigger and better, drawing ever increasing numbers of leather men and women of all sexual orientations from across the continent.

After attending LIL, many men and women have been bitten by the "let's do this too!" bug and there are now NLA chapters in every major city on the west coast from Vancouver to San Diego, as well as in Arkansas, Denver and Detroit; official NLA "chapters-in-formation" exist in Dallas, New England and Virginia; and chapters are in the planning stages in Phoenix, Omaha, Tulsa, Long Island, New York City, Winnipeg, Chicago, St. Louis, and Atlanta.

Leather media is also increasing and improving. Subscriptions to *Drummer*, though still low, continue to grow. Newsstand sales are brisk wherever it is allowed on the newsstands. The problem is not that the people don't want to read it, but that censors, or the threat of censorship, keeps its availability limited. The same is true, even more so, for *DungeonMaster* and the *Sandmudtopia Guardian*. *The Leather Journal* has joined the family of leather publications and is fast becoming the major source of news and information for the leather community. Other special interest magazines, like *Bound & Gagged* and *Bear*, have been born and are thriving. And some of the major club newsletters, like Janus' *Growing Pains*, NLA's *First Link* and GMSMA's *News Link*, are expanding to better serve their constituencies.

The major video houses are no longer producing "leather" videos, thank goodness! So we no longer get things like "The Master of the Discipline" where the top(?) wears a sling. Instead smaller producers like Palm Drive Video, Zeus Studios, and Man's Hand produce specialized videos that appeal to our specialized tastes. *Marathon's Dungeons of Europe* and *Europe Bound* series and the new *Drummer/Zeus* coproduced USSM series are more general SM tapes of REAL leathermen engaging in REAL SM.

The constraints of "Safe Sex" seem to have been understood and accepted among Leather men and women more easily than among the more vanilla segments of the population. This is probably because we already had many ways to play that are inherently safe, and because SM people are used to dealing with safety and limits as a part of their routine activity. These factors may even be a reason for the increasingly high profile of leather lifestyles.

As we enter the 90s we have a growing bud of leather activism and cooperation that needs further culture and nurture. With a bit of effort from all of us it can grow and bloom during the 90s.

**Tony DeBlase**



# MALE CALL

## A LONG TIME READER

I felt that I must really write to tell you that your most recent *Drummer* was truly outstanding. I have been a long time reader, and I can say without question that this is your best.

The pictures from "Men With No Name" were wonderful. I loved the sight of those beautiful men in various forms of restraint.

It has been a long time since I read a story that turned me on as much as "The Hitchhiker." I keep reading it over and over again. Each time that I read it, I enjoy it as much as the time before. Sometimes just thinking about it makes me hard.

Also thanks for the information on Mr. Maplethorpe. I think that he really did a service to the Community.

T.A. / Las Vegas, NV

## ATTITUDE? US?

While I really appreciate *Drummer*, sometimes your attitude really pisses me off. I wish you guys would stop acting like the one-and-only spokesmen for the leather community. For example: in issue 133 you berate a guy for using the term "We" to express an opinion. Yet in issue 131, you decided on a design for the Leather Pride flag, *COPYRIGHTED* it, and presented it to the leather community as a done deal. That strikes me as pretty damn imperious. Would it have killed you to have a competition open to and judged by members of our community? I think not. Perhaps you guys are getting a little too big for your motorcycle breeches.

G.J.P. / New York, NY

Unfortunately I outgrew my motorcycle breeches several years ago, but the reason has only to do with calories consumed and exercise not engaged in. AS for the COPYRIGHT, my article presenting the flag clearly stated that the copyright was for commercial purposes only, I gave full permission for any leather organization to use the flag for any purpose other than sale, and for sale as long as the funds raised are for the benefit of the leather community.

And whether it took gall, or balls, to produce it and present it, I did. There was no imperial "we" involved. I wanted it for the 20th anniversary of Stonewall, not a year or more later. Those men and women in Sheridan square that evening didn't hold a competition for the best retort to the police. They didn't even hold a committee meeting. They did what they thought needed to be done. A competition for designs would have been nice but it would have taken a lot of time. And I am certain, after several years of working in and with this community, that the results would have received no wider acceptance than my design has.

By the way, the ONLY criticism of the flag I have received has come from New York City. It has been widely and enthusiastically adopted in many other parts of the country, and there have been many

shipped to Australia and Europe as well. I would appreciate hearing from others about it, letters are welcome. Perhaps I'll put a question about it on *Drummer's* next reader survey.

—AFD

## WE DON'T COME CHEAP

As a devoted reader of *Drummer* for longer than I care to remember, I thought it was time to drop you a line. I have always lived where I could buy *Drummer* at the newsstand and since moving to a small town in Texas I finally gave in and subscribed. I never used to buy every issue of *Drummer* because the quality was so uneven, and I must admit that I was glad the subscription price rose to where I could no longer afford it so I would have an excuse to no longer subscribe.

Then I received issue number 132 just a few days ago and it is all the best that *Drummer* can be. And *Drummer* can be very good. This latest issue is hot and yet caring, thoughtful and helpful without being any less of a turn-on. The interview with Fred and Michel is one of the best interviews with Leathermen I have ever read. The Lifestyle survey was fascinating. All the pictures and copy on Leathermen contest(s) was wonderful. And above, all, the pictures and story about the bottom getting tied to the railroad tracks fulfilled a fantasy I have had since I was a little boy.

I don't want to make this a long letter, I just wanted to let you know that when the time comes for me to renew my subscription I will somehow scrape up the money and do it. Thanks for many happy hours over many, many years and much pleasure still to come (so to speak.)

R.B. / Plainview, TX

## FACT AND FICTION

i have been with Master Scott for 10 years. i have done everything in my power to be a worthy slave and certainly appreciate all He has done for me. He saved me from a life of drugs and sure self-destruction and turned me on to a life of love, respect, leathersex and definitely obedience to Him.

To get to the point, after reading "Ordered Discipline," a story on extreme urethral dilation in a past issue of *Drummer*, Master Scott wants to try to dilate my urethra. i am very well hung and my cock is very fat. i am very excited about His attempting this on me. i truly want to please Him. i exist for Him. Is this type of dilation possible? I know the story was fiction.

Thank you, Sir, for reading this and taking time to answer.

slave mike

Urethral dilation is possible, though I think that the degree of dilation in "Ordered Discipline" is beyond reasonable expectation. The main caution on stretching any portion of the body is "go VERY slowly" and in very small increments. Urethral dilation is worth an article in *DungeonMaster* and

I will try to get someone to write one. In the meantime I suggest you contact E.N.I.G.M.A. (c/o Lafargewerks, 2329 N. Leavitt, Chicago, IL 60647), an organization of men interested in all aspects of genital modification.

—AFD

## COMPLIMENTS AND COMPLAINTS

*Drummer* issue 133 is great! A quantum leap! Slick, professional, well laid out. Congrats. You've hit your stride.

Some advice: Male Call doesn't seem to take criticism too well. You're very aggressively angry with criticism you disagree with. Lighten up, don't be so nasty. You need the letters to figure out what the readership is thinking. Your responses are so hot headed and tough, people just won't bother to write. (I think.)

Also, your coping out with the bullshit "if a man chooses to abuse a substance, let him make his choice..." NO. Self-destructive. This philosophy has nothing to do with leather or SM. Hot sex and self-expression don't have to equal slow-death with drugs.

Anyways, most of all, congratulations on what you've done with *Drummer*. Luck and health in the future.

—A Long-Time Reader and Fan

Male Call responses, like this one, are initialed by the editor answering each letter. If a subject or a letter writer's opinion gets one of us all hot under the collar, we'll let you know it. And, of course, you may write us as "heatedly" as you like. Safest kind of rasslin' I know of.

About drugs: we have no right to tell anyone what to do or not do, and neither do you.

—JWB

## FRESH, HOT RAUNCH

In Male Call of your #131 issue of *Drummer* there was disturbing talk of things "getting stale" and "deterioration." I don't see it. You have the freshest and hottest raunch of them all.

Maybe it's the other way around. Maybe some of your readers are getting a bit stale.

Or maybe, they've lost their step with the "different drummer." Perhaps they can no longer hear the beat, or feel the power, or they have forgotten the man-love that is within us all.

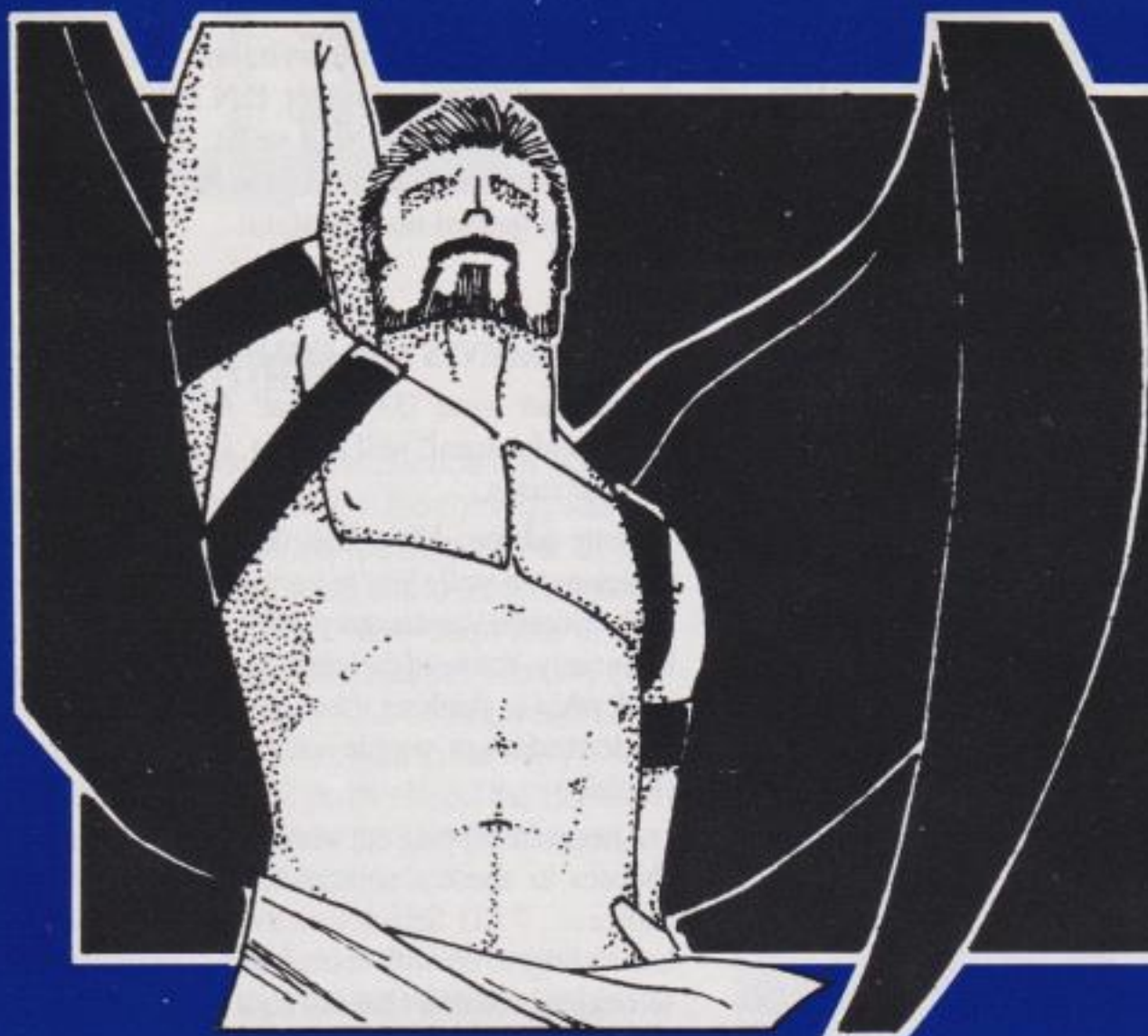
Let's kick them in the butt! As Poncho Villa said, "Let's show these gringos how to wear their balls."

## JUST HAD TO WRITE

and tell you issue 132 is the best yet. Guy Baldwin on the cover, what a hunk; his article "A Leather Family" great. Certainly want to congratulate him on his International Mr. Leather title, which he deserves. All the pieces of fiction were real good. Larry's "Leather Notebook" had a couple great letters from a Daddy in Detroit and a slave Eugene from Oregon. Drum is also great, thanks Bill Ward, and a special thank you to Rob Neyts for all his hard work promoting the 1990 Gay games. I have a great deal of love and respect for Rob and Guy and all you guys at *Drummer* that make us all proud to be a part of the leather life. Keep up the great work.

Mike / Rochester, MI





# BLACK LEATHER WINGS

by Mark Thompson

## THE RADICAL FAERIES HOST A LEATHER GATHERING



**I**t was twilight by the time we tied Alain to the tree, carefully securing his arms and legs with chains around the thick pine bark. He said that he had always wanted to be bound to one, and we were happy to oblige his fantasy; happy, indeed, to be there at all, forty-one of us, to be exact, sharing ourselves—our desires and dreams—among the trees, rocks, and river of this secluded valley in the Sierra foothills. We had come together these four days in July in answer to a call that had been a long time in coming. And now heard, we were wasting little time in responding to its invitation.

For some gay men, nothing holds more mystery and promise than black leather and all that it implies. It beckons and lures those who deduce its scent toward an unfathomable center of unarticulated need. Yet, can any man say what black leather really means, except for those whispers it somehow answers down deep in the gut? Certainly, for the 41 of us assembled together there was no consistency of reason, only that deep and unspoken well of unchallenged desire. It is a well that remains capped in the hearts of most men, but we were here to take long draught. And drink we did. How we all came to this point, of course, is the story—not only our story but, in some way, the story of the many who were not there.

### PATHS TO THE CENTER

Earlier that day we had gathered on the thick carpet of lawn that grows to the bank of the river. Sitting in a circle with joined hands, we appraised one another. Friends sat bunched in groups of three or four, other men sat alone and apart. Some men gleamed in the midmorning light, their leather vests and chaps lustrous against the emerald grass; others lay sprawled, bare butts to the sky, their bodies decorated only with an occasional tattoo or bright piercing. The circle had been woven out of many stories, out of many journeys that had led to here.





**Fakir Musafar and Rings during the ball dance.**

To my right was an older leatherman, his posture signalling years of experience, his wiry body exuding a natural, if gritty, masculinity. On my left sat a much younger man with pale skin, lambent eyes, and an extravagant bush of curly hair, what the poet Robert Bly would call a "soft man." Around the circle I could see men of all ages, shapes, and backgrounds. And somehow, on this first day of our meeting, we found ourselves linked together.

What bound us was a curiosity to know a deeper part of ourselves, that place where light and dark stay gripped as one in a neverending dance—where the source of our authentic power resides. So, sitting in a circle we uncapped the well and peered down, wanting to partake of the energy there. And being men, or desiring to be men, or wanting to affirm our manhood in new ways, we began to submerge ourselves in the reflective waters that lay waiting within the circle's subterranean core.

We shared our names and a bit of the journey that had brought us there, and then some of our hopes and needs. The well-traveled routes of Folsom Street met radical faerie ritual as the morning progressed. Personal landscapes of apparent contradiction found common ground, and opposites were fused into a fresh territory now open to be explored.

## THE AWAKENING TO NOW

The world of men in and into black leather and the loosely-drawn community of men who define themselves as "radical faeries" both have roots in the nascent beginnings of the gay movement which emerged primarily after World War II. The immense social mobilization required by the war sent out waves of change that would forever alter the status of women, gays, and other disenfranchised groups in American culture. Roles long-defined, and taboos long-held, were released in a sudden shock of recognition. The mythic fabric of society itself was recut to fit lives of different scope and purpose. Old myths—images of the outsider and rebel central to the American

experience—were now cast in black leather: multiple icons of Brando on the Bike. Other archetypes were boldly played out too: strong-willed women acting masculine and men giving vent to their feminine nature by crossing gender.

The time had come when feelings held hostage by a hostile society could at last be declared. All the roles—tough, soft, top, bottom—were up for grabs. Out of the deconstruction of American mythos came the new myth of the modern gay person; a person who, on the inside, at least, was freer to explore the myriad aspects of identity. Black leather gave men permission to be something not allowed in a more ordinary life—and, for many, the attitude fit. The seeds of a leather subculture were planted in the late-1940s and grew in the decades to come.

As I sat naked on the grass that morning, I couldn't help but reflect on a bit of the sociology that had led this circle to convene. They say that history, as we know it, is but a succession of rising and falling empires and famous people who have made this so. But sitting there listening to the men around me, I began to wonder if *our* history—as short and incredible as it's been—has not been made out of more intimate stuff. Gay men in our time have been allowed a wonderful window of opportunity to pick and choose meaning appropriate to ourselves. While it has not always seemed so, we have been uniquely blessed with the gift of self-invention. And nowhere has this appeared more evident than in the creation of the leather and radical faerie subcultures. Both groups have been on parallel tracks for a long time, yet each has scarcely recognized the other; except in the lives of certain individuals who have managed to create an inner alliance between the two and who were just now sharing that unlikely merge with each other.

## SHADOW PLAY

Like leather folk, the men currently identified as "radical faeries" have had a long struggle toward selfhood. In fact, both groups are anything but mutually exclusive and share much more than perhaps even they might admit. What difference there is lies beyond the casual observance of contrasting styles: black leather and steel versus "all-natural" and holistic. After all, there are vegetarian leathermen and more than one New Age devotee with a black leather jacket hanging in his closet. What both types often share is a sense of being on a personal journey in life, an adventure of discovery: a spiritual quest. This is something that has been chosen—however unconsciously—and once engaged it is a path that must be followed. Whether dressed in serious leather or in the silliest of lace, it is the unfolding journey of risks and delights that matters most—the creation of meaning.

What made our circle important, however, was not so much in a cojoined sense of destiny or way to fulfillment but in the revealing of chosen gods. Leathermen pay homage to weighty lords, the dark male gods of the underworld, of catharsis and perhaps even apotheosis. Faerie-



**Instruments for the rituals ranged from clapping hands to exotic drums.**

identified men seem more inclined to project their spiritual longings outward to Gaia, the great earth goddess, who is experienced in numerous forms, and her horned consort, Pan, the ecstatic one. The process of identifying which gods to honor—or what archetypes to let guide us—is crucial and all-important; for they are the elements of our growth, they determine the path of our coming-to-power. They are the essential and usually unacknowledged ingredients of our soul-making.

To turn up the heat underneath that inner crucible—whether through faerie ritual or leather play—is to bring the unknown into the light of consciousness and thus evoke change. This collective agenda of unrecognized fathers and mothers, this more personal business of boys who will not grow up to be men and men who have lost the boy within them, was the current that unified our circle just beneath the touch of hand on hand. By connecting our differences as much as our similarities, we were attempting to make something partly felt in our lives more whole.

## FINDING MY ANIMAL POWERS

The attempt to unify seemingly irreconcilable differences has been a constant motif in my life. And nowhere has this rift been more acutely felt than in my feelings as a practitioner of leather-sex-magic and as a faerie-identified man. Not that my life—or any life, for that matter—can be so easily reduced to expedient labels. We all experience lives of many dimensions and are versed in the putting on and removing of appropriate masks. But being a faerie with "black leather wings" presents a unique challenge. And not that I am the only man who senses this contradictory tug.

There are many seasoned leathermen who feel as I do. We have become tired of isolating attitude, grown weary with the responsibility of control (or the abdication of it). We want to open communication free of posturing games. The type of enduring emotional bonds that can be



forged between two men in leather play must now be magnified a thousandfold and held fast. These days, our desire for lasting community is the instinctual imperative. Leather sexuality, and the use of its rituals and vestments, have provided crucial lessons of empowerment for so many. Yet it seems we have just begun to learn how to transform individual awareness into a sustained, collective reality. The mysteries binding this leather tribe together are ever revealed to us: there are lessons within lessons contained in its initiation.

Like many gay men coming-of-age in 1970s San Francisco, I found the leather world tantalizing and available to explore. But tasting the forbidden and fully digesting it are different matters. It would be years before I could really admit to and assimilate my SM interests, until I found myself "coming out" yet once again. This is a cycle of self-recognition that any honest leather person will describe, but it is a process of awakening that can become confused and misdirected. Come out, again? To what and to whom? Will needy bottoms find their obliging tops, the masters their compliant halves? Will aging boys afraid-to-grow-up find the manhood they so desperately seek? Who will fill these empty vessels up, and with what vital stuff?

Distrustful and perhaps even frightened of the answers I initially discovered on my travels through South-of-Market, I continued my search elsewhere. And so, on one hot summer afternoon in 1979, I found myself with 200 other gay men in the middle of the Arizona desert. This was the first mass gathering of what were soon to be known as "radical faeries"—gay men seeking spiritual alternatives to questions that had long echoed inside them. Even then, I could easily see that black leather was a potent ingredient in the lives of many men there—men much like myself. In the decade since that first great circle in the desert, there have been dozens of similar events all over the country, gatherings during which hundreds of gay men have honored and healed themselves, each other, and the earth with tender expression.

Still, year after year, issues regarding intense erotic ritual—of expanding upon our sexual, animal powers—went largely undealt with. It was as if getting in touch with our feminine and feeling selves mean somehow lessening our contact with the physically directed world of the masculine. It is a dilemma often familiar to men who have embraced the world of the New Age; as if the moon must be traded for the sun, rather than bask in the light of each.

Some of us had the means to evoke and enhance that sublimated potential through the leather talismans and techniques we dutifully brought to gatherings every summer. But our shaman tools remained mostly unused. Did we feel shamed, or were we simply letting a part of our strength remain buried too? Until now, here at this circle on the grass, when those of us with black leather wings stepped through the shadow of our doubt to claim the magic of our dance.

## ECSTATIC RITES

The box of small rubber balls was a kind of

post-Modern concession to the fruit and citrus customarily used in India for the ritual performed on the first afternoon of the gathering. As with the ages-old Hindu religious practice, the balls are attached to thin cords (in this case, fishing line) which are then secured to the skin with hooks or needles. Participants in the ritual can wear as many balls as they wish, or as many as they can withstand. The purpose of this adornment, however, is not to exercise one's tolerance of pain.

One man standing naked on the lawn and daubed all over with reddish-brown stains of antiseptic liquid observed that the metal hooks being inserted into his chest, back, and arms had all the bit of bee stings. The object, rather, is to build up levels of sensation as the body naturally reacts with a flow of endorphins, those pain-mitigating and euphoria-inducing chemicals controlled by the brain. These opium-like substances are released during times of physical or emotional stress, the point of our ritual being to consciously engage and heighten their natural effects.



Meetings and rituals began with "Circles."

As the final balls were being sewn onto the small group of men who had decided to partake in the ritual, the rest of us assembled an orchestra of drums, rattles, and flutes. The sun was high above now, and the red and silver balls flashed brightly in the light as the men dipped and turned, testing their weight. Then a circle was formed, hands were grasped and extended upward, and the first beat of a drum was sounded. More instruments joined in and, slowly, with a rhythmic saw, the men in the circle began to dance. Tentative, at first, and then with growing confidence the dancers began to spread out across the expansive green. Their graceful movements and our percussive music joined in harmonic union, the repetition of the beat mirroring the repeating motion of balls bouncing against flesh.

The dance progressed for nearly an hour, during which time the dancers gradually entered into an altered state of mind, a kind of heavy-lidded trance. Twirling and moving, they grew increasingly ecstatic as one by one the balls flew loose from their bodies. Soon the lawn was dotted with dozens of balls as the celebrants literally jumped with joy, spirits released and airborne from the normal constraints of consciousness—their transcendence achieved.

## A CALL TO THE GODS

Some of us gathered on the grass again the following morning. Three men, including the "modern primitive" shaman Fakir Musafar, were to enact the sacred Native American rite of the plains, the Sun Dance. The morning was spent in contemplation and preparing the ritual site. A young cottonwood tree (traditional to the ceremony) had been found growing on the edge of the river and long white ropes tied with eagle feathers were attached to its upper limbs. Long needles were carefully inserted through the skin of the men's upper chests, and the ropes tied to them. Once more our musical instruments were gathered, and at high noon the dance commenced.

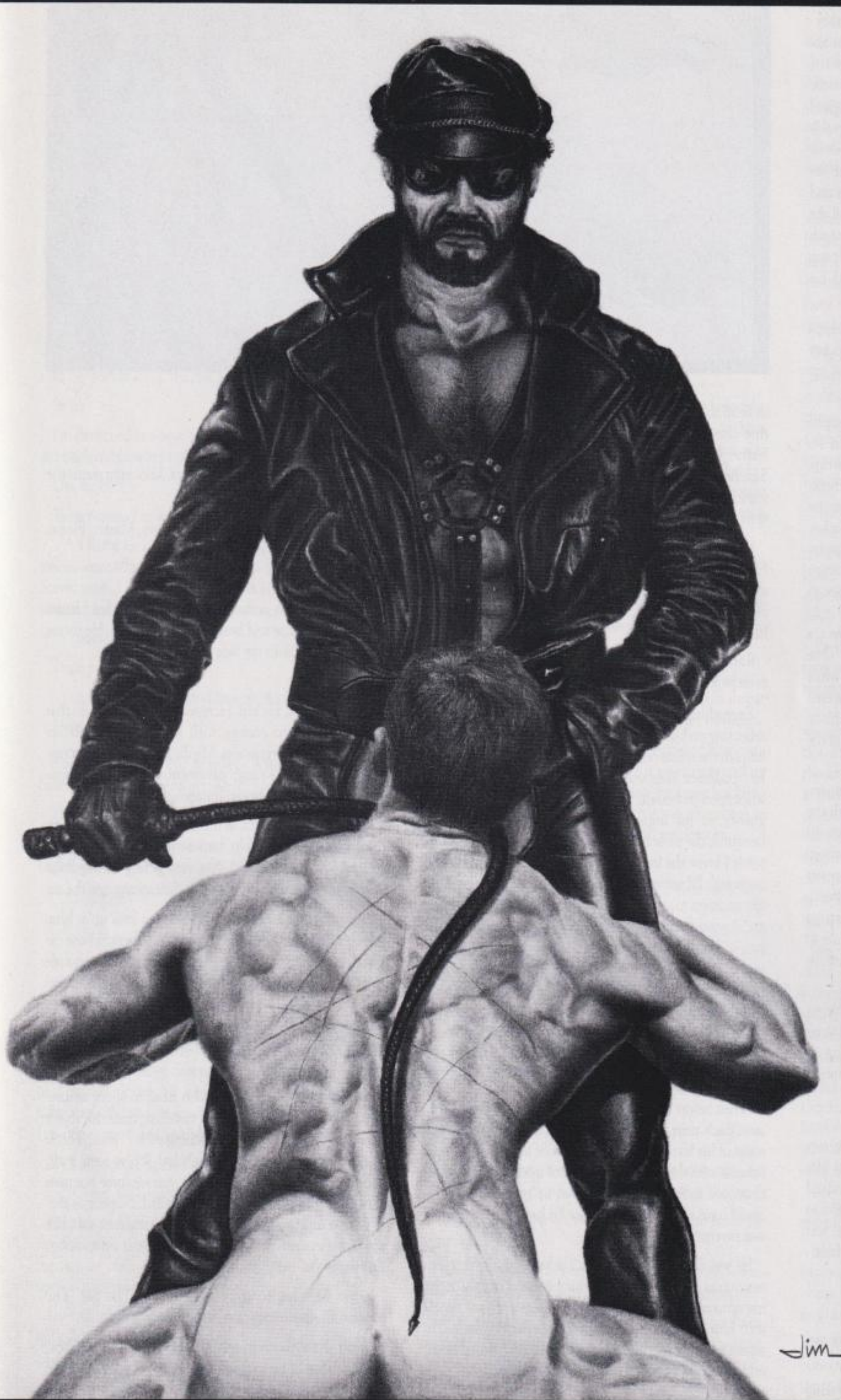
Slowly stepping back until the lines were taut, the men gently pulled away from the cottonwood—a test of the spirit as well as the flesh. Leaning backward from the tree in rocking, hypnotic motions, each man repeated over and again his own very private prayer, to the tempo of the drum beat. Long minutes passed as the dancers concentrated on breaking free. The musicians continued their playing and, in time, it seemed as if the entire surrounding area was infused with an aura of united will. The rare beauty of the dancer's surrender was infectious.

And when, with great shouts of release, the cords finally tore loose from the chests of the dancers, the wind through the tree sounded like a sigh of benediction on everyone there. The vortex of energy created by the dance was palpable, lingering around the ritual site like a heavy mist for at least another hour.

Later that night, I contemplated all that I had seen and heard at the gathering. Aside from our group dynamics, there had been much individual sharing too. Men making themselves vulnerable to one another, sharing long-held fantasies, exposing their souls, all in one of the most benign environments imaginable. I thought about the barn where we had played throughout the long evening hours. The best dungeons of San Francisco had been picked through to equip the barn, and dozens of flickering candles in tall red vases illuminated a space full of hoists, frames, and dangling chains. Somehow, I reflected, definitions of *leather* and *faerie* would never be quite the same. The fusion of the two had produced a third, and possibly unknown, quantity. Whatever it was, whatever it would grow to be, it had created a state of satisfaction I had never felt before. It was here that one journey ended and—by crossing time and cultures—another would begin.

My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the high-pitched cries of the peacocks that live on the grounds of our encampment. Cutting through the dark calm of the night like voices from a disturbing dream, their eerie calls sounded out "Help, help." I sat up in my tent, alert to the murmur of the passing river, aware of the moonlight pooled silver beyond the open flat. I rolled over with a smile and nestled into sleep; somehow this world seemed secure and never more correct.





# DREAM MASTER

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BY  
PAUL MARTIN

ILLUSTRATION BY  
JIM



I met the Dream Master's shadow before I met Him. It was dancing on the wall at the Eagle, a black shape in motion in a bar full of still, foreboding leather-black shapes. Assuming ridiculous postures and monstrous proportions, it lampooned the dead-seriousness of the men who, though ravenous for human contact, were energetically ignoring each other. The shadow laughed and capered like a fool as men paired off by ignoring each other so intently that the concentration required drew them together like magnets. I searched around for the object (could it be a man?) casting these satiric shadows and eventually saw that it was another leatherman, like all the rest in the bar, except that he was standing next to a torch that was flaming like something out of *South Pacific*. It was the flames' motion, not the man's, which caused his shadow to dance.

Or was that all? Something suggested otherwise: perhaps the way he stood, silent and black-clad like the others but somehow out of place. That he was fully aware of his shadow's activities and furthermore he approved.

In contrast to his shadow's extravagance, he was the picture of The Leatherman. Each detail perfect in its anonymity and menace: leather and chrome Muir cap, pulled down to shadow mirror lenses; moustache, thick, black and bristly; black leather motorcycle jacket, precise in adherence to archetype, exactly like the black leather jacket worn by the Master of a million jackoff fantasies. Gleaming cockring on left epaulet. Spare ornamentation of chrome studs on leather. Jacket zipped halfway open to reveal furry, muscular chest and abdomen, adorned only by a leather harness. Below, chaps, their centerpiece a studded leather codpiece bulging with promise. One gauntleted hand unhurriedly stroking that pouch while the other rested indolently on a shiny leather-covered thigh. Legs spread. Hips thrust forward. Massive black boots authoritatively claiming their share and more of the space on the patio.

Beyond clone. Clone is a word that describes imitation. Rather, this man (if, indeed, there was a man beneath the leather and behind the shades) was an archetype. I could imagine him standing in that spot, never shifting position, never leaving to take a piss or buy another beer, never scratching (except, occasionally, his crotch for effect), never even going home when the bar closed, just standing in that spot to provide the throngs of men with a figure to fantasize about, to pretend that's who's fucking them instead of the trick they actually picked up.

No one was speaking to him. No one but me even seemed to notice him. He never moved. He seemed to be breathing though I couldn't be sure. I felt like walking up and silently examining him as I would a piece of sculpture in a museum.

Eventually, feeling a mixture of amusement and fascination, that's what I did. Rather than play any cruising games I simply crossed the patio, stood directly in front of him and cased him up, down and sideways. Then walked around behind him, taking in the enormous attention to detail (including several hankies on the left, of course) and finally stopped, hand on chin, musing, in front of him.

No reaction.

What do you do? Shrug. Walk away. I did.

When I had resumed my former cruising spot I turned around and he was gone. So was his shadow.

He had triggered in me a mood of melancholy. Looking around, all I could see was surface. Surface, surface, surface. There might have been three men in the bar, multiplied by clever placement of mirrors. One was dressed



in head to toe leather, like the Dream Master. (I fell into that category myself.) One was dressed in a blending of leather with uniform: Dress boots with leather breeches, Sam Browne belt crossing over uniform shirt dangled with stars and studs and whistles. The third was dressed in T-shirt, jeans and muscles.

We were all characters in somebody's jackoff fantasy. I had a momentary fear that at any second there would be an eruption and we would all vanish in a fountain of cum . . . to be resurrected only for the next autoerotic bout.

Ruined my fucking mood. I left, went home, couldn't even jack off. Finally I fell asleep trying.

Everything was black and white. Harsh white light reflecting on black leather, perfect gloss and sheen. Black hairs in the white rectangle of skin framed by snug chaps. His codpiece removed, the Dream Master's cock lay suspended in midair, its obvious swollen weight defying gravity to jut imperiously forward. Rock solid and beautiful, the most beautiful cock I had ever seen. Instinctively I knew the feel of it in my mouth, down my throat, as though I'd nursed on it since birth. Its length and bulk thrust down my throat would be familiar and comforting and I would suck and swallow as though receiving ambrosia, heart swelling with gratitude as my throat swelled to accommodate his massiveness. I longed for the feeling of his gloved hands on my head, first guiding and caressing then holding firmly in place as he fucked my throat, deeply and without pause. In my submission I would feel no need to breathe. The Dream Master's cock satisfied all desires, all hungers, all thirsts.

I knelt before him. His cock hung directly in front of my face. Each time I inhaled, the musk of his cock and the scent of his leather pierced to the root of my hunger and I shook with desire. I could think of nothing but having that cock in me: down my throat, up my ass, hell, if he could have stuffed it up my nose I'd have begged for it. I was ravenous.

He was silent and motionless. I ached with the desire to touch him, to bury my face in that beautiful crotch, to put my arms around his leather-covered legs and pull myself into him, to rub my stiff nipples against his thighs, to whine and yelp and hump his boots like a dog until I came, and then clean the cum off with my tongue.

I did not have permission.

The silence, and my hunger, finally broke me. I looked up, disobeying orders, and tried to communicate the depth

of my need with one word:

"Please . . ."

He backhanded me across the face, knocking me to the ground. "Speak when spoken to."

I lay where I fell, face down. "I'm sorry, Master. Please, Master, I'm sorry, Sir . . ."

"Shut up."

I obeyed, and lay perfectly still. Waiting. At last I heard his bootheel scrape and he stood in front of me. He thrust one booted toe into my face and I inhaled.

"Lick."

Oh, fuck, yeah, I licked. I scraped my tongue raw on that leather. I tried to convey with my loving mouth my gratitude for his forgiveness. My dick was hard and scraping itself raw on the rough pavement. I ground my tits into the concrete and began humping.

He gave me a little kick in the face and removed his boot, then I felt him thrust it between my crotch and the ground. "Stop." I stopped. Not very gently he urged me over on my back with his boot. My dick sprang into the air.

Lying on my back as I was, I could now look up at him. Perspective made him ten feet tall. My Master, whose expression spoke to me of focused, impersonal rage, whose mirrored lenses reflected tableaux of flesh and leather, steel and sex and force and pain. My Master, who never touched me with his bare hands, so that the scrape of his leather gloves on my bare flesh was to me the texture of his touch. My Master.

He stood over me, nodding his head in silent amusement. "Yeah, boy," he said, eyes travelling from the abject adoration in my eyes to my bobbing dick. "Yeah. Think you're a fucking smart boy, don'tcha? You've seen it all, nobody impresses you, right? Yeah, you see some hot man at the bar, you think, 'I'm not impressed. Nope, not me.' Act like you're some fucking hot piece of smartass shit, like you're better than everybody else. Well, you ain't, fucker. You ain't shit."

It was beginning to come back to me. The bar. The shadow. Going home . . .

"Yeah. Now you remember. Fuckin' piece of shit-boy, you make fun of me in the bar, but you get yourself home and curled up in bed and close your eyes and wrap your hand around that miserable excuse for a cock you've got, and who is it you're dreaming about? Who is it you're flat on your face in front of, whining and moaning and hunch-



ing the fucking ground over? You want me, boy. You want me. You want me so bad it'd kill you not to have me. Wouldn't it boy? Yeah. You want me, boy, so you just remember one thing."

As if in slow motion, I observed one leg swinging back.

"This is all a dream, boy."

And then he drove his steel-toed boot into my balls.

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST THAT HURTS!

...FUCK!...

AW SHIT, I'M COMING! FUCK IT HURTS, MY BALLS, AHHH...

Breathe.

Breathe some more. A little slower. It's okay. Just a fucking dream. Oh, fuck, then why do my fucking balls hurt so bad? Let go of them, let go of my balls, it's all right, I can take my hands away, it's just a fucking dream...

Shit.

I'm drenched in sweat. Clenched so tight into a ball my stomach muscles are cramping. Relax. Relax. Breathe.

Oh, fuck.

Time passes. Let it pass.

... what a fucking dream. I haven't been *that* bottom since—since when, when was it, shit, eight years ago? With Steve, yeah, I used to lick his boots sometimes and he'd beat my ass. I used to like that stuff...

... guess I still do, maybe...

Time passes.

... it was never that good in real life, though...

Sleep.

I woke shivering. No blanket. Where's the fucking blanket? Without opening my eyes I felt around for it.

There's somebody in my bed.

Think back, now. Think back. Who'd I bring home last night?

... Nobody...

Oh, fuck.

No.

That was a dream.

Wincing with remembered pain I rolled over and opened my eyes. He was wrapped up in all my blankets, head tilted back, a little puddle of drool on my pillows, both of which he'd stuffed under his head. He'd taken his cap and sunglasses off, but that was it. Down at the foot of the bed I could see his boots poking out of the blankets.

Well at least he doesn't snore.

... Oops. Yes he does. Oh well.

I got up and went to the bathroom, looked in the mirror. Eyes okay. Pupils normal. Not bloodshot. I gingerly cupped my balls in one hand: no, they're fine, not even sore. What is this?

I went back into the bedroom and watched him drool on my pillow for a while.

"Hey."

Snore.

"Hey." A little louder.

"Hnnn!"

"Wake up."

"Nn."

"HEY!"

"WHAT?" he jumped, flinging back the covers. "Huh?"

"Who are you?"

"Hunh? Oh, Jesus." He put a hand over his eyes and groped for his sunglasses. It was so dark in the room I could barely see. He got them on and breathed a sigh of relief. "Hi."

"Hi. Who are you?"

"Oh. Um. You don't remember?" He patted the night-table for his cap and settled it on his brow.

"I'm not sure what I remember."

He flexed his foot, wriggling his booted toe. "Well. Perhaps I could refresh your memory."

That did it.

I lunged and had my hands around his throat before he could blink. "Who the fuck ARE you, you fucking miserable piece of shit? Who the fuck do you think you are?" I was squeezing and shaking at the same time. I didn't really expect him to be able to answer, since I was cutting off his air. I just wanted to see the bastard's face turn purple.

But it wasn't turning purple, or even red. He just lay there, taking it with a smile on his face. Then he laughed, and that laugh did not sound like it came from a throat that someone was choking. It sounded like it came from everywhere at once. And then he was gone.

I made a little noise in the back of my throat. It's just a little thing I do when I'm scared. He cleared his throat behind me and I made the sound again, then I whirled.

"Sleep," he said. And suddenly I remembered how comfortable the floor was, and how nice it was to just curl up in a ball and lie on the floor, and I saw my knees buckling and the floor coming up at me but that was okay, I was so tired, and the floor looked so soft and welcoming...

I was hanging by my wrists, locked into steel cuffs. The chains disappeared up into the gloom above me. I could barely reach the floor: if I stood absolutely straight I could put some of my weight on my toes, but eventually my toes would cramp and I would lose my balance and all my weight would transfer to the manacles. The steel bit cruelly into my wrists.

Every area of my skin was super-sensitive, aware that the whip could fall anywhere without warning. I could feel tiny currents in the air, and the sweat rolling down my back and thighs...

The blow did not fall.

I heard the heavy tread of my Master's boots and he walked around in front of me. He did not look happy.

"You will never. Never. Never raise your hand to me in anger again, boy."

I bowed my head. "Master, I am sorry. Please forgive me, Master. Please. I'll do anything, Master. Please punish me."

He glanced down at my dick, standing straight out from my body. "Yeah, you want to be whipped, boy. You want the leather to score your hide. You want to scream, 'One, Sir! Thank you, Sir!' and 'May I have some more, please, Sir!'"

He smacked the handle of his whip down hard on my erection. "Down, boy!" It wilted. He played his gloved

fingers over my limp dick and balls. "No pleasure, boy. This time only pain."

He began slapping my balls, backhanding them from side to side. I bit my tongue to keep from crying out. He switched to the heavy whip-handle, thwacking my balls left and right, then coming from above with blows to my dick and balls. Again. I moaned with the pain, but I submissively spread my legs to allow him greater access. This left all my weight dangling from the steel manacles, and my wrists cried out in pain.

He continued to beat my cock and balls until I was screaming, jerking so hard in my bonds I was afraid I would break my wrists inside their metal cuffs. But he went on, and I screamed until my throat was raw and all that emerged from my mouth was a dribble of saliva. If I could have spoken I'd have begged him to stop. As it was, my croaking annoyed him.

He cracked me across the face with the whip handle. "Shut up!" he snarled. I couldn't. Radiating disgust, he stuffed a dildo into my mouth and partway down my throat, wrapping a leather thong around my head several times and tying the dildo in place. It penetrated just deep enough to almost make me gag, but I could breathe around it with concentration.

Then he punched me in the stomach, and I couldn't concentrate on breathing. My throat constricted around the dildo and I gagged. I exerted every ounce of control I could summon not to throw up, to relax, to breathe around the obstruction in my throat. Finally I dragged in air.

By then he had moved behind me and he began whipping me in earnest. With each blow I would involuntarily try to suck in air, my throat tightening around the dildo, and I would have to fight for control. Sometimes he allowed me time for this between blows. Sometimes he did not. My body was going slack from oxygen starvation. My throat muscles began to weaken from the constant effort and as things blurred around me my throat simply relaxed of its own volition and the dildo inched further down. My head sagged backwards and I could feel it penetrating deeper and deeper. As the blows continued to fall and darkness descended, I sucked on that dildo and tried to pretend it was my Master's cock, but it did me no good: he had forbidden me pleasure.

Just when I was about to pass out, the whipping stopped and my Master unlaced the binding and ripped the dildo from my throat. As from a distance I heard the wet sputtering noises that were my body's attempts at breathing. Unseen hands released me from the wrist restraints and I was lowered, not gently, to the floor.

I lay puking, naked, rolling in my own vomit. Coughing. Gradually the fog began to lift and I could see my Master's boots. Without conscious decision I began writhing my way across the floor. When I had almost gotten within tongue-reach, he stepped back.

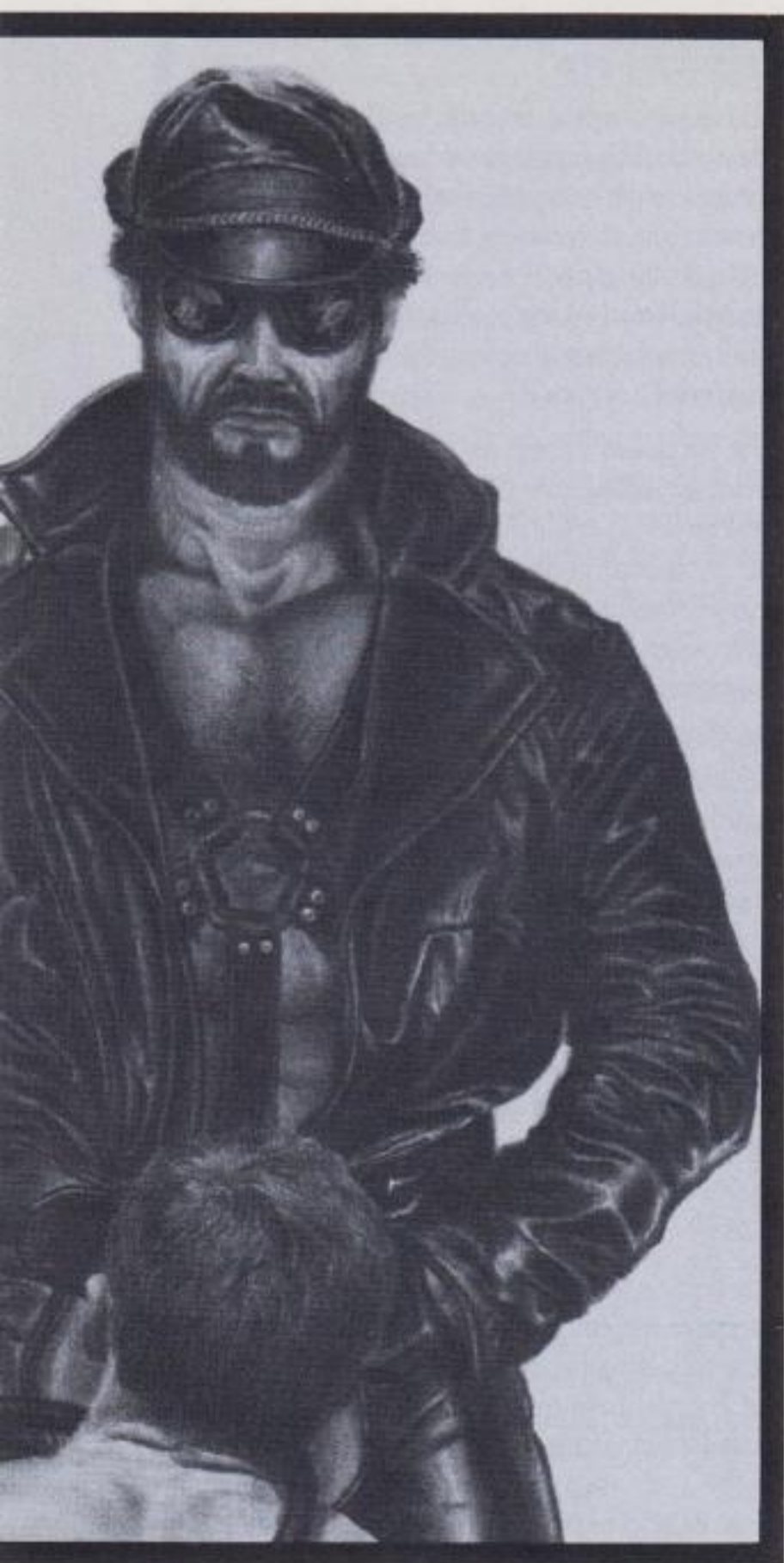
"You get puke on my boots, boy, and you'll find out what *real* punishment is."

My mind wasn't functioning; the words did not register. I continued to crawl, eyes fixed on his beautiful black boots. He stepped back again. I continued to crawl. He laughed. "I like this game."

He led me around the floor, mindlessly crawling after his boots, until it finally got through to me that he was not going to allow me to touch them. I lay panting where I was, mind blank, empty of anticipation.

I heard the zip of his fly, and then footsteps. Then fire, as his piss sprayed over the cuts and welts on my back. In-





stinctively, to protect my back I flopped over on my stomach, which allowed the piss to wash over the cuts and welts on my *front*. It stung like hell, but after a minute the stinging sensation went down and I regained enough presence of mind to open my mouth and drape my tongue out as far as it would go, to catch a few drops.

"Pig." He cut off the flow. Then he squatted down so his soft dick was near my mouth. I stretched my tongue up toward it and couldn't quite reach—couldn't quite lap the single yellow drop which still clung to his pisshole, slowly getting bigger and bigger, heavier and heavier, about to fall . . .

"Say you're sorry."

What?

"Say you're sorry, fuckup."

I could barely croak. "I'm . . . sorry . . . Sir."

"What? Say it LOUDER!"

The droplet began slowly, slowly, to drip down off his dick to answer the call of gravity . . . I sucked in air and shouted around the pain in my throat, "I'M SORRY, SIR!"

"You'd fucking better be sorry, fuckup! You ever fuckin' try a stunt like that again I'll rip the skin off your bones and feed it to your fuckin' mother! You hear me, boy? You hear me?"

"YES! SIR! I HEAR YOU! SIR! I'M SORRY! SIR!"

The gleaming droplet stretched out and finally fell. Ex-

tended to its fullest, my tongue could not reach it and it dropped wasted to the floor . . .

When I woke up my tongue was still hanging out of my mouth. It felt coated with an inch of scum. I swallowed and gagged: my throat was so dry it felt like the swallow got stuck.

I'd been lying naked on the floor . . . for how long? No way of telling. I struggled to my knees and waited for my head to stop spinning, then got to my feet and headed shakily for the bathroom. All my instincts warned me to get to the toilet *quick*. I fell to my knees before it and puked my guts out for real this time.

Then I took a long hot shower to drive the fog out of my head: a brainless reveling in hot water and in soaping myself all over. I got out, towed myself dry and went into the kitchen to put water on for tea. When I had puttered as much as I could, I finally sat down in my favorite chair with my cup of tea and stared out the window, unseeing.

What the fuck was going on?

Much later, the scratch of the key in the lock broke my reverie. My half-functioning brain lazily turned over the question of who it could be. Mark still had a set of keys, but since we'd broken up he hardly ever came by, and never without calling first. The landlord, Mr. Johnson? Maybe, but . . .

It was Him.

"I couldn't find much of anything in your refrigerator, so I went shopping," the Dream Master said, bustling in with his arms full of brown paper bags. "You really ought to feed yourself better." The leather apparition toted the bags into the kitchen and began noisily putting things away.

Calmly, now. *Don't* scream. Calmly. Get up. Put down the tea, it's cold. Walk to the kitchen, stand in the door.

"Where do you keep your—oh, here it is. Never mind. Do you like pasta? I picked up some fresh mostaccioli, and there's cream and parmesan for alfredo—oh, and some fresh basil—"

What can I say that isn't going to sound stupid?

Nothing. "I'm very confused."

The Dream Master stopped, a long loaf of french bread in his hands. "What about?"

"Who are you?"

"I thought we'd established that."

"I don't get this."

He sighed and put down the bread. His leather creaked as he lowered himself onto the kitchen chair. "What is there to *not* get? I am your Master. You've been thinking of me as the Dream Master, and that's appropriate enough. I'm moving in. I'll cook dinner tonight. You cook tomorrow night. You keep the apartment tidy, you do the laundry, you pay the rent, you suck my cock. Any more questions?"

Didn't that cover everything? "How do you—How do you—"

"How do I do what I do? I'm the Dream Master. It comes natural." He popped open his codpiece. "C'mere and suck."

I felt no mysterious compulsion to obey, but I got down on my knees anyway. He pulled out an average-sized dick, and I tentatively put it in my mouth. Rolled it around, felt it getting hard. His dick in my mouth felt nothing like the dick I remembered sucking the night before. Not nearly as long, or fat, or . . .

Then his hands were on my head, and I heard him whisper, "Sleep."

The dick in my mouth was the hugest piece of horsemeat I had ever gorged. My mouth was completely filled and all I had in it was the head. The hands cradling my head gently coerced me to go down on it, and I opened my throat, beginning a continuous swallowing motion that would help me ease the huge prong down my throat. The bulbous head penetrated the ring of muscles leading down my throat and pushed beyond. I wanted it—I wanted that cock so bad. I started gulping, shoving my face further down on the twelve-inch shaft. Driving it down my throat. I was hungry for it, hungry for that huge organ to ream out my throat and spew its load into . . .

He pulled away and I fell to the kitchen floor. He stuffed his average-sized dick back into his codpiece and continued putting away groceries. "See? Dream Master. Get it?"

I got it. Lying on the floor, throat aching with unsatisfied desire, my own dick pulsing in my pants, watching my Dream Master put away the margarine, I got it.

Just then there was a knock at the door and I heard it open. It had to be Leo, letting himself in as usual. He's the queen across the hall: a nice enough neighbor, but a little nosy about tricks. He'd heard us talking, I guess, and just had to see.

I was still on the floor when he came in the kitchen. "Sounded like y'all're havin' a party in here, girl, so where you hidin' 'im?" He stopped dead in his tracks. "WHAT are you doing on the FLOOR, my goodness child are you all right?" He looked right through the Dream Master as if he weren't there.

I didn't bother getting up, or explaining why I was on the floor. I gestured to the Dream Master and said, "Leo, this is . . . I just realized, I don't even know your name."

The Dream Master only smiled, and Leo said, "Whose name? You okay, girl?"

"Him," I said. "The Dream—" and then I couldn't bring myself to say it, it sounded too bizarre.

"He can't see me," the Dream Master said.

This was too much. "What the fuck is this, *Blithe Spirit*?"

"Um, Johnny . . ." Leo looked truly concerned. "Who are you talking to, dear?"

I just looked mutely from one to the other in exasperation. Finally I just gave up. "Oh, nobody. Myself."

"Well, I don't like this talking to yourself, girl. You put a stop to it right now, you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You sure you're all right? Why don't you get up off the floor?"

"Maybe I like it down here."

"Uh-huh. I've heard that one before. You sure you ain't hiding some trick with the dick of death in here somewhere?"

"Cross my heart."

"Well then, why don't you just get UP off that floor, STOP talking to yourself, and FINISH putting away those groceries? And CALL me when you DO have some killer trick over, you understand?"

"Yes, Leo."

"And thank you, but I can see myself out."

And that was Leo.



"I'm not real," he admitted, sopping up alfredo sauce with a chunk of bread. "You've probably figured that out."

I finished chewing my mouthful of steamed vegetables. Swallowed. "Well, no. I haven't actually figured much of anything out. I feel pretty stupid. Like all of this should be so clear and obvious, but it's not. I mean, it's happening, right? This is happening, I mean. It's not a, a dream, or a hallucination or something, right?"

He answered around a mouthful of french bread. "This is not—mmf—not a dream. After some time with me you'll probably be better able to tell the difference between dreaming and waking." He swallowed. "Then again, you might not. Dreamtime is hyper-reality, you know—more real than reality. You can move in more dimensions than you can when you're awake. That's usually how you can tell. For example, I couldn't do this . . ." he reached into my chest and pulled out my steaming heart " . . . if you were awake."

I blinked my eyes open just as I was about to plop face first into my mostaccioli. "Stop that!"

"Just an example." He sopped up the last of his sauce. I still had half my plateful to go; I'm a slow eater. With only a minimum of visible impatience, he mentioned there was spumoni.

"Go ahead, I'm not crazy about the stuff. You can have it all."

And he did, ate the whole container while I finished off my pasta. Then he wanted to watch TV. I hate TV. I only had one because Mark used to watch his soap-operas—thankfully, during the day while I was at work. But he was the Master, so I cranked it up and handed him the remote. He channel-hopped for a while, then finally settled on some cop show or other. I sat on the floor at his feet and watched too. He rested one hand on top of my head (he was still wearing those gloves,) and, you know, I felt good. Confused, but good.

Something very strange was happening in my life. I couldn't imagine why, or how, or where it was leading. But when I inhaled, I could smell the rich leatherscent of his chaps, and once in a while he would nudge the bulge in my crotch with the toe of his boot, and the gloved hand on my head felt good and I didn't want it to stop. I was even enjoying watching TV.

I must have dropped off that way, my head cradled between his legs, because next thing I remember, I'm in a sling and the Dream Master is standing above me, caressing me with those ever-gloved hands. He is silent and he motions me to silence. He probes every inch of my body, slowly, sensually. He rolls my tits between finger and thumb, the rough-smooth texture of the leather causing my nipples to stiffen with pleasure. His face seems to glow and the fragrance of his leather surrounds me. Everywhere he touches me I feel a warmth, an arousal. His massaging hands find my asscrack, and the warm, dry touch of his leather-gloved fingers spreads that warmth to my ass. I loosen and relax muscles I hadn't even been aware were tensed. His fingers explore and arouse. My dick is hard and dripping on my stomach. He reaches up and scoops some of the precum up with his finger, begins massaging it into my sphincter. Despite his injunction to silence, I moan, very softly. Oh, please. Oh, please. Oh, please, Master, fuck me. Oh, please.

He rubs his crotch against my ass, and the scrape of the studded codpiece against my butthole is almost too much to bear. Suddenly I feel myself yawning open, as though I could take his cock, his fist, his arm, anything, without pain, only joy. One hand smooths the hairs on my

stomach while the other slowly unsnaps his codpiece. I feel his heavy cock fall out against my butt, a solid weight just lying there, warm, ready. Oh, please. Oh, please.

He enters me dry but I welcome the pain. Slow penetration, slow. Open up for your Master. Yeah, that's it. Open up. Take it all. All of it. All of it in, now slowly withdraw. No—please—don't take it out—no—please—

. . . aaahhhh . . .

It slides back in with a reassuring familiarity . . . The muscles of my ass contract, not in pain, but in welcome, massaging my Master's dick, surrounding it, loving it . . . Oh, yeah, oh, yeah . . . Spearing in to the point of heat within me . . . a silver radiance . . .

. . . faster . . . pumping my ass, now, give it to Him, give it to Him . . . It keeps growing longer, spearing deeper . . . Reaching up into the turning of the passage . . . a bright spot of pain, delicious cramping in my gut alongside the silver glow of pleasure . . . Ohyeah, ohyeah, he's smiling and his face is surrounded by a haze of golden light he's smiling and his dick is piercing me and deeper and deeper and fuck I'm cumming and he doesn't stop just smiles and pumps and pumps and fuck I'm cumming again, no, this time I'm pissing the piss arcs up in a straight line for my face, unnh, I'm pissing in my own face and he's smiling and I feel his dick swelling within me and he's cumming he's cumming and what's that feeling oh fuck I'm gonna cum again . . .

How do you faint when you're already asleep? I don't know. I just know there was a long, long moment of ecstasy I could not contain. I felt as though I must shatter, and then there was darkness.

I remember falling in love the first time, with a man nearly twice my age; the security I felt in his arms . . . He'd built his life brick by brick, a self-made man. Such power in those arms. I was a child, I had nothing—a falling-apart used car, a rented room filled with floor to ceiling books. My escape from an unbearable, lonely life. He courted me, drew me into his world. No one had ever paid attention to me before: he lavished it on me. We went everywhere together, did everything. There was never any question who was the boss: he had his life under control. I barely had a life.

It was coming to me now that I had let my life become empty again. Loves turbulent and lost had made me cautious, drained my will. My focus narrowed to work, the gym, my apartment, the bars. The bars, the crowded, sweaty, loud, empty bars where I could pretend to be searching and instead be avoiding . . . love.

That word. We didn't use it. The subject came up once. The Dream Master dismissed it. "It doesn't matter if you love me. It only matters that you submit to me." And I submitted. He took over my life. I no longer saw my old friends (and did they miss me, anyway? Probably not). I no longer went to the bars—except once in a while with a collar and chain. I watched TV every night, more cop shows than I ever knew existed. He shaved my body. Once. Then decided it was too much work and ordered me to keep it shaved. He decided what I wore, which tended to be less and less.

In dreams he was my Master, beating, whipping, piercing, branding, pissing, fucking, fisting, slapping, choking . . . More pain than even dreams could contain. And I begged for more. He gave it to me.

And in waking life he was my Master, too. He took me out to dinner often, paying for expensive meals with plastic—"dream money," he called it. Weekends we rode his

motorcycle out into the hills, and I often could not tell where the real landscape ended and the dream landscape began. Cradled in his arms, I knew his power, and felt at peace.

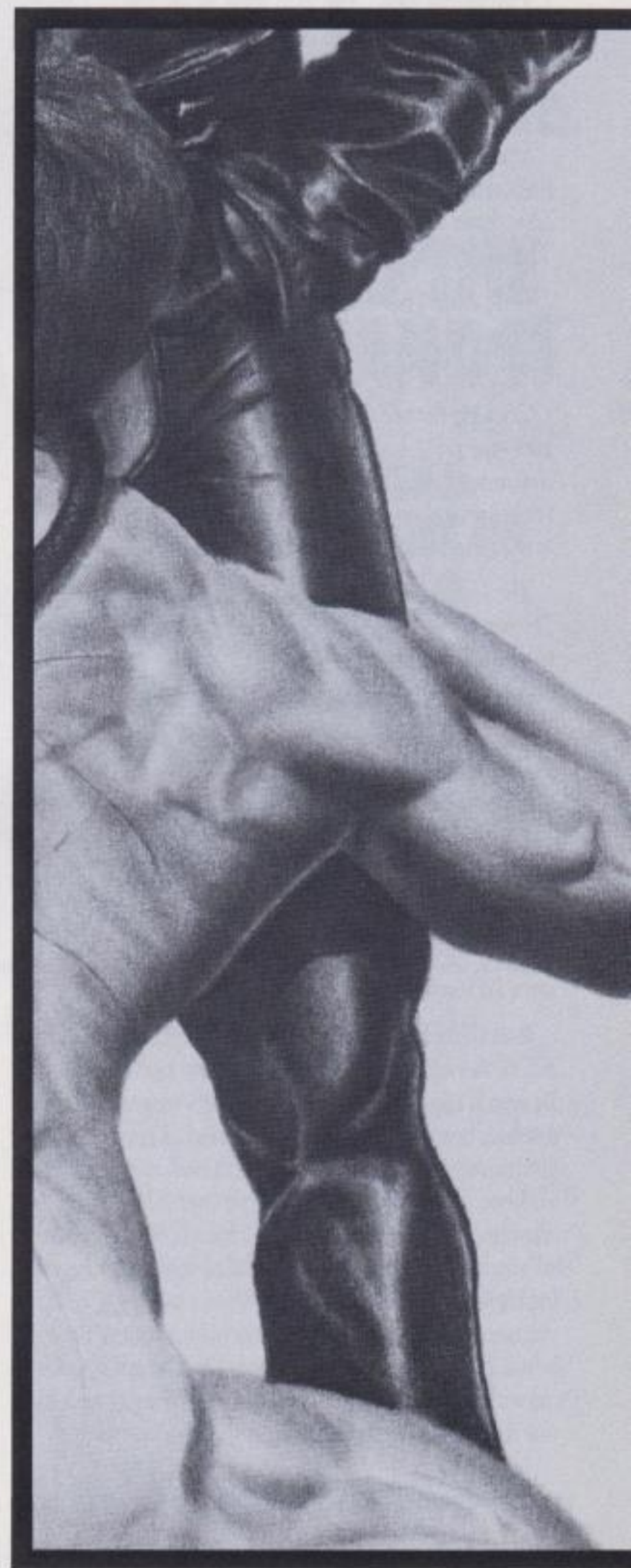
Love? Yeah. I was in love.

I was cooking dinner, Yaki-soba, when it happened. I had chopped all the veggies, cut the steak into narrow little strips and set them to marinate, and gotten all the oils and spices I meant to use all lined up on the counter. The noodles were boiled and drained and all there was left to do was throw everything into the wok and toss it around some. I sloshed sesame oil into the wok and heard it sizzle, then was reaching for the meat when everything started to go dark.

I turned my head, and said, "Aw, come on, Sir. I'm cooking. Can't it wait till dinner's ready?"

Through a fog I heard his voice. "It isn't me, John."

Slowly, very slowly, I turned. I heard the plate I had been holding fall to the floor and shatter.





"I am very, very sorry, John."

Then I was falling.

It was dark and I was alone for a very, very long time.

When I opened my eyes the light was very bright and I shut them again tight. Somebody whispered and there was a flurry of movement. Then a voice said, "We've dimmed the lights, John. Sorry about that."

I opened my eyes again and I was in a hospital bed in an ugly box of a room. There were flowers on the little bed-stand. I tried to speak but nothing came out.

"Don't talk." That was—that was—why couldn't I think of his name? I could remember the smell of his cologne, the color of his livingroom walls, but I couldn't remember his name.

"It's Leo, John. It's okay. I'm here. Don't try to talk."

Leo. I heard the name, then instantly forgot it. He hiked his uncomfortable-looking chair closer to my bed and grasped my hand sympathetically. I couldn't feel his hand in mine. I wondered if I was paralyzed.

"The doctors say you'll probably get back everything, John. I know right now you probably can't talk and maybe you're scared, but you're going to recover. It's going to be all right. I'll be here to help you, and so will Mark and Barry."

Mark and Barry? The names didn't make sense, they fluttered from my grasp. I looked down at my body, noticed without any special curiosity the cast on my right arm. The-scent-of-his-cologne saw my glance.

"Oh, that. That's *nothing*. That's where the cooking oil splattered and burned you. Piddly stuff. Do you remember? When you were cooking dinner?"

Cooking dinner. Oh, yeah. I was cooking dinner for me and—me and—I couldn't put a name to the flurry of sensual imagery that responded as I tried to picture for whom I'd been cooking. The scent of leather. A sensation of speed, wind in my face. A silver radiance. Pain.

The-scent-of-his-cologne saw the confusion in my eyes. "Never mind," he said. "We'll sort all that out later. For now, you just sleep."

Sleep. I didn't know why, but that word drew tears. He put his arms around me as I cried, inarticulate noises escaping my slack lips. Eventually I did sleep. And if I dreamed, I do not remember.

They thought it was just a stroke at first. Leo heard the plate shatter, heard me drop. He ran over to my apartment, found me on the floor unconscious, and called an ambulance. He'd been keeping his eye on me, he said, ever since I'd started acting strange and talking to myself.

Tests at the hospital eventually revealed the truth: it was AIDS. A virus was attacking my central nervous system. I'd seen it happen before, to my friend Vincent. He'd had a stroke, been in the hospital, recovered. Went home, was almost recuperated completely, and had another. Then another. Each time he lost a little more. Each time he recovered a little less. His lover, his friends, his housemates all watched him go, slowly, surrounding him with love, taking classes at the hospital in how to mix his drugs, how to prepare his IV, so he could spend his remaining days at home. He lay paralyzed on one side, watching TV, speaking with great difficulty to visiting friends. Finally he could not speak. And then he died.

Leo and Mark and Barry would not let me give up. The therapy worked. I could speak again after a while, not too well, but I could speak. And feeling slowly returned to my

left arm and leg.

There'd been tremendous advances made in AIDS treatment. All kinds of drugs I could take. Therapies. Support systems. I had a chance. They told me that, every day. I guess I even believed it. Or pretended to. I wasn't sure myself of the difference.

And as words and names came back to me, the scent of leather and the memory of silver radiance within me also returned, and a name: the Dream Master. And I could not separate the dream from the reality, or tell if he'd been real at all. The whole concept seemed suddenly too absurd, too far out. He must have been a dream. A hallucination brought on by the disease.

They let me go home again after two months of therapy. Leo, Mark, and Barry would all take shifts checking in on me, helping me out around the apartment, making sure the refrigerator was stocked, often coming over and cooking my meals for me. There was a man from the hospice who came by periodically, talked to me, sounding me out, I guess, about my frame of mind.

A frame was about all there was. I was a fucking zombie. When I looked in the mirror I saw Vincent, wasting away. I stopped looking in mirrors. Stopped shaving. Spent a lot of time just sitting and staring. Staring and sitting. Empty, empty, empty.

It was November and it was raining when I heard a sound in a room I knew to be empty. I continued to stare at the patterns the rain made on the window.

"John."

His Master's Voice.

"John."

Without looking away from the window, I said, "I know who you are."

There was no reply.

"You're the Angel of Death. Aren't you?"

"You know I'm not, John."

"You're the Angel of Death. You're a hallucination. You're a disease, making me see things and smell things and think things that aren't real. You're here because I'm going to have another attack . . . I'm going to go back to the hospital, and start it all over again, only this time there'll be less to work with. And next time even less. Angel of Death. Jesus God, I thought I gave up believing in that stuff when I stopped going to church."

"I am very, very sorry, John."

"You're very very sorry." Was that bitch-voice coming from my own mouth? "Jesus Christ, I don't want to die this way."

"Sleep."

"NO!"

"Sleep."

" . . . I'm afraid . . . "

"I love you."

Breathe. Don't cry.

"I love you, John. Trust me."

"Please don't make me sleep. Not yet. Please."

A pause. "Very well."

At last I was able to make myself look. The Dream Master stood before me, as always in full leather, eyes invisible as always behind mirror shades. I made no move to get up, or to fall to my knees before him. He had left me free will. I found myself reacting to him even without the

glamor of the dream, but I kept still.

"I am not the Angel of Death."

I had no reply.

He sighed. "People—groups of people—have this power . . . get enough to believe in the same thing, and it becomes true—in a way. It worked for the Earth Mother. It worked for gods and goddesses . . .

"It worked for me. All those men, all these years, jacking off. Fantasizing. About me. Picturing me in their heads, worshipping me, bowing down to me.

"Obviously, the more people you have believing in you, the more real you are, the stronger you are. I don't exactly rank up there with the gods, but I can do a trick or two."

It looked for a minute like he wanted to throw himself at my feet. "I'm not real, John. I'm a dream-figure. I'm not really alive . . ." He seemed to be searching for words—or maybe searching for the least painful way to put some terrible truth.

"I'm not really alive, so . . . I'm not ever going to die."

Right. Exactly what I wanted to hear. "So?"

More searching for words. "So . . . Well, have you ever wondered why . . . Us. I mean, why I came. Why I stayed?"

" . . . I suppose I thought you loved me."

"I do. I love you. I want you. Forever."

Forever?

"What do you mean, forever? I don't have forever."

"You could."

"What are you saying?"

Now he *did* kneel before me, laying his gloved hands on my thighs. He looked me in the eyes, or rather, I found myself looking into my own eyes, reflected in his sunglasses . . . "Has it ever occurred to you, that just as the fantasies of a hundred thousand bottoms made me take flesh . . . that Masters have their fantasies, too? The perfect slave: ideal, loving, submissive . . ."

It was too much. I had to laugh. "Me?"

He stroked my thighs, worked his way up my belly to my chest, flicking the nipples beneath my shirt. "You."

The gentle titplay was giving me a hardon. I felt my entire body suffuse with memories of dream-pleasures. A whisper, unbidden, escaped my throat: "Please . . ." I didn't even know what I was asking for. Or begging for.

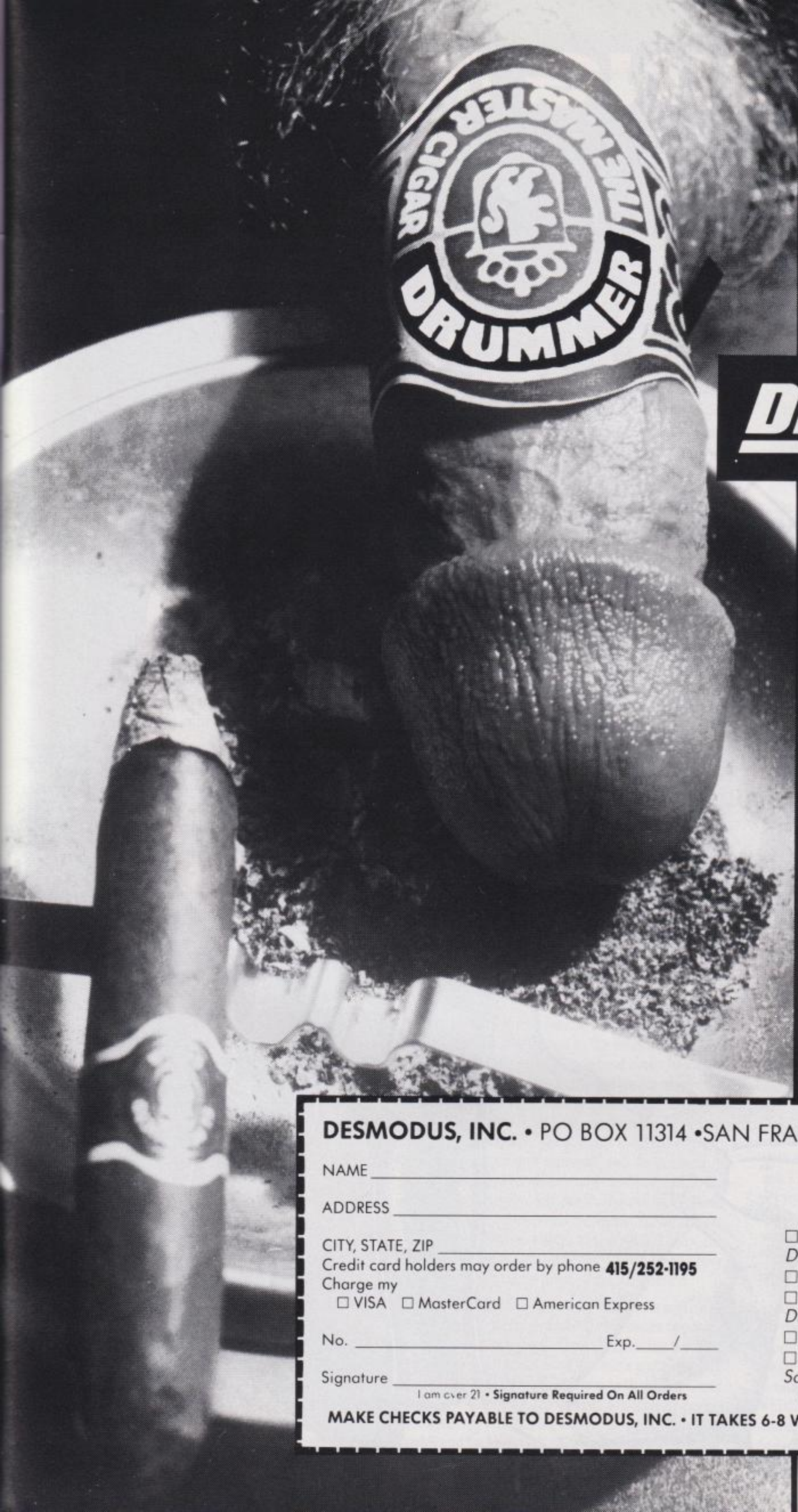
His hands stroked my neck. The leathersmell of his gloves penetrated me as surely as his dreamcock had penetrated me, again and again. One finger traced a circle around my neck and now I felt the weight of a leather collar, thick and wide, pressing against my adam's apple. I swallowed and felt the constriction around my throat.

"Please . . ." When did I fall asleep? Is this another attack? His palm covers my mouth and I inhale the rich scent, taste it with my tongue, lick, lick like the good dog I am, yeah, good dog, he pats my head and I'm filled with joy. I am no longer capable of words, only a yearning that escapes my lips like a moan. He brings his lips to mine and kisses me, warm muscular tongue probing, whiskers scratching at my face like a wire brush. He expels his breath into me and I take it in, then breathe out as he inhales. I hear his voice in my head as our breath flows back and forth, warm and rich: "My dream slave . . . My slave forever . . . My love . . ."

Am I dying? Or dreaming?

Does it matter?





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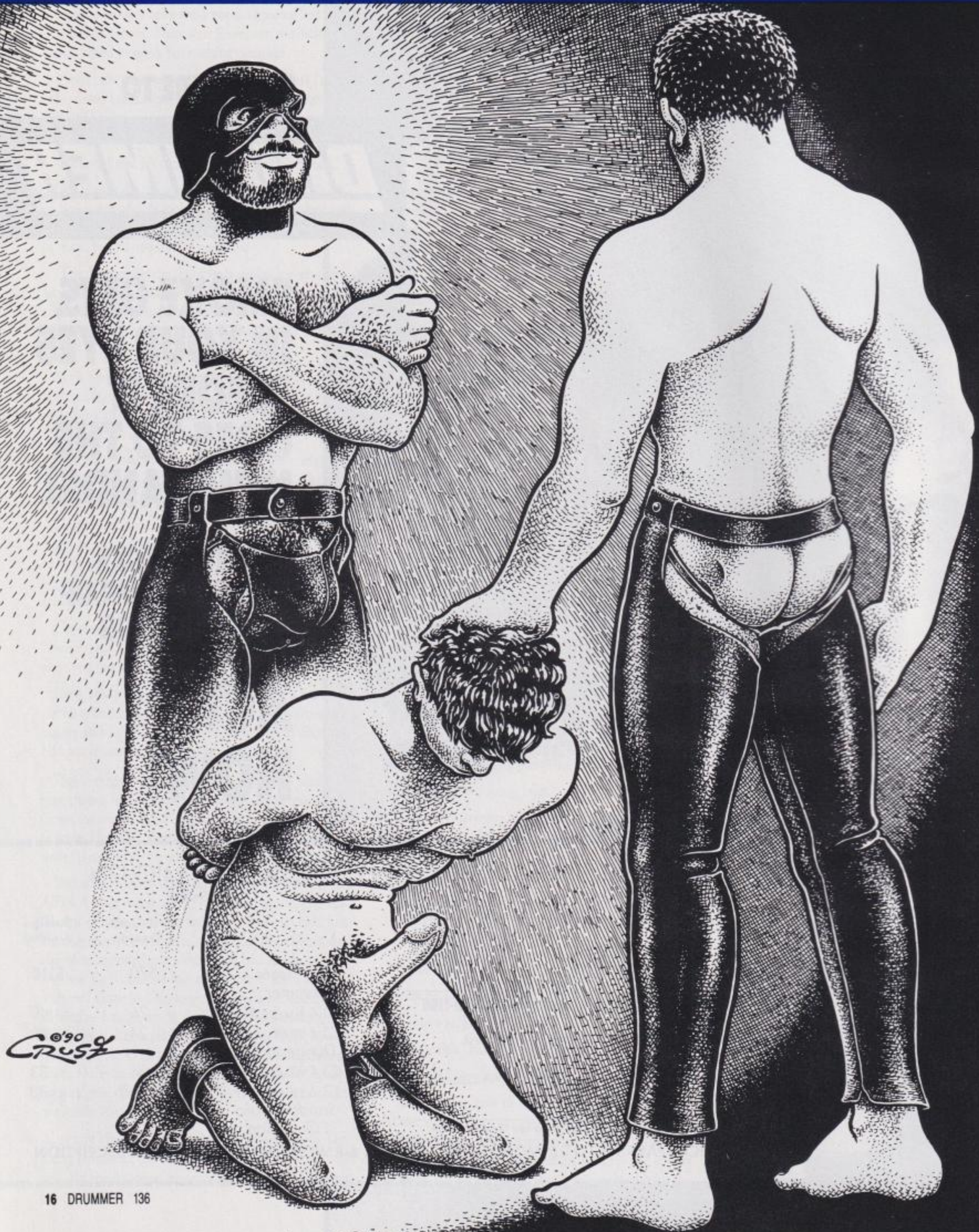
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# BRIDGING THE GAP

BY BILL LEE

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CRUSE





I shuddered deliciously as my master emerged from the spare bedroom. He had chosen to wear a black leather executioner's mask over his handsome face, but I could see the blue eyes flashing imperiously through the slits. His thin lips held the hint of a snarl over the short full beard streaked with gray, the same mixture of black and gray that matted his broad, naked chest.

The black leather chaps hugged his rugged legs tightly; the leather creaked tantalizingly as he stalked slowly toward me. Under the chaps he had cupped his thick cock and heavy, hairy balls into a black leather jockstrap that already bulged menacingly. If he allowed me, it would be my pleasure to bring that glorious instrument of manhood to full staff and drain those perfectly-matched balls of some of their burden of life-giving sperm. If he allowed me.

He stood over me for a moment as I knelt naked on the floor in deserved humility, looking up at my paragon, my master-prince who sometimes allowed me to serve him. About once a week, when he could leave his wife and children, Arthur made a curt call to me, a call I yearned for, suffering when it did not come, responding frantically when it did. "I'll be there around eight." "Yes, Sir."

I salivated as my eyes traveled up his massive leather legs, his flat hairy belly, his nipples hiding in their hairy nests, to the bright blue glints piercing the torturer's hood. His work-worn hands rested challengingly on his slim hips. Those rough hands, thickened from swinging a hammer and handling rough lumber, could bring stinging welts to my tender skin when it suited my master.

I knew he was a carpenter, a construction foreman, and his eldest son worked with him as an apprentice. I had met the son once at work—a clean-shaven version of his father but without the domineering swagger. Arthur had complete control over his crew, almost as complete as his control over me at that moment.

My gaze was drawn irresistibly to the leather-encased trio of jewels thrusting in concealment from their hairy adornment. I licked my lips and my mouth sagged open with anticipation. The jockstrap pouch seemed to stretch more under my longing gaze.

Seeming satisfied with my obvious, pleading desire, he turned to show his virile, rounded ass and broad back with their strapping muscles outlined magnificently in the soft, low light. The saliva flowed copiously as I tasted in memory the slightly salty skin and the aphrodisiacal musk of his ass crack which I might be permitted to sample again. The leather straps of the jockstrap made no dent in the hard buttocks outlined roundly by the chaps. For the first time I noticed the cat-o-nine-tails, the thongs wrapped around the studded handle, hanging by a hook from one leather-clad hip.

He moved backward slowly, straddling me. My eyes were fixed on the shadowy crack with its crisp hair, centering on the object of my desire, and as he moved over me I leaned backward until I was flat, spread-eagled as was fitting. I was aware that my cock, encircled by its studded leather strap (the only covering he allowed me,) was thudding stiffly aloft, but it was of no consequence. I gazed upward, swallowing convulsively, the shadows partially concealing his asshole and the globular testicles nearly escaping

from their leather casing. I needed him badly, needed him to allow me . . .

Slowly his knees bent, the leather creaking musically. Slowly, so slowly, his ass drew nearer to my face until I could feel the heat generated from his fragrant crotch. The balls rolled gently, his position exposing more of their hairy shapes to my adoring eyes. Then I could see clearly the puckered lips of the beckoning asshole, but I knew I was not allowed to move toward him, much as I wished to. My fingers scrabbled in the carpeting, aching to touch, desperate to pull his leather legs down and press those pink lips to mine, to kiss my master in the only proper way.

Just when I thought I might get my wish, he rose up slowly, tearing the possibility from my grasp. As he rose he freed the cat and I could tell he was separating the thongs for their intended work. I stiffened involuntarily, and knew that my cock was throbbing even stronger, tossing its head impatiently.



The first slash was gentle, a stinging kiss of the knotted tips of the thongs to the head of my cock. I lurched, needing more. The second slash was more deliberate, the thongs scoring the length of my cock and imparting even more rigidity, my need growing more urgent. The third blow was deliciously vicious, striping the already florid prick in streaks of vermillion. I jerked and groaned, and he grunted in satisfaction. I knew there was a twisted smile on his face although I couldn't see it. He was still turned away. As his arm rose and fell again and again, enforcing his leather will on my sacrificial body, the muscles in his back bunched and tightened as they must every day as he labored in construction.

I grasped his leather-encased ankles, supportive as trees, and I imagined myself tied between two trees in the middle of a forest, the blows raining down on my slumping frame for my master's amusement. I spread my legs wider to conform to that image, and the whip lashed my exposed balls in its next trajectory. Again I jerked, moaning with the sudden, dull pain, and he breathed, "Yeahhhh." I could see that

his cock was so rigid it was stretching the soft pouch of the jockstrap outward, fully exposing his hairy balls. With each blow my balls contracted, preparing to pump out their engorged contents if my master wished.

"Raise your knees and spread 'em, slave," he growled, his first command. Until then my actions had been reflexive, but I knew what he wanted. I obeyed quickly, and the next blow included my clenching asshole. My entire crotch was being set afire by the kiss of the leather. My ass was being punished by the knotted ends of the whip for desiring him and my balls stroked fiercely for threatening to disgorge. My cock throbbed rigidly as the thongs wound around it in smarting embraces. My arms ached from my own fierce grip of the leather trunks straddling me.

He suddenly stopped. Either he was becoming tired or bored, I couldn't determine which. He turned around to face me, confirming that twisted smile I had envisioned on his face. He held the studded whip handle casually in one hand and in the other hand the narrow thongs, drooping in an innocent arc. I looked into his eyes and knew I had satisfied him—so far. My heart sang.

Again, slowly, very slowly, he lowered himself toward my face. My mouth gaped for him but it was not to be. Instead he sat on my chest, his knees clamping my head between them in a leather vice. The aroma of his leather and his ass and his balls and his cock—*of him!*—enveloped me and sent new messages of longing to my aching groin. His prick filled the leather pouch and protruded nearly to my mouth. His warm balls nestled onto my chest, their hairs mingling obscenely with mine.

"You're hungry, kid," he stated matter-of-factly.

I nodded mutely, gulping again even though my mouth was dry. I looked from the leather-covered projection to his eyes and back again, mutely begging for him, but instead he filled my vacant mouth with the studded whip handle, forcing my lips open widely, grinding the steel studs against my teeth. I sucked it greedily as best I could grateful for at least a taste of him, something that belonged to him. The leather still bore the warmth and aroma of his hands.

"Fucking cocksucker," he grunted, his lips curving. Our eyes locked as he twisted and thrust the studded dildo into my mouth. From the black mask of the executioner those blue lasers burned into my brain and turned my mouth into a mere receptacle, hypnotically accepting whatever he wished to present.

"Yes, I'm a cocksucker!" I signalled mutely. "I'm your cocksucker—if you'll have me! I'll eat out your ass, I'll drink your piss, I'll be the whipping boy for all your daily frustrations, as long as it is you! My master . . ." But he knew all that; his presumption was global. I could feel him begin to tremble slightly. I hoped it meant what I thought it meant . . .

He removed the whip handle and twisted his body around. He wrapped the thongs of the whip around my cock, overlapping the thongs in such a way that it pulled tightly as he yanked. The thongs made sensuous grooves in the tender skin, a different but similar kiss to those made earlier as they had whistled through the air. Then, turning back to me and still holding the whip handle, he moved forward to press his stiff, leather-clad prick into my mouth.



It was warm, almost hot, from all the blood dammed up in that thick stalk. The taste of leather and a trace of cum from previous orgasms was ambrosia. His hairy balls nudged my chin, urging me on (as if I needed it). I slurped and sucked, the wet leather conforming to the shape of his prick. Yes, I'm a cocksucker—a leather cocksucker! I screamed silently.

"You're a leather cocksucker, kid," he snarled. He always knew what I was thinking.

He pulled the whip taut, the thongs digging deeper into my cock. I tried to take all of him, the leather filling the corners of my mouth not already stuffed with his cock. The harder I sucked, the harder he pulled. I could see his mouth tighten, his teeth clench.

"Oh, shit, kid, you're goin' to get it!"

With one hand he scooped out his rigid dick from the leather pouch and—at last!—shoved the naked, throbbing rod down my throat. He gasped and his head swiveled upward as my throat closed around the bulging head wet with juice and leather. I gobbled in as much as I could as he leaned forward, fucking my face. I was filled with the mantool of my

“  
The aroma of his  
leather and his ass  
and his balls and his  
cock — of him! —  
enveloped me.  
”

master, the supreme moment in every slave's life.

I gloried in the moment because I knew it would not last very long. His balls roiled on my chin, and as he pulled out slightly I tasted him again, sweeter than before. He tightened his grip on the tether around my cock, and I arched in an effort to delay the inevitable.

A thrust in, a short withdrawal, and then he groaned loudly as if he regretted the moment. But there was no turning back. The first spurt of juice was explosive...sweet, thick, and potent. With the violence of his orgasm he pulled roughly on the thongs, almost amputating the head of my prick before I shot my own cum wildly over my belly. He continued to gush into my mouth, matched by my own spasms of joy and release that soaked the thongs and spattered up to my chest.

Only after he had emptied his reservoirs did he release me and then leaned forward on his elbows, his cock deeply imbedded in my throat. I couldn't see his face, but I knew the tension was gone. His slave had performed adequately.

He never stayed long after cumming. It was a ritual that I thoroughly cleanse his spent cock with

a warm, damp cloth, but it must be done gently because he was exquisitely sensitive. Then he dressed in silence and, nudging my arm with a closed fist, said, "I'll call you, kid." I hoped he would.

The next evening I was thinking about Arthur. It was a warm night, and I was knocking around the house in my cut-off Levis. "Kid," he always called me, but I was only about ten years younger than he. On the few occasions he did stay around long enough to talk, he had finally admitted (largely to himself) that he was bisexual. Obviously his family didn't know about this extra side of him; he kept his leathers alongside mine in my closet to maintain secrecy. He truly led a double life.

The doorbell rang and I answered the door. "Artie!" I said, startled. Arthur's son was the last person in the world I expected on my doorstep! There was a motorcycle leaning on its kickstand in my driveway.

Artie was obviously embarrassed, mumbling apologies for dropping in as I helped him off with his leather jacket. I was struck again by the similarities between father and son...the same muscular body structure, the same startlingly blue eyes and aquiline face...but I had never seen his father uncertain of himself as Artie appeared to be that evening. I opened beers for both of us and he sat tensely, looking at me.

Without asking the reason for his visit, I inquired about their latest construction project and that seemed to put him at ease, and then about motorcycles (he was quite an enthusiast), but we quickly ran out of conversation topics. He sat rather stiffly on the couch and I sprawled across from him in a leather chair, my favorite spot. Eventually he started to open up, but hesitantly.

"I suppose you think it's...queer..." he hesitated on the word, looking quickly at me for a reaction. "...Coming to you like this, but I know you are a friend of my dad's and...I can't talk about this with him. I figured...you...might understand, or be able to..."

I nodded silently, wondering what I was getting into, and whether Arthur would be annoyed if he knew. I tried to look encouraging.

"My dad's such a...man's man, you know..." I nodded, knowing even better than he. "...He wouldn't understand. But I have these dreams...fantasies, I guess you'd call them. And they bother me, and I don't know how to handle them."

I nodded, wondering if I should refer him to a psychiatrist or something. But he went on.

"Especially when I get my leather jacket on and ride around on the bike. I get these thoughts about other guys in leather, and...uh, having sex with them." Uh-oh. I guess my face didn't reveal my true inner feelings, because he continued.

"Only it's not the usual kind of...queer stuff I read about, sucking each other's cock and things like that. It's more...and sometimes my Dad is involved in my dreams...I don't know..."

He broke off, blushing furiously, and I was aware that my cock was beginning to grow. "More...what?" I asked, a little breathlessly.

He sighed, as if he wished that he hadn't started the discussions, but now he was determined to see it through.

"Like being stripped down and tied up, or forced by an older guy...that gives me a hardon, just thinking about it. Like you."

Like me? What did he mean...and then I followed his gaze to my crotch where my cock was beginning to push out of the leg of my cut-offs. It was my turn to blush, but I didn't try to hide my excitement. He watched it grow, which didn't help the situation. He was a beautiful man.

"Have you...had any experience like that?" I asked hoarsely. He shook his head. "Are you sure you want it?" He nodded, meeting my eyes for a long moment before dropping his gaze again to my nearly stiff cock protruding from the cut-offs.

I don't think I could have stopped then if I tried, but I had fleeting thoughts of how angry his father, my master, would be if he found out I had diddled with his son. That thought was mixed with an intense desire to do it anyway. After all, the boy needed help, didn't he? Someone had to do it, didn't they? He was pretty miserable as he was.

"Wait here," I said. My first order. I went into the bedroom and returned a few minutes later, nude except for a leather jockstrap and chaps, and a stern expression on my face. I brought with me a long steel bar with manacles attached. His jaw fell and he gulped, dropping his empty beer can on the floor. "Wow," he breathed.

"Come here, kid," I commanded. He stared at me for a moment and then rose quickly to stand in front of me. "Take off those sissy clothes," I snarled, and started by ripping his plaid shirt open, popping a few buttons on the way. In a daze he hastened to comply, but I noticed his repeated glances at my jock which was doing an incomplete job of holding me in. I had barely been able to stuff it all into the pouch in my semi-rigid state.

In a moment he was bare-assed naked, a beautiful specimen so like his father. His ass was even more perfect, and his cock and balls were almost a spitting image. He didn't have all the chest hair his father had, but his prick was hard and throbbing and ready.

"On your knees, kid," I growled, and he immediately knelt before me, looking up with expectant, bright eyes, his gaze traveling over my hairy chest and down to my crotch.

As he reached tentatively toward the leather, I barked, "Don't touch unless I give permission!" He brought his arms rigidly to his sides and looked up at me, startled.

"OK," he assented.

"Yes, Sir! is the proper form of address!" I growled again. His face fell, but his eyes grew brighter.

"Yes, Sir!" he answered enthusiastically, sounding more like a Marine recruit than a slave.

I reached down and began to play with his tits. They were virginal, of course, and I had to tease them a bit to bring them up, but soon I was twisting none too gently, watching his face. I could see flashes of pain but they were quickly replaced with smiles.

"What are you smiling about, kid?" I demanded. He sobered quickly, especially when I gave them both a vicious twist.

"Stand up here," I instructed, and he quickly got to his feet, his prick rigidly horizontal. I surveyed the



material, turning him this way and that, and finally gave his cock a cuff, sending it slapping against his hairy thigh. That brought a gasp to his lips but did not lessen the stiffness.

"Turn around." His back was ridged with muscles that rippled with the slightest arm movements. His legs were heavily muscled and hairy, but his ass was hairless and taut. "Bend over," I ordered, pushing on his back, and he complied willingly, his upturned ass bringing even more discomfort to my constrained cock. Roughly I caressed those smooth, rounded buns, sensing his trembling, and then pushed him down on my leather-clad knee. I began to spank him, fairly gently at first and then harder and harder, the smacks echoing sharply.

"Yes, Daddy, yes, Sir!" he groaned. I alternated buns until they both took on a rosy hue. He squirmed against me, the leather chafing his belly, and I could feel his cock jabbing my leg stiffly as he moved. "Yes, Sir, Daddy!" he almost cried but he was loving it, I could tell.

I stopped abruptly and raised him up. His eyes were moist but there was no weakness there. His gaze met mine steadily, and he was as rigid as before. I gripped his cock and balls roughly in one hand and began to twist.

"A little punishment gets you all stiff and excited, doesn't it, kid," I sneered, knowing exactly how he felt. His thick prick and large, hairy balls felt good in my hand as I twisted them. I watched his face contort briefly, first with the pleasant shock of another man's touch and then the dull pain produced as he was treated to a taste of sadistic manhandling. He tried to maintain an undisturbed demeanor, but it wasn't easy. My pressure increased, going pretty far before his defiance started to crumble. I didn't want to go too far with the kid the first time. That could come later. I released him.

"Lie down on your back," I snapped. By this time I wouldn't have been surprised at some reluctance on his part, but no. He obediently complied. I spread his ankles and placed the heavy bar on them, strapping his ankles to it with the leather manacles. His young, heavy balls hugged the base of his cock, and I tied a leather thong tightly around the set. Quickly they turned red from the trapped blood and looked even better.

I saw him strain once to raise his legs, but that was impossible. I straddled his chest and he looked up at me, those blue lights almost caressing the leather-clad legs, the tense leather jockstrap, the bare chest, and the stern expression on my face. I had brought the whip with me but decided not to use it, not this time.

"A kid like you is good for only one thing," I snarled at him. "To service a man's crotch."

By his expression I could tell he wasn't really sure what that entailed, and for the first time I saw a trace of concern on that handsome face. Good. Slowly I lowered myself, the leather binding deliciously around my knees, and the closer I got to his face the wider his eyes became. They were fixed on the cock bulge, so I decided to postpone that for the moment. As I grew close I shifted forward so that my asshole was directly over his mouth.

From the quick intake of breath and the sudden shocked expression on his face, I knew that he had never thought of eating a guy's ass before. He focus-

ed on that pink pucker and his look of distaste gave me my first real satisfaction. I had finally gotten through to him.

He started to squirm but I moved with him. I gave him a quick slap on one cheek and then clamped his face between my legs.

"Lick out my asshole, kid, your master likes his asshole clean and you're going to make sure it's clean."

He shot me a look that almost made me relent. Instead I sat down squarely on his mouth. Again he tried to squirm away but I held him fast. I could feel those ruby lips trembling against me, and I waited.

After a moment his tongue snaked out. I knew he was trying to evade direct contact, but I kept him under control. Once more he looked up at me around the near-bursting cock pouch, his eyes full of mixed messages, but then he closed them and began to lap my asshole.

He didn't do it well, of course, but he did it.

I didn't prolong it, mostly because I couldn't take the exquisite pleasure very long. My cock was so painful in its leather casing that I had to move on to the next step. I raised up, my ass cool and tingling, and we stared at each other. Then I moved back and surprised him by bending down and kissing him on the mouth. That startled him, too, but he quickly got into that act. That was a trap, I decided, but I had made a point.

"You like leather, don't you, kid? Well, how about a leather cock in your mouth—do you like that, too?" I pressed my bulge into his face and after a moment of hesitation he opened his mouth for it. Watching him take me like that brought all my lust to the fore, and I almost came, more from the sight than the feel. I stuffed all the cock and leather I could into his mouth, making him choke and spit. I glanced back over my shoulder and, as I expected, his cock was rigid and jerking, not at all turned off by what I was putting him through. It was *piece de resistance* time!

I partially pulled out and managed to snake the leather pouch off without complete withdrawal. As soon as the moist heat of his mouth struck my cock skin I knew I couldn't hold out very long.

He gripped my leather legs, perhaps resisting the inevitable. I took both his hands in mine and stretched his arms over his head, holding them down solidly to the floor in a rape position. There was some resistance at first, the recognition of his position clear. Then I felt him relax into the carpeting almost gratefully. With his legs spread and anchored to the heavy steel bar, he was completely immobilized.

There it was, the moment of truth at last. He had a man's cock in his mouth, a hot, throbbing one oozing pre-cum over his tongue, and he couldn't escape. I don't know how many times he had fantasized this moment or whether the reality lived up to the fantasy, but I know it was a high point for me, watching my cock go in and out of that manly mouth, knowing it was his first time. His teeth were a problem, but not much. I knew I couldn't last long enough for any real damage.

"You're a fucking cocksucker, kid," I grated. I am not sure he heard me through the clamor in his brain.

I put it about halfway in and stopped. He looked up

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His eyes were full of mixed messages, but then he closed them and began to lap my asshole.

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at me with such happiness, almost akin to worship, that I almost melted. But instead I shoved it in further until he choked and then pulled out most of the way. The scraping teeth only added to my delirium, and I gave him a few more thrusts before the moment was at hand.

"Oh, shit, kid, you're goin' to get it!" I flooded him with hot cum and the top of my head blew off.

Immediately he choked. That's not an easy position to take a load, of course. I pulled up for a moment, meanwhile spraying more over his lips, and again filled his mouth. Tears came to his eyes, but he was game. He didn't give up, only gasped for air now and then. A beautiful man.

As my spurts tapered off and my blood pressure came down a few points, I swiveled, pushing my softening cock into his throat. Again he choked but I just shoved it in. I grabbed his throbbing dick and gave it a couple of rough twists. That was enough to start it spurting high and white, thick gobs flying over his belly and chest and covering my hand. His entire body went into convulsive gyrations, his legs thrashing and his belly muscles bending him into arcs of joy. His jaws clamped down on my cock but I didn't care. I had a strong urge to lap up the cream that coated him, but I didn't.

After he quieted I rose and stood over him, milking the last few drops onto his cum-smeared face. I don't think I have ever seen such a clear expression of joy and relief on anyone's face, before or since.

I untied his cock-ball thong and unstrapped his ankles. I gave him a hand up and pulled him close to me. His hunky body leaned into mine and our moist, softening cocks nuzzled each other. He put his head on my shoulder and we stood there for several minutes until I could feel his heartbeat slow. He had gone through a lot for the first time, but there was much more to come.

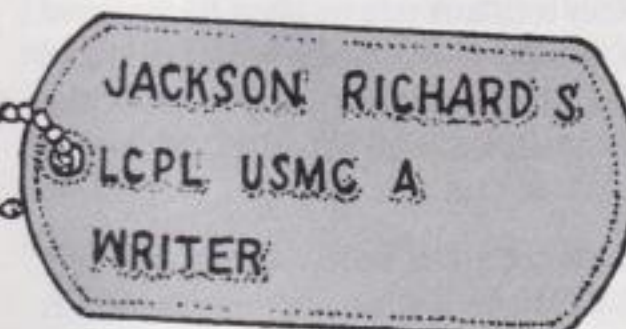
"Thanks, Dad," he breathed into my shoulder.

"I'm not your father, you know."

"I know—that's why it's good," he said.

Just before he left he nudged my arm with a closed fist and said, "I'll call you, Sir."





## ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAZ

ou'd think that a studly lance corporal in the United States Marine Corps wouldn't have a lot of trouble finding tight butt to bust open after five months deployed in the Indian Ocean. Minutes after LST 1198 BRISTOL COUNTY had dropped anchor in the harbor at Pago Pago, every marine aboard had stormed the liberty boats to begin a good time. OK—I'll admit that I wasn't a total virgin during those five months at sea. Despite what you read, though, only about fifteen percent of the squids aboard ships have the kind of firm young bodies you'd want up your tight marine butt, and there are a shitload of marine butts to go around. You can't believe the strain involved in sleeping and showering and shitting in the middle of a horde of hard marine flesh day after night after week without finding satisfaction. Now and again you zero in on one some due you can trust enough to spread your legs and the minute you're alone, you discover all he wants is *your* hard marine cock up *his* butt. It's one of fate's nastiest ironies that squids love fucking marine ass but a marine's idea of a fine time is to lie back in the arms of some hard-muscled stud as he feels his shitlocker fucked to jelly. In a logical world, the Corps would make everybody happier and recruit more tops—but in a world where actors are elected president and cabinetmakers get resurrected, I guess logic is in pretty short supply.

My first night in town, I'd checked into the Rainmaker Hotel and spent the night getting blitzed. I jolted out of unconsciousness at 0700, sure I was going to be late for muster. Then, slowly, I remembered where I was—but had no clue to how I'd gotten back from the bar the night before. As I drifted off again, fragments of an out-of-hand dream sneaked back in-

to view—one where some Samoan stud with moonlight rippling off his muscular chest had swept me off my feet and carried me across the tropic sands to show me he could pound more than kava. I remember smiling as I lost consciousness, half at the memory of my fantasy and half at the simple pleasure of sleeping in. About noon I woke up again and ordered ham and eggs from room service. Life was good—but still lonely. When the pounding on the door roused me for the third time that day, it was about 1230 and the Samoan waiter that brought my vittles made me realize I'd ordered the wrong meat. He was about 6'3," looked about eighteen, and was built like a brick latrine. He was also the very image of my fantasy man. I'd already discovered that Samoans tend to be pretty big boned and tall—this dude was immense yet moved with the cat-like grace that belied his power. His uniform shirt was a loose-fitting long-sleeved number, unbuttoned to the belly, exposing more muscles than you'd see in all the Rambo epics put together. Below the shirt, he wore only a skirt. Samoans call it a lava-lava; but take it from me, it's a skirt. the thing was really just a piece of material wrapped around his broad hips. Below his knees, the dude was naked. My crank reminded me that I was naked myself except for the sheet draped over my gear, so I told the boy I'd take care of him later. I meant I'd tip the waiter later, but the way he smiled and backed out the door, I couldn't help wondering if his eyes really had checked out the lizard lump under my sheet. Was I so horny I was imagining things, or was his Polynesian pecker pulsing at the chance to score my marine foxhole? I let my brunch cool as I lay back in my king-sized bed on my soft civilian sheets, thought about the waiter, and gave myself the best handjob I'd had in weeks. I relived my fantasy of be-



ing whisked through the hot tropic night to lose my virtue in some savage rite of island love. Aboard ship for months, I'd developed a fantastic fucking imagination. I spunked and shot and blasted and jismied my way to glory, but thirty seconds later I was horny again, just as I'd known I would be when I started. When my sergeant had rammed his eight trimmed but very thick inches up my butt one night during boot camp, he ruined this recruit's fist-pumping forever. He'd been more than welcome to my cherry. I didn't hold it against him having his way with a young recruit who didn't know any better. Shit, I'm hot enough that I'd fuck me up the butt, too, if I could bend my stiff dick enough to twist it around. After that first fuckfilled night, though, only one thing was really able to take care of me: another good solid fuck.

I showered the cream of the Corps off my belly and figured I'd spend what little was left of the day on the beautiful beach of Fagatogo, half hoping that one of my big-dicked sailors would happen by to pleasure me. Unfortunately, by the time the sun was going down, I'd decided it wasn't going to happen. I'd gone in once or twice for suds from the bar and had seen my waiter keeping busy. He'd seen me, too, but I still couldn't figure out whether he was trying to decide to enter the Corps or me. Since I was almost sure he liked the way I hung out of my trunks, I figured I'd try a little subtle charm. If he was swept off his feet, fine; if not, I'd be no worse off than before.

On my way back to my room, I asked him what Fagatogo folks did for fun. He smiled and just said, "Fuck." I smiled back and reminded him that I owed him something for the room service he'd given me that morning, but, patting my hard marine butt through my trunks, told him he'd have to stop by later to pick it up.

He was waiting for me when I came out of the shower, standing buck naked at the foot of my bed. The dude was good: his huge, hairless chest was a riot of muscle—pecs hanging out like chiseled teak, muscle rippling across muscle down his lats and belly. Biceps and neck and shoulder musculature were all textbook quality. His *café au lait* skin was silky smooth perfection that glistened below a thin layer of sweat in the humid lamplight. My gaze dropped between his weightlifter's thighs to relish the dark doom that swung lurking for me there. I'd expected a tall, big-boned dude to have a long lizard, but I didn't expect Godfuckingzilla. His dick was the most perfect of all possible perfections: about ten inches long and impossibly thick, it was uncut dream-meat. I was witlessly surprised at its beautiful dark color. I'd long since learned to love black dick as well as white; but when I'd seen him in my fantasy, somehow I hadn't expected his dick to be as gloriously brown as his chest.

I stumbled to my bed and sat watching him in stunned admiration as a single vein pulsed the length of his long shaft, soft skin flowed like a velvet mist down over the hillock of his trigger-ridge and across the plain of his cockhead to hang in a glorious fleshy fringe encircling the *café noir* cum-slit.

When he started for me, I couldn't mistake the look in his eye. I'd seen it before. I knew I was going to get fucked and fucked hard. This dude meant business. The ballbag nearly hidden behind his massive manmeat hung low and heavy; he was ready for a good time whether I liked it or not. I did put up a hand to slow him down. Much as I needed him inside me, my tongue needed to explore the texture of his

cocksock and harvest the tangy taste of manmusk trapped there. My hand found the hot, sweaty underside of his meat and lifted the bottom fringe of his foreskin to my lips. I started slowly enough, sucking gently at the 'skin just below where the membrane joined it to the bottom of his dick. He had the body of a god, but the 'skin of a baby—soft and supple and sweet. A blend of sweat and manmusk with perhaps just a *soupcou* of slightly stale piss melded together to brew an Olympian nectar that only made me thirst for more. My tongue flicked into his cum-slit and slithered between his throbbing dickhead and that impossible 'skin. I sucked the 'skin up over my tongue, drawing it into my mouth where it drifted like a midnight shadow over every tastebud.

Faintly felt but leaving a trail of glorious, mind-shattering explosions of sensation, his 'skin relaxed under the rape of my suction as I greedily worked at his cock with my lips to lure every spare fragment of his manflesh up into my mouth. Immediately I began to tongue-fuck his cock, darting ever further into his body, I felt out the super-sensitive tissues beneath his head and even flicked now and again as far back as his rough, heaving trigger-ridge. His hips began their randy ramming rhythm, working his cock back into my mouth so that before I was ready, his 'skin had impaled itself on my tongue and was forced back upon itself across his tender cockhead to lodge silent and secret along his shaft. Meanwhile, his cock was fucking its way deeper into my face until I knew I had to unhinge my jaw like a snake swallowing a cow or find some other hole for him to fuck.

I pushed his violent hips from my face and jumped back to the safety of my bed. He didn't care what he fucked, as long as it was tight and warm. My dream-man scrambled aboard, lifted my ankles over my head and looked down at me with a savage, slaver grin that made me feel like Ilium caught in the fury of the Achaean onslaught.

The moment I felt his huge oaken log ram through the sturdy gates of my ass, I knew the city was lost and that all I could do was hold on tight and try not to scream so much I'd bring the police. I felt like every one of Priam's women—being raped shitless while my universe was consumed in flames around me. Oddly enough, the grip of his teeth on my shoulder was the only thing that kept me sane, as sheet after blinding sheet of Greek fire enveloped me in a searing torment that exploded every nerve in my body at once. When his huge brown cock finally reached bottom, his stiff black pubes ground into what was left of my shattered Ilium, and I knew as surely as Cassandra that an even greater, wonderfully terrible doom lay ahead.

He ground my butt quietly for a few moments, chewing softly at my shoulder as he moaned low animal grunts of satisfaction, and my pain was so horrific as my brain came to terms with my grief, that my suffering grew sublime. White-hot waves of agony merged together into unending torment until my animal brainstem took control of my destiny. The boundless, searing waves battered the shores of my consciousness and fused together into a soft, solid, sensuous glow of such golden bliss that, as it radiated from his cock to the ruins of my fuckhole and into every particle of my being, I could dream of nothing but his sweet cocktorture going on and on until I died in his arms, a victim of my ecstasy. Lying quietly against the blind end of my love-tunnel, his huge throbbing cock filled every cranny and craving. When





he began to withdraw it, jerking backwards with his hips until his brutal trigger-ridge crashed into the shattered sphincters of my asshole, I felt my guts being sucked out with him. The yawning void that filled with yearning knew but a single remedy: his huge Samoan cock had to fuck its way back up into me, fill my guts with his glory, and use the searing fire of his manmeat to quench the raging flames of my need.

I felt his hands clutching my head in distraction as his teeth wandered down to tear at my iron-tipped tits in counterpoint to the ceaseless crashing of his hips against my tight marine butt. He started brutally enough and grew ever more savage with every slicing stroke of his cock. My whimpers and moans echoed the THWACK of flesh against flesh. The constant drip of his sweat onto my helpless body, and a growing glow of blissful agony filled every crevice of my soul. His fuckthrusts grew harder, faster and more brutal as I slowly slid from sensation into a fugue so complete that time slowed to nothing, and the shattering novae that filled my cosmos froze solid, trapped forever in the amber of his savage lust. Frozen timeless in a throe of heavenly hell, my mind shrank from the ceaseless burning and ripping of my asshole. I was jolted from recollection to oblivion as I was fucked back to the terrible torture of the moment. What little brain tissue I had left was short-circuited by the furious ramming of his huge, hard cock up through the tapioca that had once been my firm marine butt-muscle. I heard a distant scream echoing faintly into some cranny of my consciousness; the scream grew louder, closer, and more terrible until I knew it was my own. That knowledge brought yet more wisdom and I knew that the pressure of his massive manmeat inside me had coaxed a serious load of marine cream up from my bludgeoned ballbag. Jets of hot, thick, nacreous gyrene jism blasted up onto my belly, chest, and the bed beyond my head as I found true relief for the first time in weeks. Great brown hands clamped about my head as my body was battered by blast after blast of muscle, plunging without mercy through my supine flesh to ricochet my load around the room like some fucked-up fire hose. Thick ropes of my glorious goo melted down from the hard, brown muscle which held me in its willing thrall and dropped onto my tortured torso in huge globs like sudden raindrops on a summer afternoon. All I could do was keep digging

my heels into his butt, hold on, and wait for his savage animal grunts and growls to die and take the last jets of my jism with them.

My screams and tormented writhing drove him over the edge of the abyss. His rhythmic rape of my butt became a series of frantic, spasmodic thrusts of pain and fulfillment as his massive uncut meatstick crashed headlong under its own power, guided by a muse older than Man to possess me in the ultimate way possible: to blast his frothing sea of spunk-spume into the most secret recess of my body. My heels felt his butt clench tight as each instinct-driven thrust drove home a new tidal wave of whip-tailed recruits to ride the manmeat express into my fuckhole, then explode into a cold frenzy of soothing satisfaction. In my mind's eye, I saw his cum-slit shatter open inside the burning darkness of my guts to erupt against the battered end of my fucktunnel, splattering my insides with his spunk.

Each jerking upstroke brought up globs of splashed cum to lube the burning torment that lived in my asshole. As one agony eased, I suddenly realized the pain in my shoulder had returned as his teeth tore at my muscle. Like some scruffy, kink-tailed tom in an alley, he was using his fangs to anchor his victim. I couldn't escape the demonic frenzy of his brutal domination. Unholy animal sounds of lust and liberation rattled the wooden walls of my room as he fucked progressively, unbelievably harder and faster until a high-pitched feral shriek split the night. Then I felt his cock attack my butt a few more times, fecklessly unwilling to admit even to itself that it had met its match—or that it had nothing else to give. Finally, his toast-colored untrimmed meat still in possession of my butt, he collapsed atop me with a soul-felt sigh and a splash or two of sweat to join the layers of my marine jism.

Coated with manseed inside and out, any normal young marine pervert would have lain back to rest up after a job well done, but I knew we weren't finished yet. I'd long since lost track of the eternity he'd been slamming into me, but what were his first words after making me his? "Shit, sorry I shot off so soon."

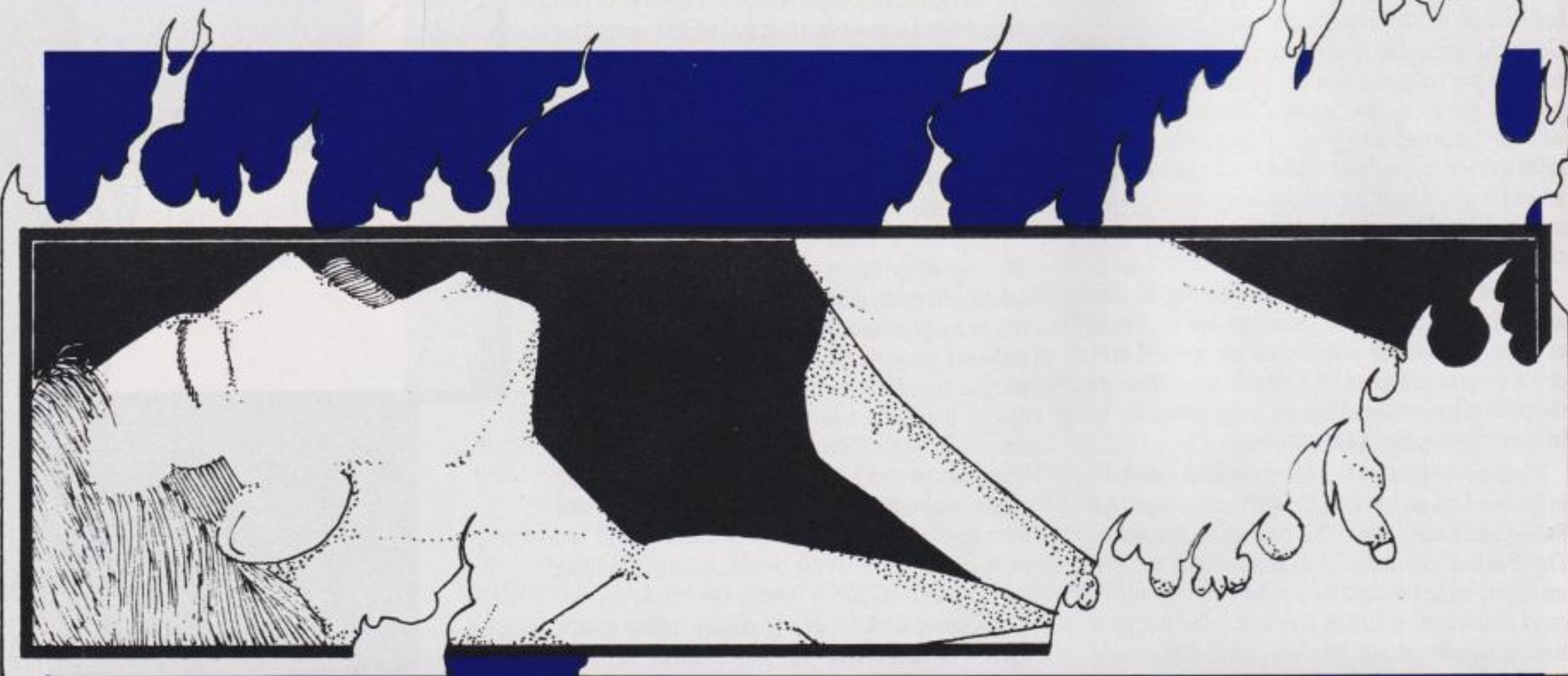
The fucker was lethal! He lay in my arms and ass for a few minutes as his pulse slowly slipped toward normal and we shared our secrets in lovers' tones. He had

made it his business to find out my name from the register; his was Te'aoalii. I confessed I'd dreamed of him, but he laughed and spoiled my illusions by saying he'd carried me back to my room after I'd passed out in the bar the night before. Lying beside him, I felt rather than saw him grin as he confessed he'd then stripped me naked and left me to sleep alone. He'd licked my cock hard and then stripped the sweat from my balls with his tongue before he abandoned me to the night. He'd wanted more but was afraid to go the distance in case I came to.

Te'ao finally eased his still-hard lizard out of the remains of my ass and lay holding me in his arms as we whispered together in the cool tropic breeze. The desk clock claimed it was only 2230 so I lifted myself up on one elbow, lost myself in his boyish face and manly body, reached out with my tongue to the rigid tit closest to me, and said, "Well, there's time for you to pick up now where you left off."

Teeth exploded into a grin that split his handsome young face with horny enthusiasm. Without another word, Te'aoalii moved down to lap the jism from my chest and belly before he began a wicked tongue-lashing of my cock and balls. Within minutes, his tongue was inside my butt for a rimming beyond even my dreams of down and dirty glory. As his tongue lapped his load from my shithole, I couldn't begin to imagine the bone-shattering thrills to come. But I knew one thing for sure: the remaining four days and nights of my liberty in Samoa would bring enough adventure to last most poor bastards a lifetime. I was going to work him over like a big dog, swallowing gallons of his studcream, pumping buckets of my own, and generally be one very dirty little marine. I confined myself to bed and, except when he had to limp off to work—and let me get a few hours sleep—he was detailed to keep me company. We were going to fuck and suck and shoot everything we had or could borrow or steal.

Then we'd start over and do it Samoa.





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Being a leather titleholder means more than getting a sash. It means being a representative of the leather community—being visible, being active, being involved *as a leatherman* in the world. This year's titleholders are a busy crew, and *Drummer* will be reporting regularly on the activities of national and regional leather titleholders, as they keep us informed.

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# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

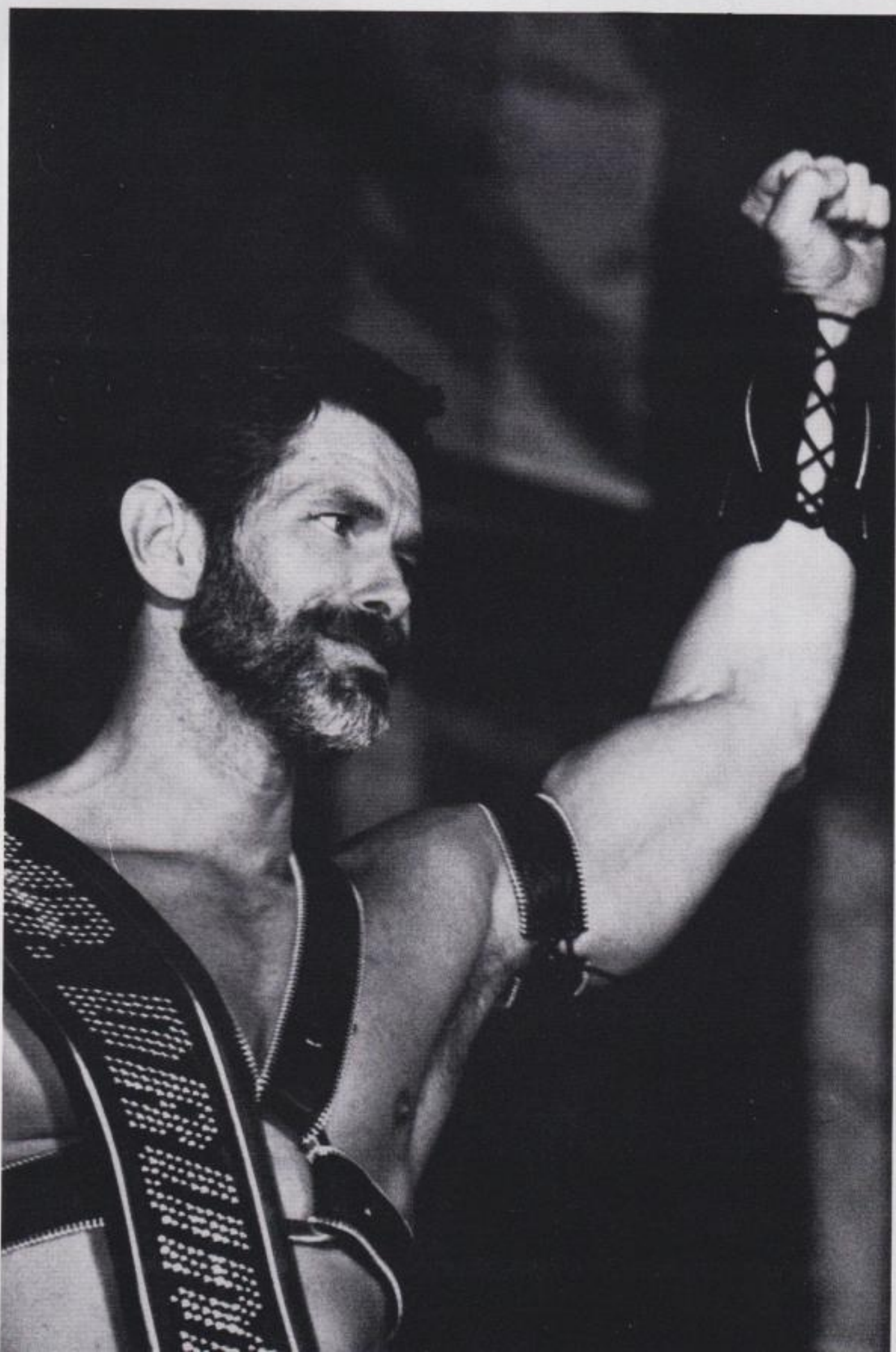


## Leather Titleholders

### Brian Dawson

This year's Mr. Drummer was in San Francisco for the Ms San Francisco Leather contest January 27 and will be in San Diego in March for Leatherfest. Brian will attend the first ever Mr. Drummer Australia contest May 19, and he will be producing his own event, Fantasy L.A., June 9. This event will concentrate on leather fantasy rather than "agenda." Brian will also be involved in the production of the Mr. Southern California Drummer Contest in June, along with Guy Baldwin and Michael Pereyra.

Photos by Satyr





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(213) 669-9472  
MOTORCYCLE PARKING

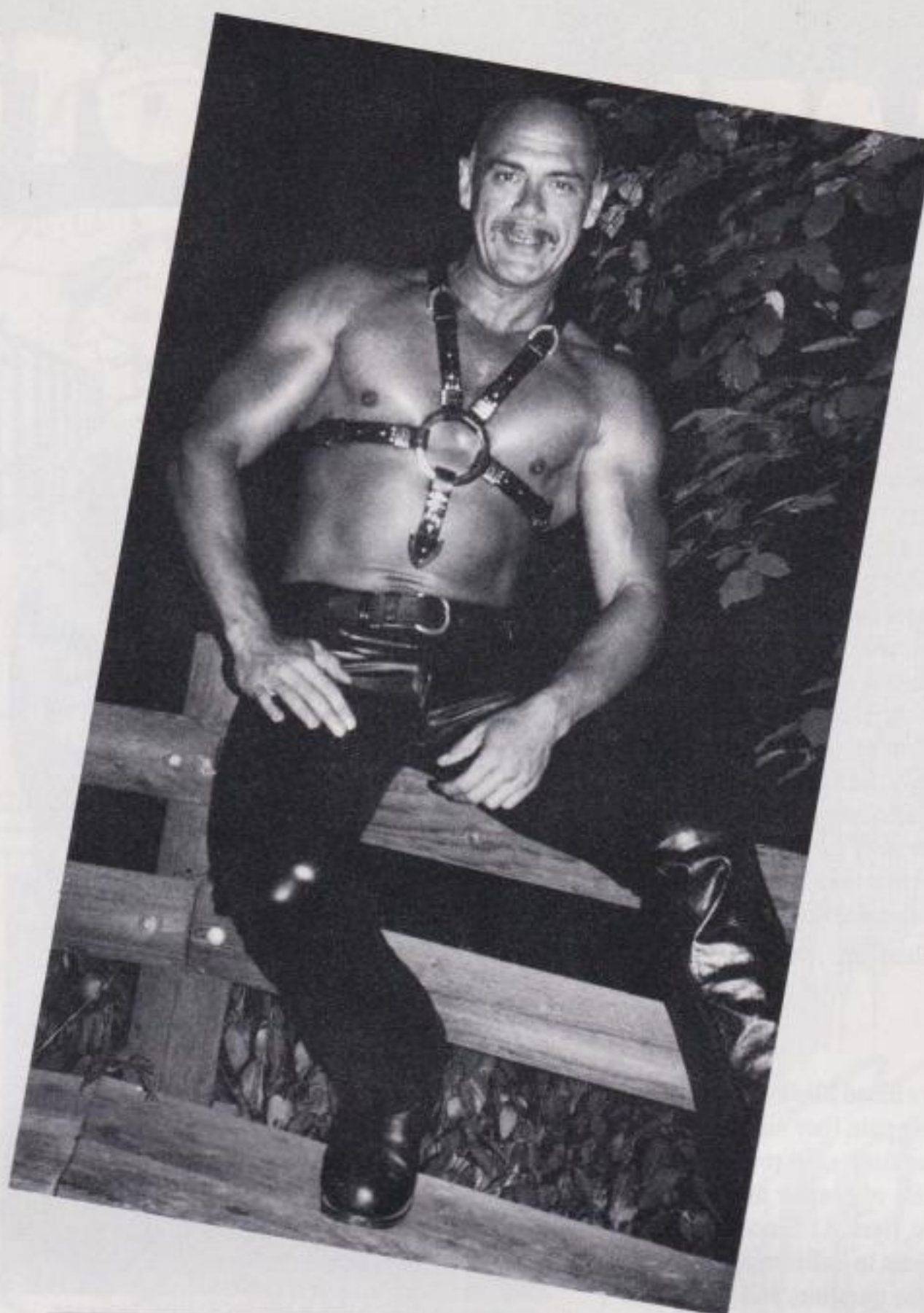


## Guy Baldwin

Our current International Mr. Leather and Mr. NLA, was a judge at the Mr. New York Leather contest (along with Mr. New England Drummer Barone, and others) January 20. (Look for results of that contest in a future issue.) Along with pursuing his private practice in Los Angeles, appearing at leather events everywhere, and writing for *Drummer*, Guy is also compiling a directory of leather-sensitive psychotherapists nationwide, and is writing a book on leather contests, covering how to compete and what to do with the title once you've won it, how to judge, and how to produce the contests.

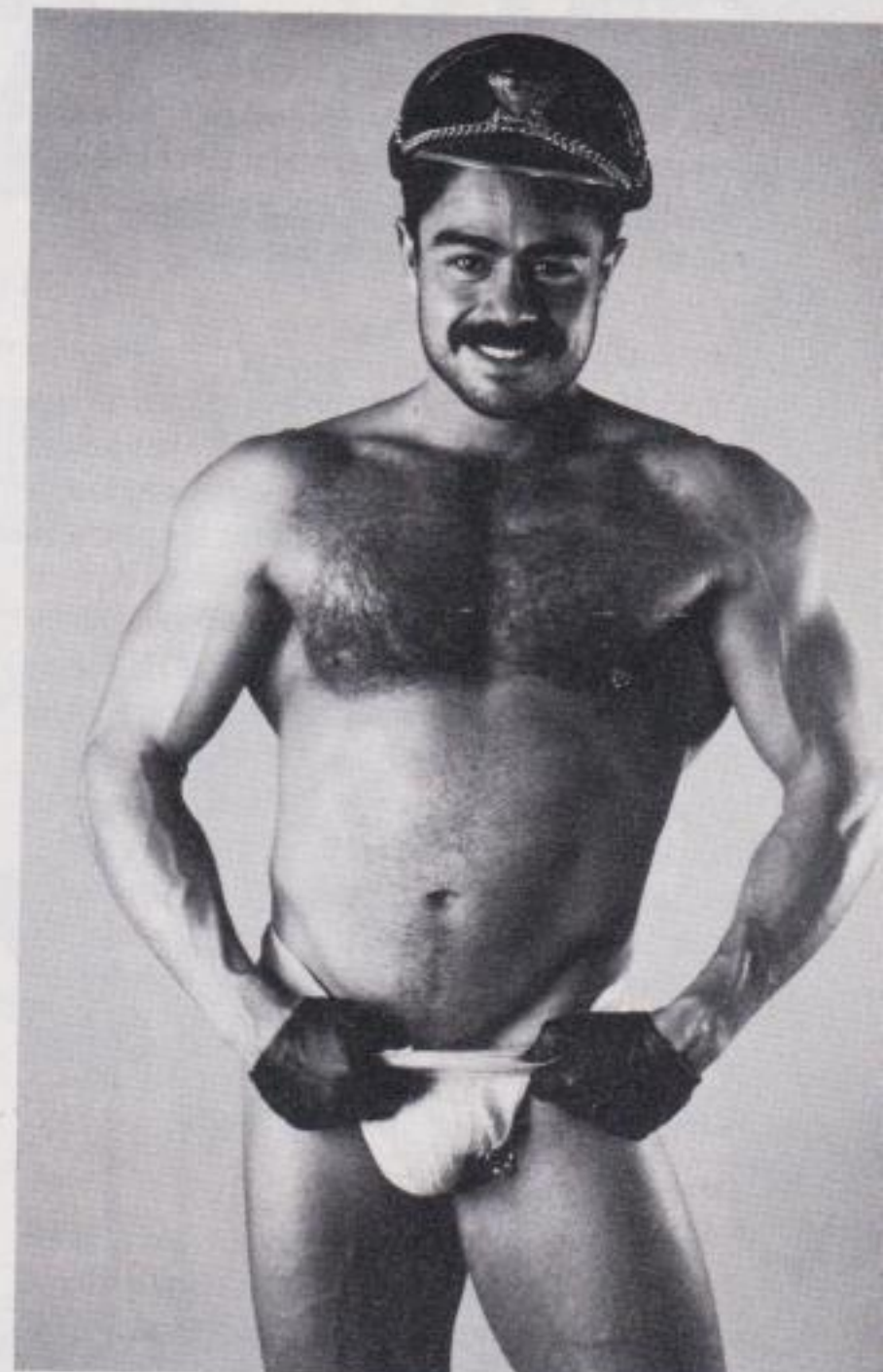
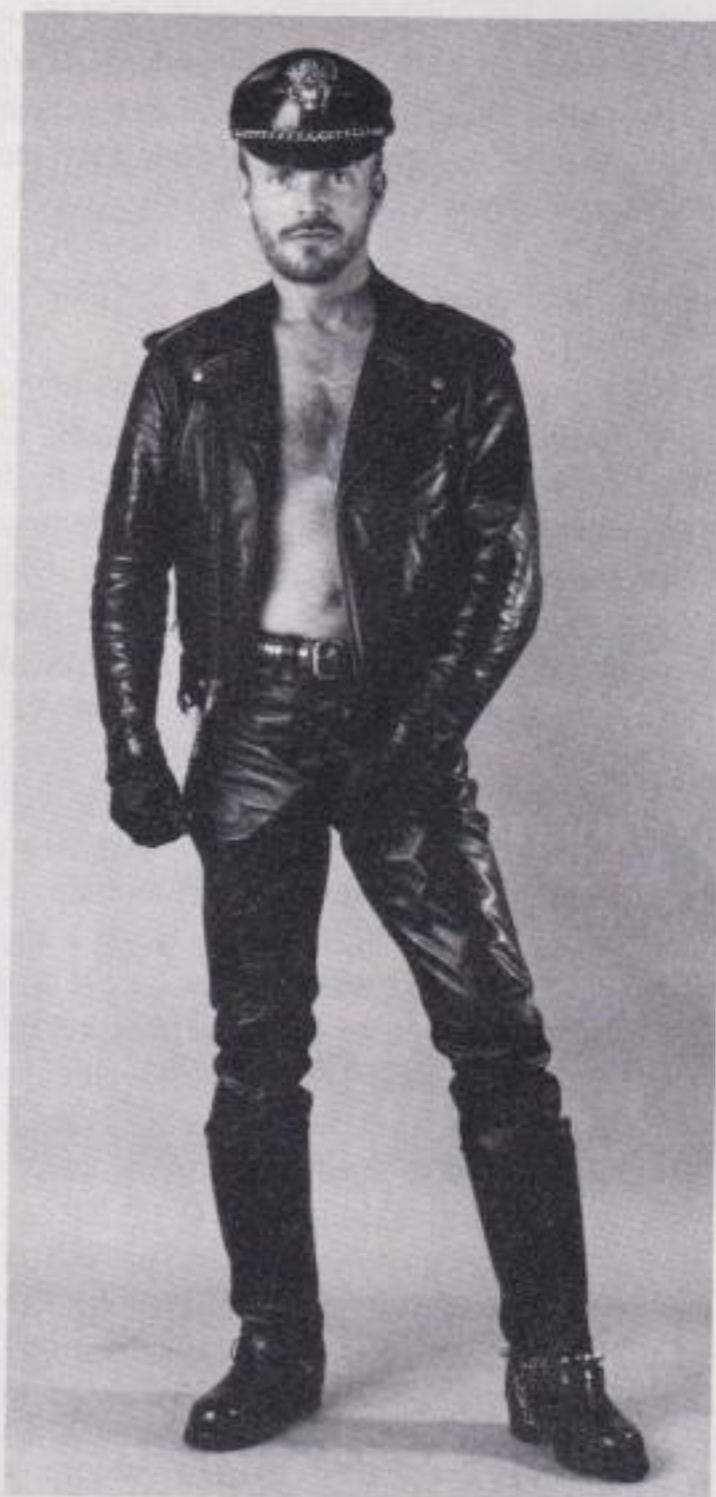
The first weekend in March, Guy will be in San Francisco, presenting QSM seminars on Whips, SM for novices and advanced practitioners, and will be a Guest of Honor at a fundraiser for the International Mr. Leather and the National Leather Association Travel Funds, hosted by Russian River (Northern California) Leather Daddy John Ferrari.

After that, Guy will be off to Atlanta and Missouri for IML-qualifying leather contests. For specific dates, times, and places see the calendar in this month's issue.



## Rick Conder

Regional Mr. Drummer titleholders are also keeping busy: Rick Conder, currently Mr. Southwest Drummer and Mr. Leather Arizona, has been representing the leather community at public events such as a National Coming Out Day celebration in Arizona and the International Gay Rodeo, as well as numerous fundraisers. He hosted an SM Safe Sex seminar with presenters Guy Baldwin and Race Bannon. He has also spoken recently to university classes and the Phoenix Gay Youth Group on variations in sexuality.



**Guy Baldwin, top**  
(Photo by Vern Stewart)

**Rick Conder, right**  
(Photo by Jim Wigler)

**Michael Pereyra, far right,**  
co-producing with  
**Brian Dawson and Guy Baldwin—**  
See page 23. (Photo by Jim Wigler)



# LEATHER NOTEBOOK

## LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Sir,

This is a three-question letter. 1.) My Master requires me to play with my cock as punishment, continuously, sometimes for hours on end without allowing me to cum. The blue balls I'm not concerned about, but since I have a foreskin, the constant thrusts and retractions occasionally create what look like blood blisters around the slit of my cock. My Master told me to write you about it. 2.) Is it possible to obtain a copy of *A Kiss of Leather*? That was when I first fell in love with you, Sir. 3.) Can you tell me if there is a document, standard or otherwise, that would be legally binding for two or more parties to divide equally the winnings from a Lotto ticket? as you know, only one signature is valid on the ticket itself.

—Slave Tag, No. Hollywood, CA

Dear Slave,

1.) They probably are blood blisters, and you probably deserve whatever pain they are causing you. Put a little antiseptic on them after your session. 2.) I have reprinted *A Kiss of Leather* and have it in stock. I'll send you a flyer. 3.) Since large Lotto payouts go on for 20 years in California, lots of people have asked the same question, and the best advice I've seen is simply to have a lawyer draw up an agreement, whereby the person receiving the funds is required to do whatever is mutually agreeable to the group. It's probably a good idea to select a recipient who is young and healthy enough to have a 20 year prospect of survival. You might also be able to bond the designated recipient, but you'd have to consult an insurance company on that one.

Dear Larry,

I'm a Master who has taken on a permanent live-in slave for the first time. I'm almost twenty years older than he is, so I know that he is probably going to survive me. We both work, and he turns his paycheck over to me every week, never asking what I do with the money. I have set up an investment fund in my name, with him as beneficiary in case I die. He doesn't know about it, and I'm afraid to say anything to my lawyer, who's kind of a redneck, as are most people in our area. My family knows I'm gay, and have more or less disowned me because of it. My question, since I don't know where to go for legal advice, is whether or not my family is going to be able to grab the money if I die, or will my designation of the kid as beneficiary be sufficient?

—Concerned Master, Fresno, CA

Dear Master,

You really should pop down to LA one of these days and talk to a gay attorney. You can get a referral very easily from the Gay & Lesbian Community Services Center in Hollywood. My gut feeling is that



Master and slave at Inferno. Photo by Larry Townsend.

you're probably okay, since California courts seem fairly sophisticated to these kinds of arrangements, but there may be some very simple thing you could do to make sure.

Dear Larry,

For a long time—years, that is—my fantasy was to be tied up and worked over by a real Master, but to be bound in a very specific way. I wanted to be standing up in the center of a room, or at least far enough away from any wall or other obstruction that the guy could reach me from any angle. Then I wanted to have my hands spread wide apart, suspended from the ceiling by a pair of ropes or chains. (But with my feet still on the floor.) I wanted to be left there for maybe a couple of hours, or even more, while my Master really worked me over with a leather strap, went into some extensive tit and ball torture, etc. I was only recently able to find someone to do this, when I made a trip to Chicago. It was a very exciting at the start of the session, but as it went on, my arms, and finally my whole body, began to get really fatigued. After a little over an hour, the pain from just the bondage got so bad I was begging him to let me down, which he eventually did. Now, a week later, the little finger on my left hand is still numb, although he had used leather cuffs on my wrists, so I didn't really get cut or anything. Do you think I've got some kind of permanent damage? I'm afraid to go to my regular doctor, because I don't know how to explain what happened to cause the problem.

—Frightened slave / Des Moines, IA

Dear slave,

By the time you receive my letter (which I'm sending directly, so you get it before all the delays in publication,) your problem will hopefully have cleared up. If not, you'd better bite the bullet and go to a doctor. Long term bondage can damage a nerve, although in the situation you describe it would be unusual for the situation to be more than temporary; i.e., to last more than a couple of weeks. Nerves that lie close enough to the surface of the skin to be pinched during a relatively light bondage session have a great regenerative capacity. But there is a lesson to be learned from this—perhaps more than one: first, it's not a good idea to tie someone up for too long a time with his extremities raised significantly above the level of his heart. Secondly, it doesn't hurt to remember that a good JO fantasy can often become a very different ball of wax in reality. Bondage can be exhausting to muscles that are not used to it, and the heavy whipping of imagination can really hurt when it actually happens to you. (If you do need to see a doctor, tell him you wrapped a rope around your wrist in the course of moving a heavy piece of furniture. The resulting damage would be about the same.)

Dear Larry,

My greatest joy in life has been to get fucked, and I mean I really loved it. I'm now in my early forties, and I haven't been getting it up the ass like I used to, especially since all the health crisis warnings began to be circulated. Recently, I have started to develop hemorrhoids, and this leads me to ask two questions: could all the fucking in my younger years have caused the problem? If I go to a doctor, can he tell that I've been heavily fucked? I'm a career naval officer, so I'm naturally concerned, especially about the latter.

—Skip / Alexandria, VA

Dear Skip,

My medical advisor tells me that hemorrhoids are such a common ailment, and can be triggered by such a variety of causes—including hereditary factors—it's impossible to tell how yours might have started. Ass fucking is not generally perceived as being causal. You are more likely to bring it on by sitting at a desk for long hours, day after day. Likewise, the tightness of one's sphincter (the only clue a doctor is going to have re: your past anal activities) tends to vary so greatly from one individual to another that it isn't going to provide any reliable evidence of past indiscretions. I wouldn't worry about it.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



# DRUM

DRUM IS UNAWARE THAT THE MAN HE IS WITH IS INTENT TO THROW HIM FROM THE BUILDING IN REVENGE FOR THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF THE MAN'S YOUNGER BROTHER. AS THE MAN MANOEUVRES DRUM NEARER TO THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING, DRUM'S PERSONAL RADIO TELEPHONE CRACKLES INTO LIFE WITH A MESSAGE TO WARN DRUM OF THE DANGER. THE MAN SUDDENLY HURLS THE RADIO IN SPACE...

**DRUM!**

...HE'S IN DANGER...

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... WHERE IS THE SERVICE ELEVATOR?





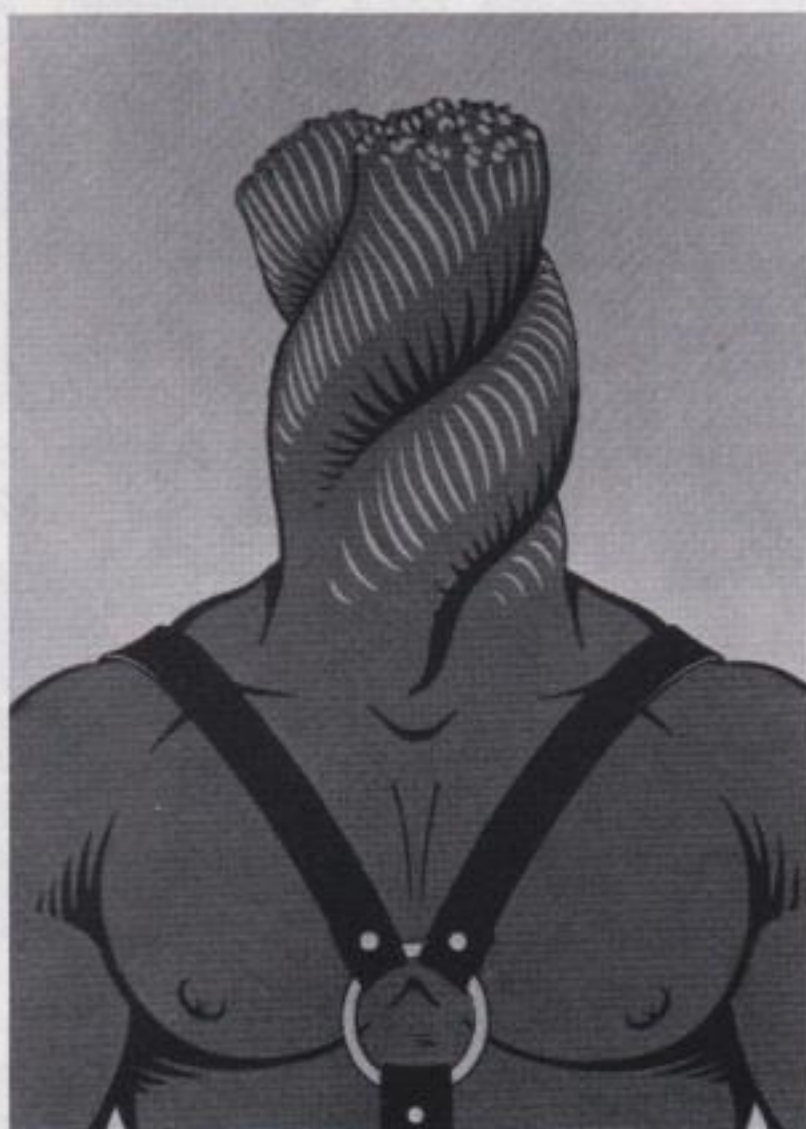
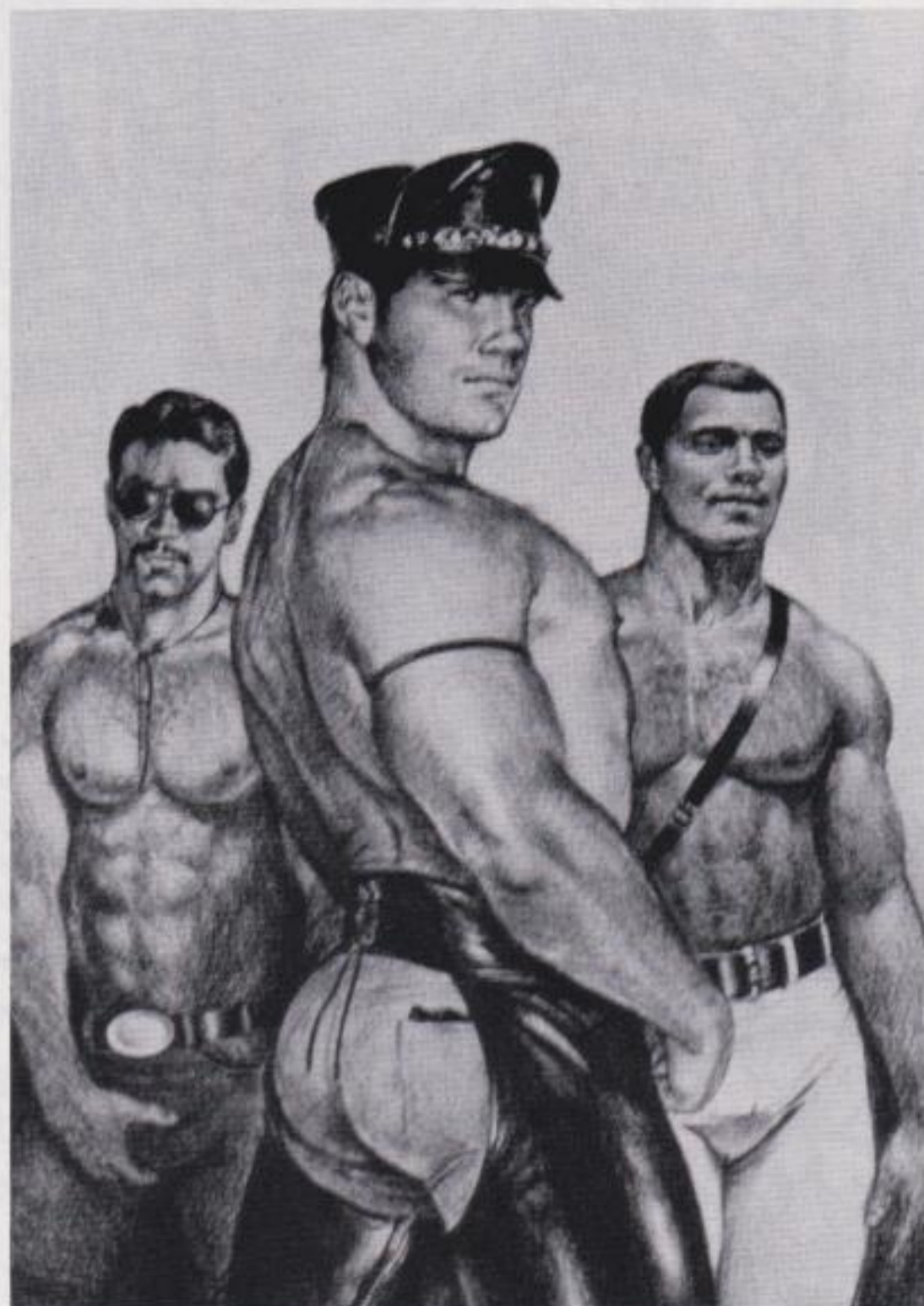






# BRUCE RAPP

## REMEMBERED BY HIS "BOSS"



**B**ruce McDonald Rapp was born on the 7th of December, 1954, he died on Ash Wednesday, the 17th of March, 1988.

Bruce had several nicknames. One of his two sisters nicknamed him "Bum," an obvious correlation with "Bum Rapp," that was the nickname that I picked up for him, so I called Bruce "Bum" a lot. He referred to me as "Boss," so we were basically "Bum" and "Boss." One of the artworks shown here (top of page 63) is of a fantasy tattoo of my arm, incorporating "Bum" and "Boss" and a heart with a dagger through it.

Bruce was the second of four children. His parents, Tom and Mary Rapp, still live in Menlo Park, and he has a brother and two sisters; a Catholic family. Bruce was thoroughly traumatized by a Catholic education, and particularly a Jesuit education at Bellarmine College Preparatory School, which I believe he graduated from or left in 1972.

This traumatic education actually left him with quite a legacy. He drew upon it in his art and in his humor, and much of his humor comes through in his artwork. He really developed a very pithy, offbeat, but not-bitchy sense of humor, and that sense of humor sustained him, and entertained many of us.

In addition to his humor and his art, another strong part of his life was his attraction to the leather scene. Boots in particular were his fetish. He spent as much time as he could in boots, if not in full leather, and boots appear very, very frequently in many of his artworks. He would humorously refer to certain paintings as "boots and ass" paintings.

The severe look of leather didn't seem to fit Bruce quite convincingly. He certainly looked good in it, but we might give him another nickname: "A Lamb in Wolf's Clothing," because Bruce certainly was a lamb. There wasn't a mean bone in his body. This became particularly evident in the final months of his suffering, when his very gentle spirit inspired and touched everyone who came near him, and he put out a very wonderful kind of energy that was very uplifting to anybody who was around him.

Before Bruce met me, he had had one semi-serious liaison with another leatherman here in town. It didn't last terribly long, but prior to his relationship with me, it had been the longest kind of liaison that Bum had formed with anyone. This relationship inspired several artworks.

One drawing shows a Top pouring beer over a short-haired young man, (see page 62) and that basically is a

portrait of Bruce and this person that he was involved with. There were several works of that genre that put Bruce in some sort of semi-humorous bondage or in a subservient situation. Bruce was basically a bottom, and his art allowed him to express and work out his self-image. He always worked it out with eroticism combined with humor.

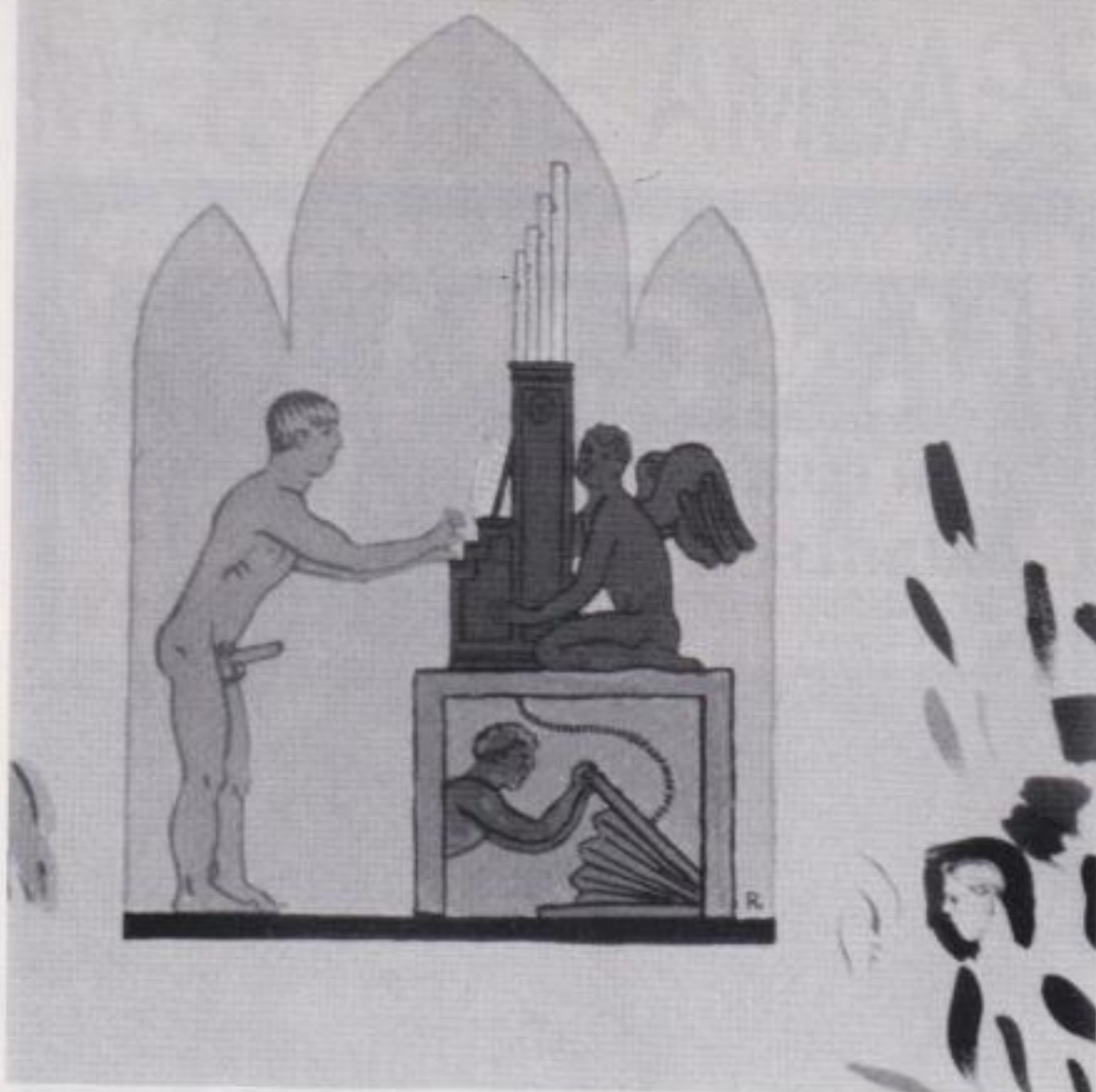
Bruce worked in, and mastered, several media, not just pen and ink. An example of a fairly early woodblock print is the so-called "Twisted Head." (Bruce didn't always title his works.) It shows a torso with harness, the neck of which becomes a twisted metal cable, cut off, and so it's basically a decapitated head. You can read into it what you wish, but I believe it is a commentary on his relationship to some aspects of the leather scene. I think perhaps the twisted head image suggests a "high," in the sense of a drug high.

Another work from this period is "Tax Relief," one of the few pieces that does have a title. It shows an Uncle Sam figure riding on someone's back. Again, this is a rather thinly disguised scene between Bum's former leatherman lover and himself.

Before I met him, Bruce had started work on some safe-sex commissioned works. One of them is the well-known "Safe Sex-Yes Sir!" drawing which shows a Top giving a very stern look to a young man with crewcut, which is how Bruce depicted himself.

Perhaps the most important work pictured here from that period is of three hot leathermen of three different racial types: a very strong Aryan type in the center of the drawing; to one side is a very muscular hot black man; and to the other an equally hot and muscular Chicano. When I met Bruce he had two of the three figures done, and was stuck for the third. This was to be a safe sex poster, and the idea was to reach various ethnic groups through it. He had the central figure done, as well as the figure to the left, the black man, but hadn't come up with the Latino. I remembered a photograph of a very hot Latino guy in a magazine that I had. I showed it to Bruce and that became the inspiration for the figure on the right hand side. As in the photograph, Bruce adapted the "hand-in-the-crotch" look. This was sent off to one of the local AIDS organizations for incorporation into a safe sex poster, and it was printed. A very few copies were distributed. If anyone has this, with the Latino with the hand in the crotch, printed as a safe sex poster, you have a real collector's item, because subsequently the AIDS organization received state fun-





ding for this poster for wider distribution. But the state was very uncomfortable with this figure groping himself. So they insisted that the figure be changed. In order to change it, Bruce made a small patch drawing that moved the hand from the crotch and hooked the thumb into the left-hand pocket in a typical cruisy kind of pose. A second version of the poster was then printed and distributed, this version is more widely encountered.

It was right about that time, in the spring of 1985, that I met Bruce, and that was one of the first works that he finished after we became close.

Another AIDS-related project at this time, besides posters, was the production of a complete comic book in Spanish, advocating safe sex. This was a project that he did in pen and ink. It's marvelous work. He worked with another person on the story line, but basically ended up rewriting the story a great deal. The title was "Chicos Modernos," roughly, "Modern Hot Guys" or "Modern Studs."

Then came a series of rather personal works and gifts to me. Christmas of 1985 he presented me with this absolutely stunning pen and ink drawing of one of my knee-high Wesco boots, the left boot. To see the original of this is to really appreciate what a brilliant artist he was. There are several reproductions of this boot in existence, and none of them really do it justice. It has been used on a T-shirt—although it is reproduced without all the fine detail that the original has. But it's fun to see Bruce's boot drawing, and *my boot*, planted on the chests of many hot men around the country. It's fun when I'm wearing that boot to go up to so-

meone who's wearing the T-shirt and give him the story.

Another very personal work, and again another indication of what a talented artist he was, was his Valentine's card for me, the following year, 1986. Like so many of his works, he drew inspiration from a particular scene. The outside of the card, says, "Please Sir, would you be my..." and as you open it up, it becomes one of these wonderful pop-out type of cards, showing a bottom in bondage on a bench, legs up in the air, hooded, hands chained up, inflatable dildo up the ass. All of this pops out in your face, and says, "Please Sir, would you be my valentine?" And this actually is quite an accurate reconstruction of a scene that we had played just a little bit earlier. (See page 63.)

After I met Bruce, I became very supportive of his talent and very excited by it. A friend of mine in San Francisco known as Mad Dog was, at that time, manager of the art shows at the unfortunately now-defunct bar, the Ambush. On a trip to San Francisco I introduced Bruce to Mad Dog and they hit it off very well and got very excited. And as I hoped, Mad Dog invited Bruce to put a show on at the Ambush.

This is what Bum needed. He needed something to push him. His job was very mundane, and he wasn't the most productive person in the world. He had this wonderful talent that was perhaps a very natural talent, one that he had refined and honed through academia, but it was something that came pretty easily to him. Mounting a show gave him an opportunity to push himself.

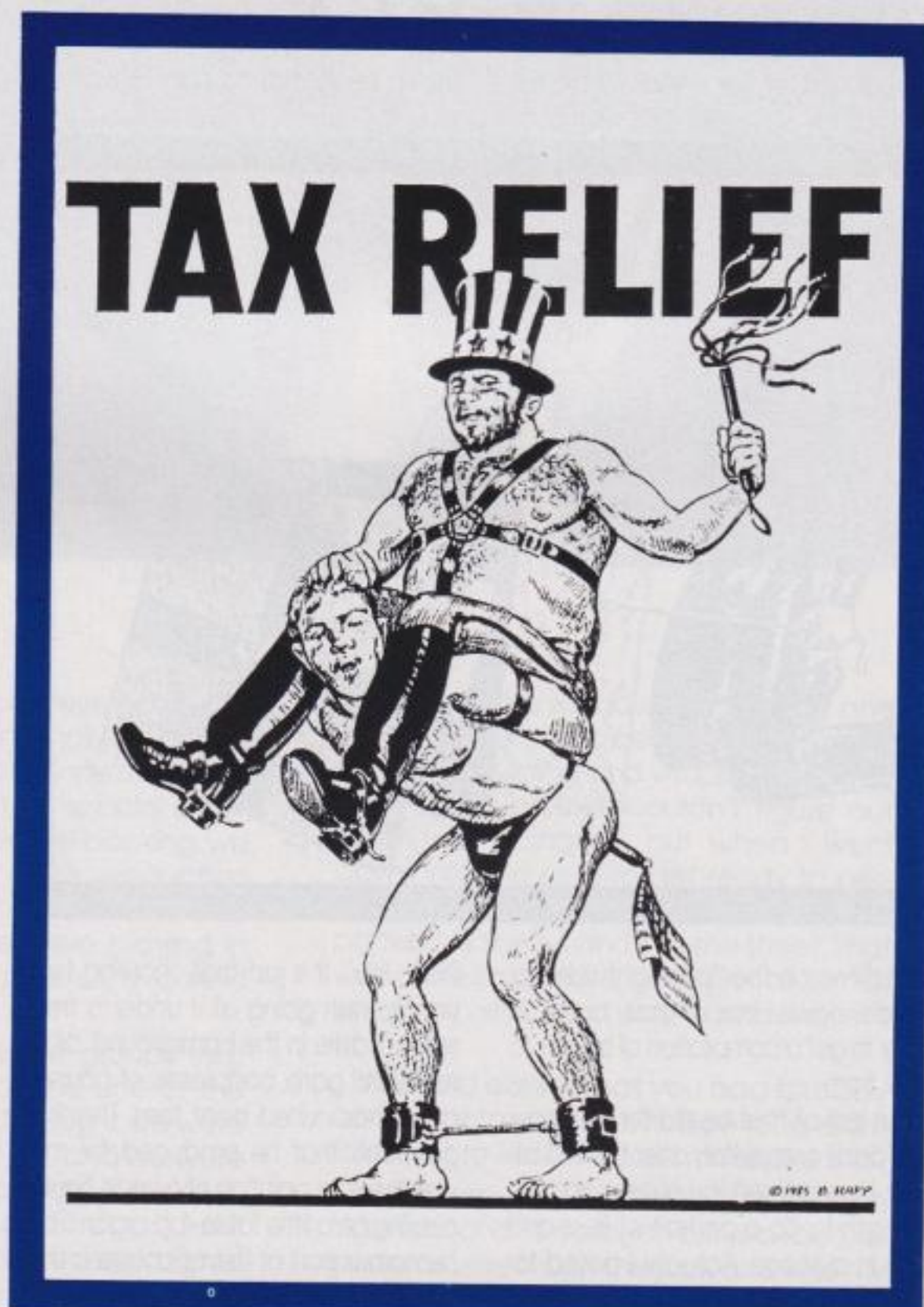
Bruce had not done any oil painting in a long time, probably since college, and he looked forward to the show as an opportunity to get back into oils. He decided that for this show, in addition to showing works that he had already created, he would create at least four large oil paintings, in addition to whatever else he could produce in the time frame.

It was in March of 1986 that we went up to San Francisco. He wanted to see the Ambush space and plan how many works he could display, and what the size of the works would be. He had already finished one large oil, a full length portrait of "Boss," showing a leatherman, a biker, with hands clasped, and a glowing halo around the head (page 64). While this is very flattering to me at a certain level, it also was inspired by a group of turn of the century artists, particularly French and Belgian artists, known as "Symbolists." Their work, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, is associated with Art Nouveau, and a movement that has a parallel in poetry, also known as "Symbolism." The idea of clasped-hand figures in a semi-reverent attitude was something that had attracted Bruce, and I don't think it was a sarcastic thing related to

his Jesuit training. I think at a very real level, in spite of his sarcasm towards the church, Bruce had a strong mystical streak. It came out more and more, particularly after his AIDS diagnosis, but it was already present here in this first of these four large oil portraits, that really do glow with a wonderful brilliance.

Well, we went to San Francisco in March and saw the space, met with Mad Dog again, and that Saturday night, of course, we were planning on going out in leather and tearing the town apart. But Bruce very uncharacteristically begged off and said he just wasn't feeling that great, and he wanted to just stay quiet in the motel room and I should go out. That was the beginning of what developed into a bout of pneumocystis, shortly after we came back.

He was very concerned about the show coming up the following September, whether he would have energy for it or not. He began work on the next two large oils. One was a self-portrait, again with the clasped hands, praying by a roadside shrine to Hercules. (Page 65.) He used to humorously refer to this as what Hyperion Boulevard (in Los Angeles) would have looked like, 200 BC.





**PAINTINGS  
AND DRAWINGS**  
GRAPHIC ARTS



**BY BRUCE RAPP**  
**AUGUST 12-21 AT THE AMBUSH**  
1351 HARRISON ST., S.F.

The third portrait in the series was of a local well-known leatherman, Durk Dehner (page 64). This portrait was very much directly inspired by one of the Symbolist paintings. It shows Durk in full leather, bulging codpiece (which was another favorite fetish for Bruce), with bodies lying in ecstasy in the background, adoring Durk. The bodies are portraits of Bum and myself. He

sonal one.

After his battle with AIDS, Bruce decided to explore another artistic medium that he hadn't taken up in a long time, a painting technique known as gouache. He produced four small, jewel-like works reminiscent of medieval illustrations. In fact, there's an early, and very delightful work (not shown here) that he calls "Medieval



posed me on the floor, right side up, upside down, backwards, nude, in order to get a compilation of bodies to work from.

The last oil that he did for the show was done completely after his AIDS attack. He mustered the energy and the strength to do a portrait of Boss and Bum in a scene. Actually I posed for both figures. This work is a very per-

sonal one. After his battle with AIDS, Bruce decided to explore another artistic medium that he hadn't taken up in a long time, a painting technique known as gouache. He produced four small, jewel-like works reminiscent of medieval illustrations. In fact, there's an early, and very delightful work (not shown here) that he calls "Medieval

# U.N.C.U.T.

## BEER BUST AT GAUNTLET II

4923 SANTA MONICA BLVD.  
(FORMERLY THE OUTCAST)  
SUNDAY, JULY 15  
4-8 P.M. \$4.00



UNCUT  
NATURAL  
COCKS  
UNITED  
TOGETHER  
P.O. BOX 2842  
L.A., CA 90078



Another humorous thing, if you know musical instruments, is that he had not observed organ-pipe construction very carefully, and the mouths of the pipes are at the top ends, rather than the bottom ends, and they're just not constructed in such a way that they could ever utter a sound. He gave this to me as a Christmas present. I suggested to him that he might someday, if he had time, do another version that wasn't quite so graphic, so I could hang it on the living room wall. So he did a second version of this, very artistically solving the problem of the hard-on by adding a little pedalboard to this funny little organ, and having the leg forward in such a position playing the pedals that it hides the genitals. The second time around, he got the shape of the organ pipes right, too.

The other two gouaches are very intense spiritual works that relate to his grappling with the reality of his AIDS diagnosis and his AIDS condition. One of the works shows two figures, almost a multiple-narrative type of idea. The figure on the left has a spinning top over his head, and the figure on the right, which is basically the same figure, is pushing up against a rock. When I asked him about this, he said the top suggested the kind of confusion he

was experiencing, and the rock was basically the very hard lump he was feeling in his chest—not a physical lump, more like the weight of his grappling with his condition.

The last of these drawings is one of the most personal, and I think most special, works of art he ever produced. This one does have a title, "Stepping Through the Crack of the Universe." Here, Bruce has resolved his rock, his "between a rock and a hard place" attitude and the spinning that he was feeling, and the central figure of this little painting shows a leatherman, in boots and codpiece, having wings strapped on his back by a rather otherworldly helper-figure. A crack in the universe opens up before him, revealing a myriad of stars, and he steps forward bravely, to march through this crack, into the starry great unknown. In this little work, I feel so much of Bruce's brilliant artistic potential came together. His humor, his eroticism, and his mysticism all meet in this one wonderful little piece.

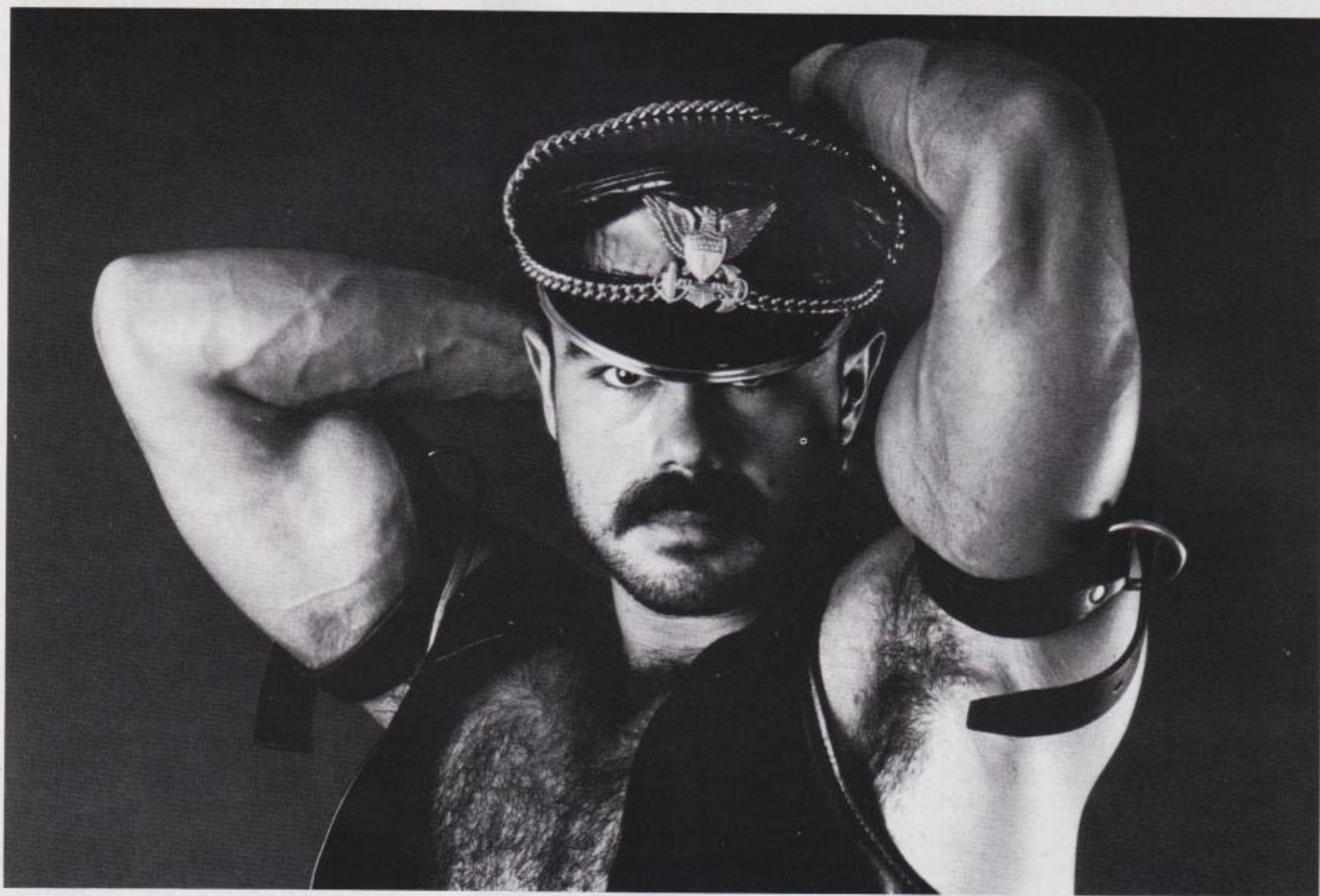
(Editor's Note: Unaware of it, every rubber-wearing kinky person around probably owns a Bruce Rapp artwork: the figure on the Black Beauty Latex Polish bottle. This was Rapp's last completed commission.)



# MEET THE AMBASSADOR OF LEATHER

*A First-Hand Events Interview with*

## Michael Pereyra



### Reprinted by permission

Okay, Michael, tell us a little bit about yourself.

Well, I was born in El Paso, Texas, and have been involved in TV work in El Paso—commercials and modeling and newspapers. I used to have a band, playing in nightclubs and touring, at one point traveling two years with my band all over the United States and Canada. We played in Alaska for a month, which was very interesting, because it was in the winter and it was sixty below.

**What instruments do you play?**

I play a little bit of a lot of the instruments. I'm sort of a jack of all trades and a master of none. I used to pick up all the instruments, because I was the front man. Actually, my favorite thing is to sing and

work with the audience, developing the show. At one point, sort of at the beginning of that career, I got my pyrotechnics licenses, so we did quite a special show, and right before I finished the booking, we had put together this huge production where we had fire, bombs, and smoke fireworks on stage. We were playing in Winnipeg, Canada at a club called Uncles.

We were one of the first groups that had played in this club, and one of the neatest things was: the first night we were there, the club was half-full, and we were scheduled for a two-week gig in this club, but the word got out so fast about how good we were that the second night I was upstairs in our dressing room and I

looked out the window to the street, and there was a line two people wide leading out of the building and wrapping halfway around the block. I couldn't figure out what was going on, but when I went down into the club to get ready to perform, the club was absolutely jam-packed, hallways and into the street. That was quite impressive, and a lot of fun for us—and a very good way to end that era of my life.

**You said earlier that you had already come out to your family. How long did it take you to feel like you had done this?**

I don't remember exactly. When I was in high school and college, I played football and was very much the jock and was my senior class president—and I had a girl



friend who was the head cheerleader, prom queen, and all that. You know, growing up in El Paso is not like growing up in a very progressive area—not like San Francisco or New York. It is still a very small town with a very laid back way of thinking. We just didn't have sex. I was raised in a very strict Catholic home. My mother had been pretty much raised by nuns.

#### **Are your parents both Italian?**

No, my mother is Italian and my father is Portuguese. Pereyra is Portuguese. Both my girlfriend and I had been brought up in very strict Catholic homes. I was an altar boy for twelve years, and my family (and I too) had given thought to my becoming a priest—and of all of the Catholic youth in El Paso, I was the president of the organization.

The point that I am getting at is that we were brought up to believe that you should not have sex before you get married, which was okay by me, because I loved this girl very much, and she was also my very best friend. But eventually we tried and I was never really able to get sexually turned on by her as much as I was by the guys in the locker room or on the football field. Still I felt I should give it the all-American try. She was very sweet, she understood—we both cried when I told her I'd never wanted to be like this. I told her I had had a lot of thoughts, and I had tried to deal with it the best I could, so I guess that was part of the coming out. (Laughing.)

I'll never forget one time—my mother found my porno magazine—I must have been about fourteen or fifteen. I don't remember if I had found it or someone had given it to me. I remember I had it hidden between the mattress and springs on my bed, and when Mom went to change the sheets, and lifted up the mattress, she found this . . . Oh my goodness . . .

#### **Was this a gay porno magazine?**

Oh, sure. You know, she waited until I got home from school, and she dragged me from one end of the house to the other, and told me how I was an animal and how I was going to hell. Then she took it and hid it.

In the meantime, she had called the priest to come over. I remember I was frantic. I think she went outside to water the lawn, trying to cool off, so I went through her room and found this magazine, and I ran as fast as I could down to the river—which wasn't too far from our house—and I lit it on fire and I held it till I almost burned my hand, because I wanted it completely destroyed. I then threw it in the river and watched the ashes float down, and then the smoke—and my nerves—settled.

At one point in my religious training, I began coming up with a lot of questions about life—like: Where did we come from? When are babies really babies? Why are we here? My parents fought a great deal when I was growing up, and I thought: **Now this is not happiness. What is the**

**purpose of life and where do we go when we die?** And when I asked the Catholic priest about all this, he got very upset. He said, "You are not supposed to ask these questions. These are mysteries we are not given to know."

I said to myself, "Well, that is not right. If I have these questions, they have obviously come from somewhere, and if there are questions there have to be answers." So I argued with him and argued with him. (Laughing.)

One day, one of the young Catholic priests, I think, was a little bit jealous of the fact I was the sweetheart of the altar boys. All the older priests and deacons and the monsignor, it was believed that I was their pet, sort of—because I worked hard, followed the rules. This young priest, he came outside one time and he told me, "You just think you are something, don't you? Why don't you go look around at some of these other churches, and you will see how good you have it here."

I did. I spent a year or so going to a lot of other churches with friends from school who were Mormon, and I got very involved with them. I learned, and studied, and became very attached to the Mormon religion. And also I saw this as a ray of hope for me to not be gay, since my mother had told me how bad it was and how wrong it was and all those things. But as all of us do, I wanted to have the approval of my family and my parents. So I joined the Mormon Church, and I went on a mission for two years.

#### **Were you still living at home at this time?**

No, I had moved away from home—and one of the most wonderful things about being on a mission was being so involved in studying the Bible and the Book of Mormon, and learning how to deal with people. I'm sure you have seen missionaries from the Mormon church with their white shirts and their dark pants and ties, walking in pairs all over. That is what I did. For two years, that is what I did.

#### **How old were you then?**

I was nineteen and twenty. It was such a relief, because I was so involved in what I was doing, I never thought about sex—which at that time for me was a wonderful thing, because it accomplished what I had wanted to do: not be gay.

#### **Had you had sex up to this time?**

Only masturbation.

#### **Didn't you ever have fantasies?**

Oh, sure. But when I came home from my mission, I started to wonder about things. One thing led to another, and I just decided at that point that I wasn't going to fight all the things that were going on inside of myself. Neither was I going to fight myself the rest of my life. So I went to the Mormon Church, and I told them. They sent me to a therapist who is involved with their church. They told me that I had to just be strong—brainwashing-type information. You know, I tried very hard, and it just never worked—it was just

too much a part of me. So I presented myself to the church, and said, "This is the way I am. I really love this church. I think it is an incredible institution, if you are heterosexual, and you want to get married and have a family, because I have never seen an organization that supplements and enhances a family like this one does. But you don't have any place in this church for a single gay or even a couple of gay or homosexual persons. So I think I need to be excommunicated from your church."

I left the church and got into Texas Tech University, to go to law school. I did a year of law school, was on the dean's list. I had a bright future. And one day I was sitting in the library, and I said, "I don't want to be a lawyer." I wanted to come to Hollywood and be an actor and movie star. At that point, I dropped out of law school and applied for a job with American Airlines, and they were ready to hire me. They sent me to Dallas to enter the training school that they had there. And on the flight to Dallas I met a lady who told me that she had met me before—heard me sing in a nightclub. She said she thought I was very talented. I thanked her and we talked.

She asked what I was doing now and when I told her I was going to be a steward for American Airlines, she got this shocked look on her face. She asked if I was going to throw away my career and I told her I didn't think I had such a great career, and anyway you had to be in L.A. or New York in order to have any kind of career. She asked if I would go to L.A. if I had a job and I assured her I would. We got to Dallas and she introduced me to this married couple. The lady was an actress, a girl by the name of Rebecca Holden who used to star on Night Rider and who has also done a number of series and feature films. And her husband is an oil investor from Texas and they lived in Beverly Hills. They needed a personal secretary for both of them so we set it up and they flew me to Beverly Hills. They really did it right—they flew me out and had a stretch limo pick me up and deliver me to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Oh, this is it for me! So we spent two or three days together.

#### **How old were you then?**

I was twenty-five. So they told me what my duties would be, and they would pay my rent and they would pay for my car, and they would pay me a salary. This would afford me the opportunity to meet people in the industry, as it is called—you know, producers and directors, actors, TV personalities.

#### **Did she know you were gay?**

Yes. And so I said, "Great!" She handed me a wad of money and said, "Here is some money to make your move on, and we will expect you on such and such a date, and we'll have an apartment for you." So it was quite incredible, quite an entree into L.A. So I came, and very quickly I figured out you have to get an agent. I took one acting class—just so I would feel



like I knew what was going on—and I did a showcase, and I sent out cards like every would-be actor does. I did the showcase, and at the end of the showcase, I had five agents approach me, one of which was the William Morris Agency. I signed with them right away. I signed as a commercial actor.

As I have said, I have done Stroh's Beer commercials and Carl's Jr. Hamburgers. There is a list of others. I thought that it would be a natural progression from doing commercials to doing daytime soap operas to night-time sitcoms to doing feature and TV films. That was the progression that I was working toward. I have been auditioned by General Hospital twice. They have called me back, and had me sit on the set.

Then I was at the gym in West Hollywood, the Athletic Club. I'll never forget—it is so embedded in my mind—I was training my shoulders, sitting looking into the mirror, and sort of daydreaming. And all of a sudden, this beautiful body builder walked out of the locker room. He had on Spandex tights and lace-up logger boots—the kind that lace up to your knees. When he walked over, I was completely mesmerized by how beautiful he was. I watched him as he walked over, and he started doing squats to train his legs.

I was oblivious to why I was in the gym, and I walked over to him and said, "My name is Mike—are you married?" He looked at me and said, "My name is Steve, and no, I am not married." So we talked for a little while. Then I said, "There is a party this Friday night, and I would like you to go with me." He said, "Oh, that would be fine." I added, "Oh, by the way, it is a leather party at the Probe—are you interested in leather at all?" Well, he kinda got a smile on his face and said, "Yeah, I am." We've sorta been together ever since.

**This is your Steve.**

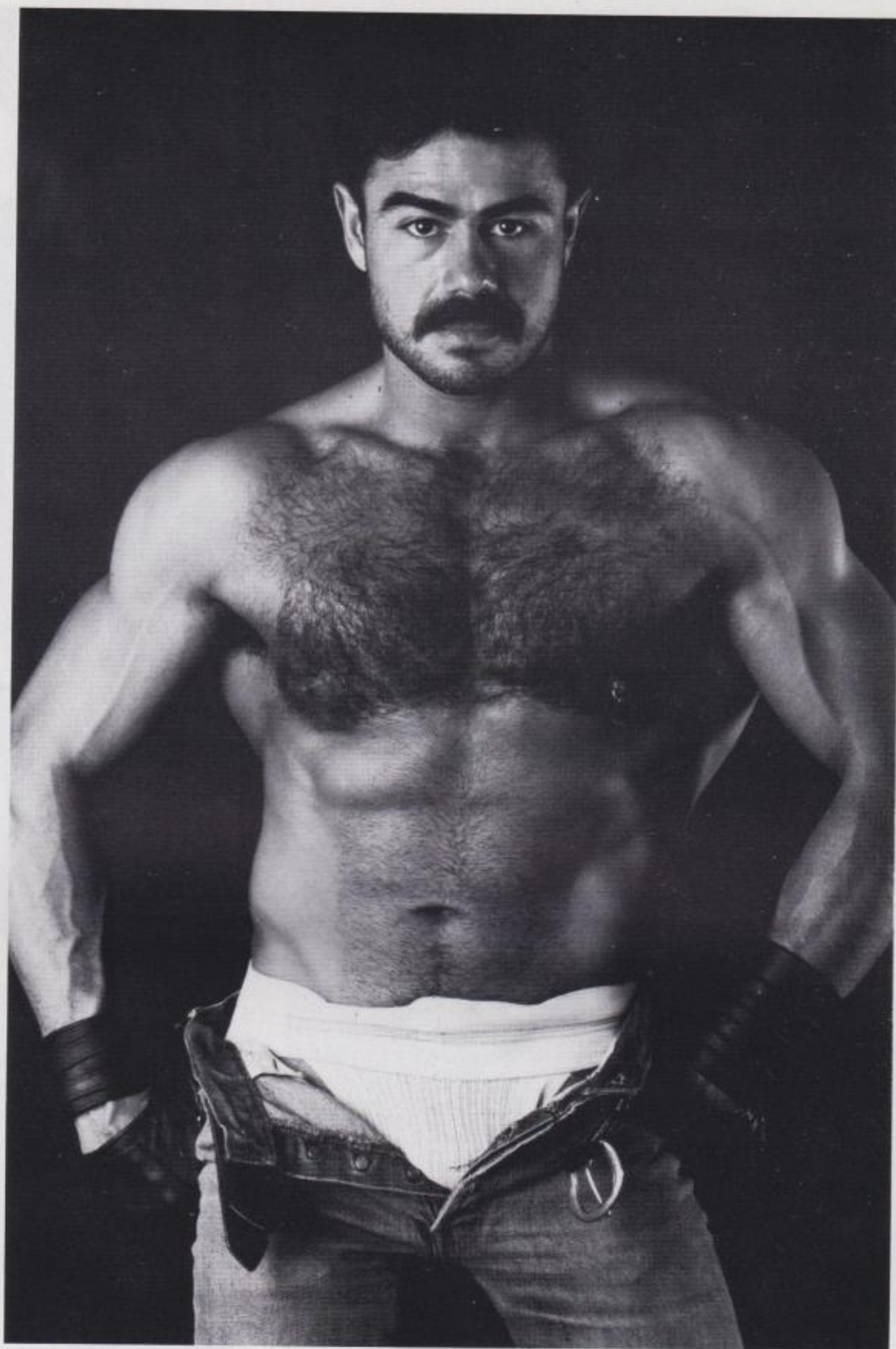
Yes, Steve Darrow.

**This was in 1985.**

Yes, 1985, and we have been kind of attached to each other ever since then. The reason I think it is funny (asking him if he was interested in leather) is that Steve has been very involved in the leather scene for quite a long time. He has been photographed by Zeus, Colt, and other magazines.

**You didn't recognize him from that?**

No, I didn't. I never looked at a lot of nudie magazines at all. You asked earlier what kinds of things I had fantasized about. When I allowed myself to, when I was younger, the things I saw that left the strongest impression on me were the erotic drawings of Etienne and Tom of Finland. Those types of things. I thought that all gay men looked like these drawings, and the ones that enticed me the most were the men that had real tight leather pants on and wore motorcycle boots and jackets and always wore gloves. I thought they were the hottest things I had ever seen.



So when I came to Hollywood, I thought this was what I was coming to. It didn't really come to be the truth. When I went to pick Steve up to go to this party, he was absolutely a drawing of Tom of Finland's come to life, and that is why I train so hard now – to build up my body to be big and beautiful—because I too want to become my own fantasy, because you can only change who you are, you can't change anyone else.

**Are you into any kind of non-prescription drugs?**

No, as a matter of fact, I'm on a board of directors of San Diego Gays against Drugs. We have a whole program we are working on now. We have posters out, we have programs doing a lot of fund raising to take people who want to be

rehabilitated from drugs or alcohol, and we help them pay for that rehabilitation.

**You referred to Zeus and Colt as nudie magazines. Have you ever done any work for any of those magazines up to this date?**

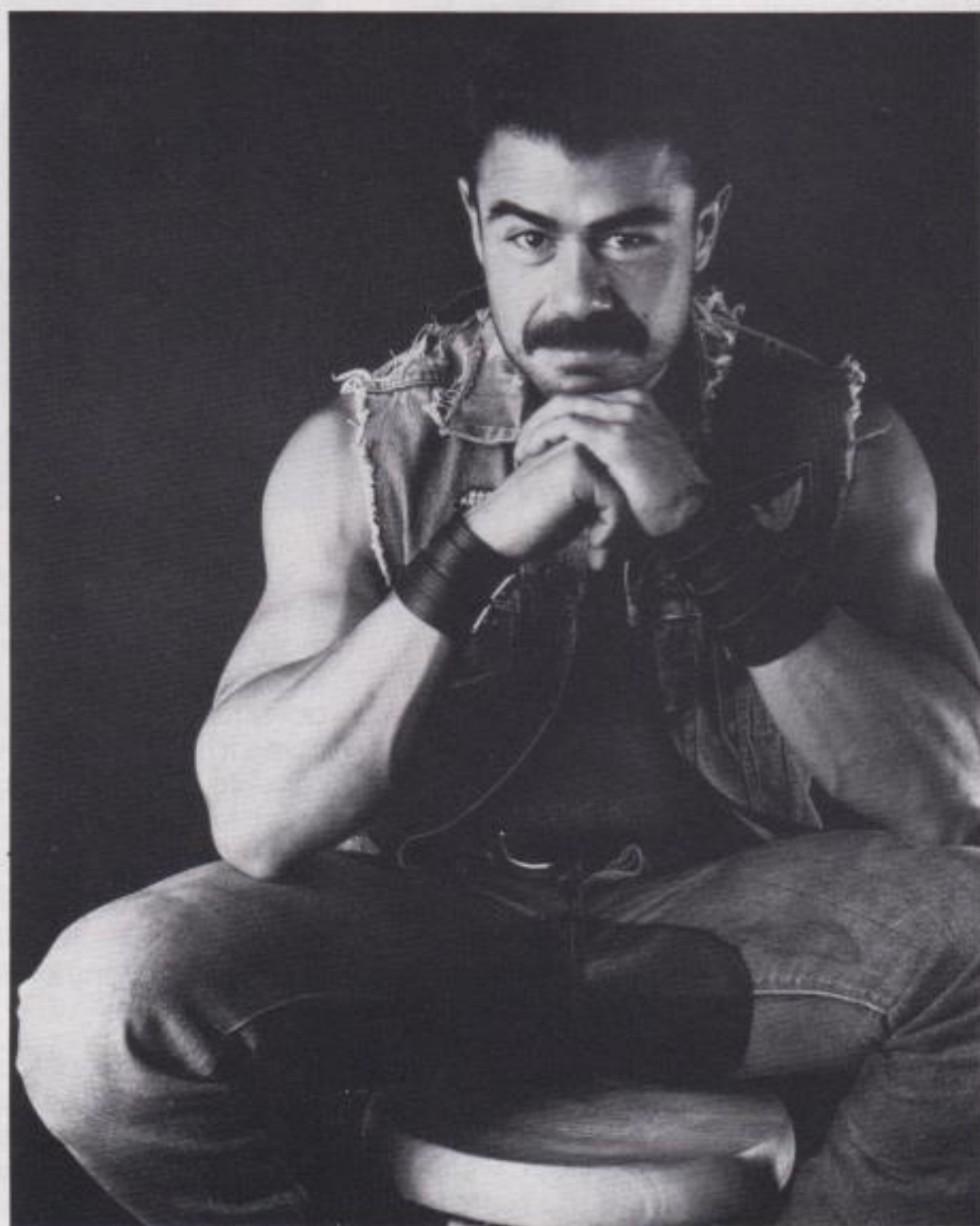
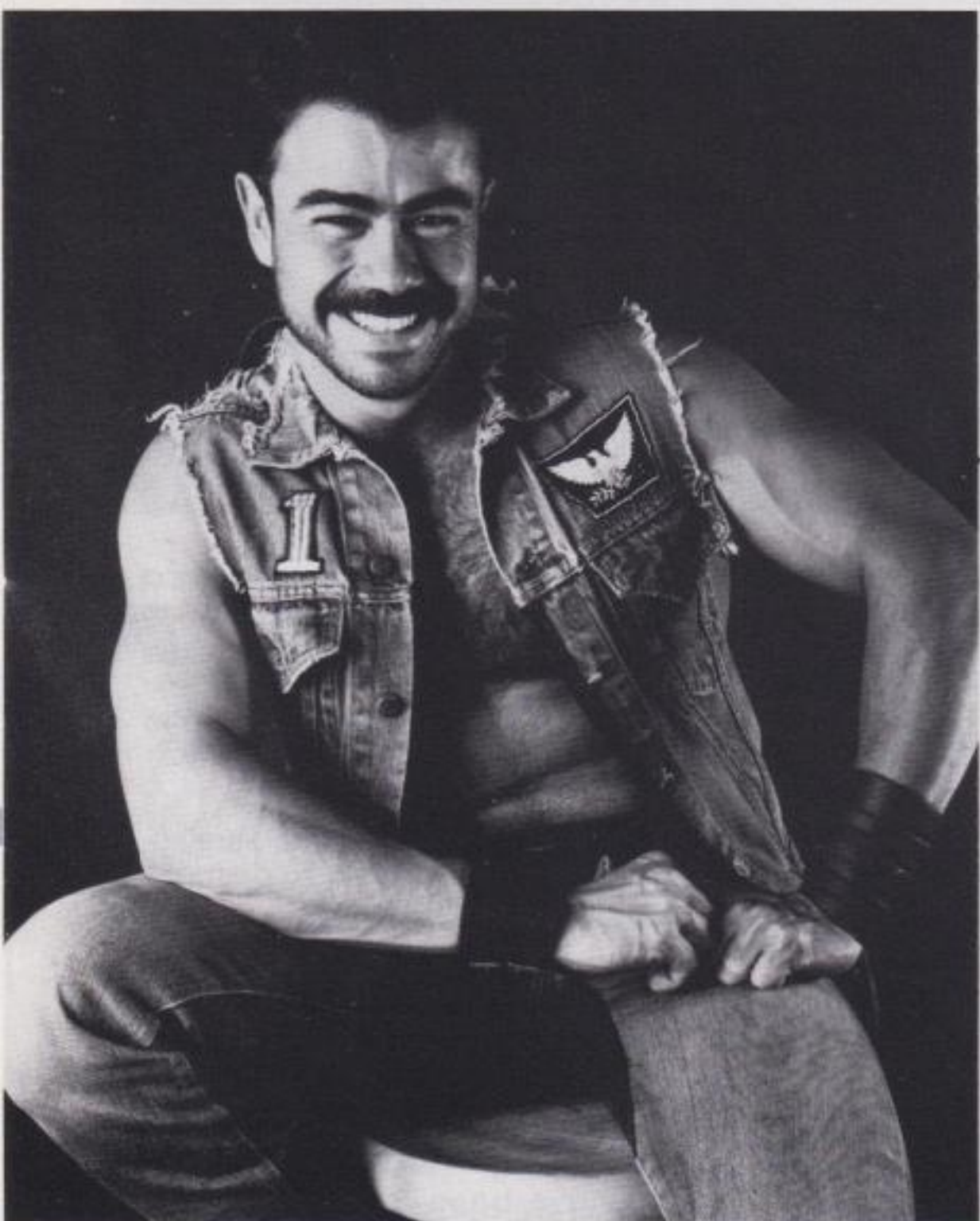
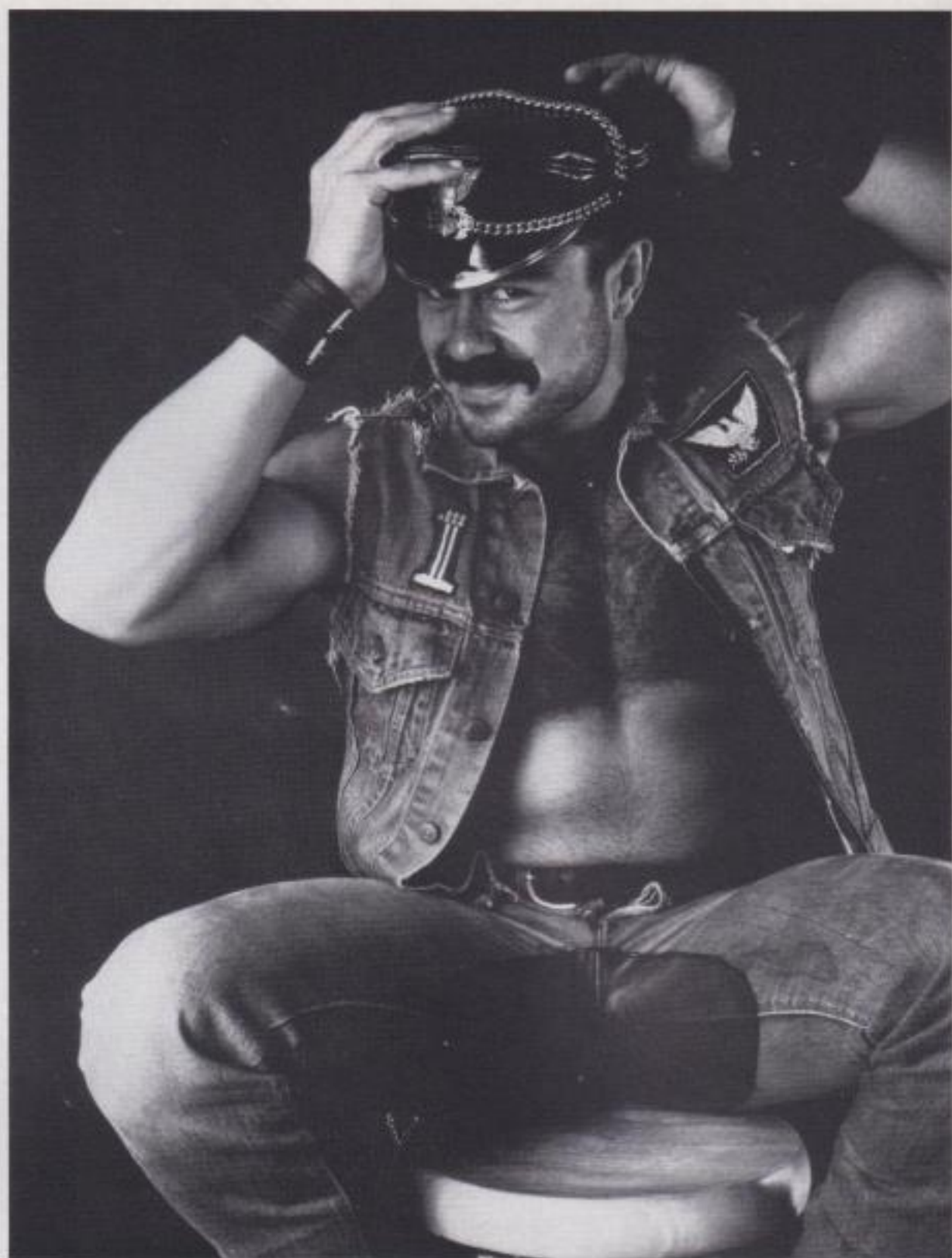
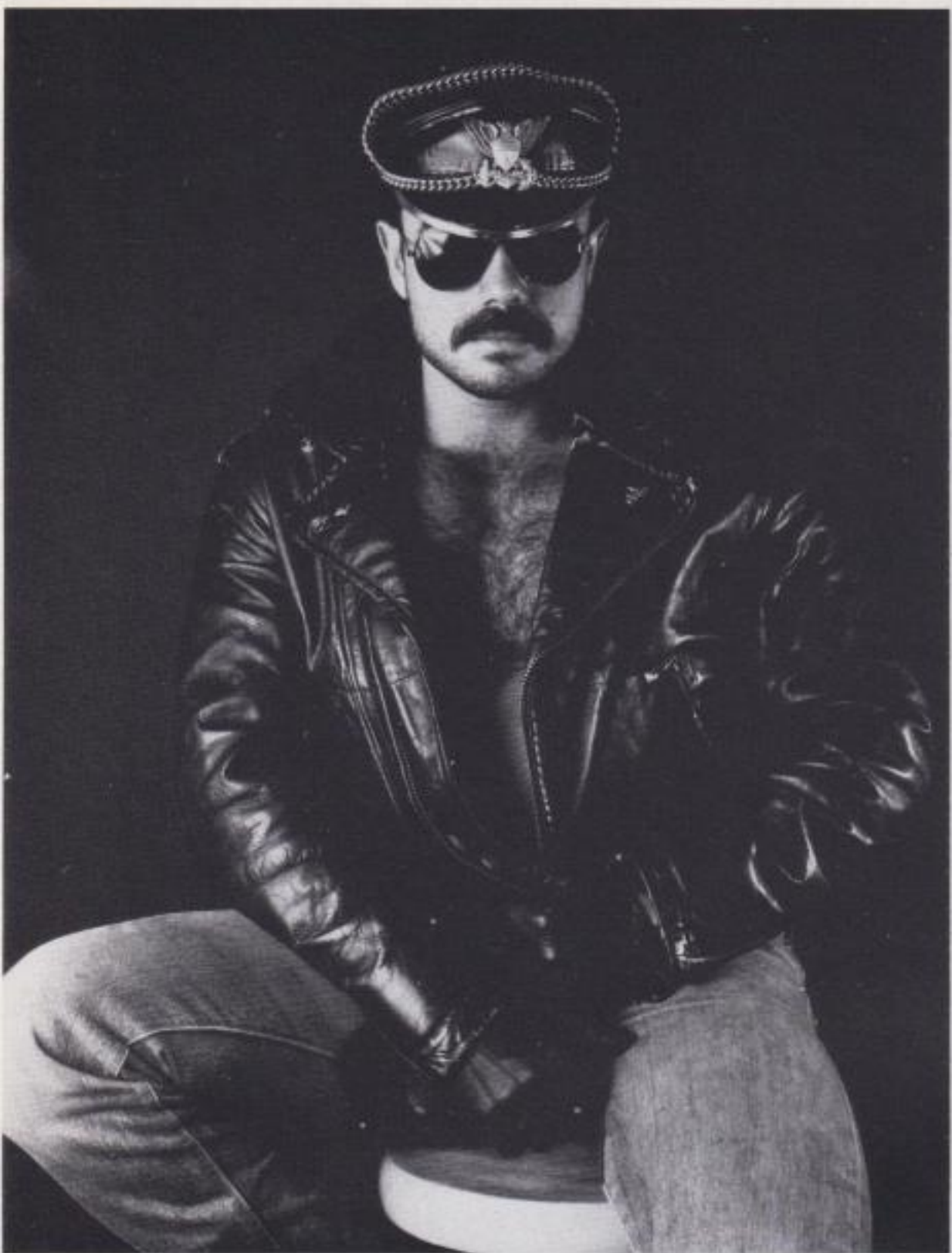
No, I have not.

**You said that you, as Mike Pereyra, were interested in becoming a porn star.**

Oh, I didn't say I was so much interested in it, but that I have no problem with becoming a porn star, as Mike Pereyra. But I do not see International Mr. Leather as a porn star. Instead, I see him as a very powerful figurehead or representative of not only the leather community but of the gay community at large.

**You have been International Mr. Leather for a few weeks now. What is the**







most exciting thing that has happened to you? (Ed. Note: As of this printing, Michael Pereyra's year as IML has passed, however he still remains a visible and vocal ambassador of leather.)

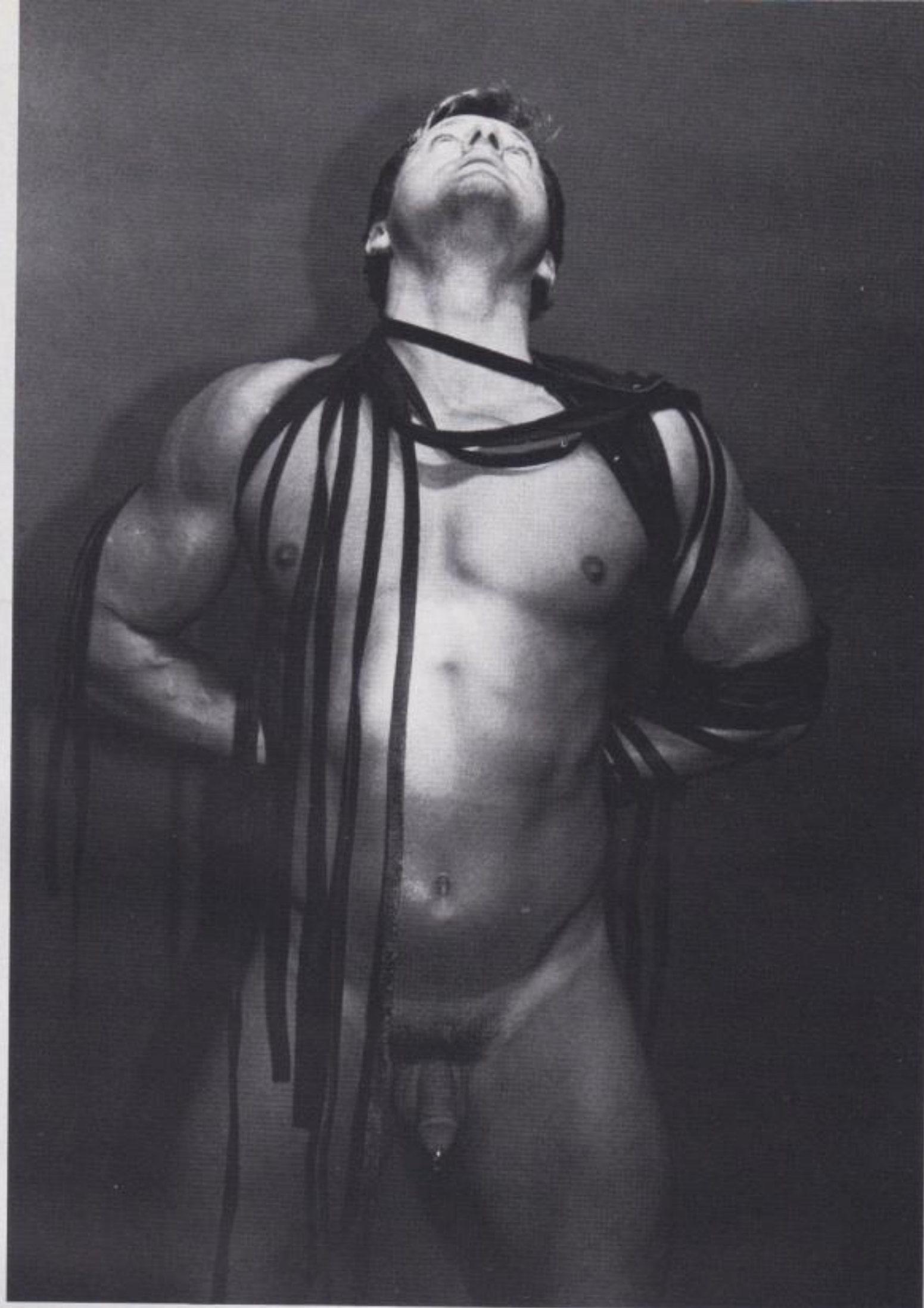
Well, I have filled up my calendar for the next two months, to travel from coast to coast. I will be in British Columbia in the Gay Pride Parade. Later, I'll be in Montreal as a judge in a leather contest. I'll be criss-crossing quite a bit. I think one of the most exciting experiences I have had in this short time period has been my reception in San Francisco, to be quite honest.

#### Why?

They asked me to come there and ride in the Gay Pride Parade. When I was there, I was greeted by Colt Thomas, a former International Mr. Leather of 1983, and Mr. Marcus, who is a reporter for the Bay Area Reporter. They took care of me and treated me like royalty—which was quite unexpected and wonderful at the same time. They had a party, fund-raising for the International Mr. Leather Travel Fund, and some of the San Francisco's finest men in leather turned out. We had a great time.

#### Where was it held?

At the home of George Burgess. They raised five hundred dollars. Part of that has been spent already to pay for my trip to San Francisco to the Gay Pride Parade and accommodations. I rode in the parade with Shan Carr, who is International Ms. Leather. The parade was organized so that we would follow the



#### That's my Steve!

AIDS Emergency Fund float. Shan and I were riding in a vintage convertible.

As we came onto the parade route, one of the most exciting things was to stand up in the car and look down Market Street and see a sea of people as far as eyes could focus. The estimated crowd was over one hundred sixty thousand people watching the parade, and being quite excited and receptive to the leather leaders. Afterwards, there was a reception at the San Francisco Eagle, and it was absolutely crammed, packed with men!

I helped with another fund raiser. Colt Thomas has recently done postcards and greeting cards. He took the twelve original prints and blew them up to 11 x 14, auctioned them off, and raised \$3,500. These were prints of Colt Thomas, and the monies went to the AIDS Emergency Fund. There is such a great sense of honor and community feeling in San Francisco. That has been the highlight so far. Just being a part of it.

I think there is a great, great opportunity in every city and state in these United States for young men and women to move into leadership positions. You have to meet people and be there all the time—you have to reach out away from the gay community. For example, in San Diego we are very involved with child abuse, people of color, the homeless, because we feel being involved as a powerful community is not only just staying involved with your own small community but dealing with everybody around you. Remember that whether you are homosexual or heterosexual, you are from the family of man. We are all brothers and sisters. It doesn't matter if you are black or white or other, gay or straight, man or woman. We need to help each other. I believe that is the big reason that we are here in this life—to learn how to use who we are.

Everyone has been given talents, as stated in the Bible. We are all given dif-







ferent gifts, and we need to use our gifts to the best of our ability, to help one another and be happy, healthy, and strong. When people start being repressive of one group or another, that is being wrong. We must stand together and push forward—learn how to stand up.

**Do you think that the gay leather community is any further removed from the heterosexual society than the average gay in the three-piece suit?**

No, I really don't. The majority of the leather men have proven to me they're much more sincere and caring, they're very interested in the individual. No matter what and how you think, they are very accepting of whatever you are—whether it is only wearing leather because it looks good or if you are into bondage or any other type of SM, to whatever level. I feel very little if any judgment in those areas in the leather community. It is a very loving, nourishing, and exceptional group of men.

**Do you think the heterosexual community is aware of that?**

No, I don't, and I think that in the eyes of the heterosexual, the leather men are even more deviant than just being gay—but you know ignorance is not bliss. In San Diego and in travels, I try not to limit myself to going only to gay leather bars, but to going to all the bars. We are all the same—it is just that our spots are a little different color. But because of my appearance and education, I feel I am able to reach more people.



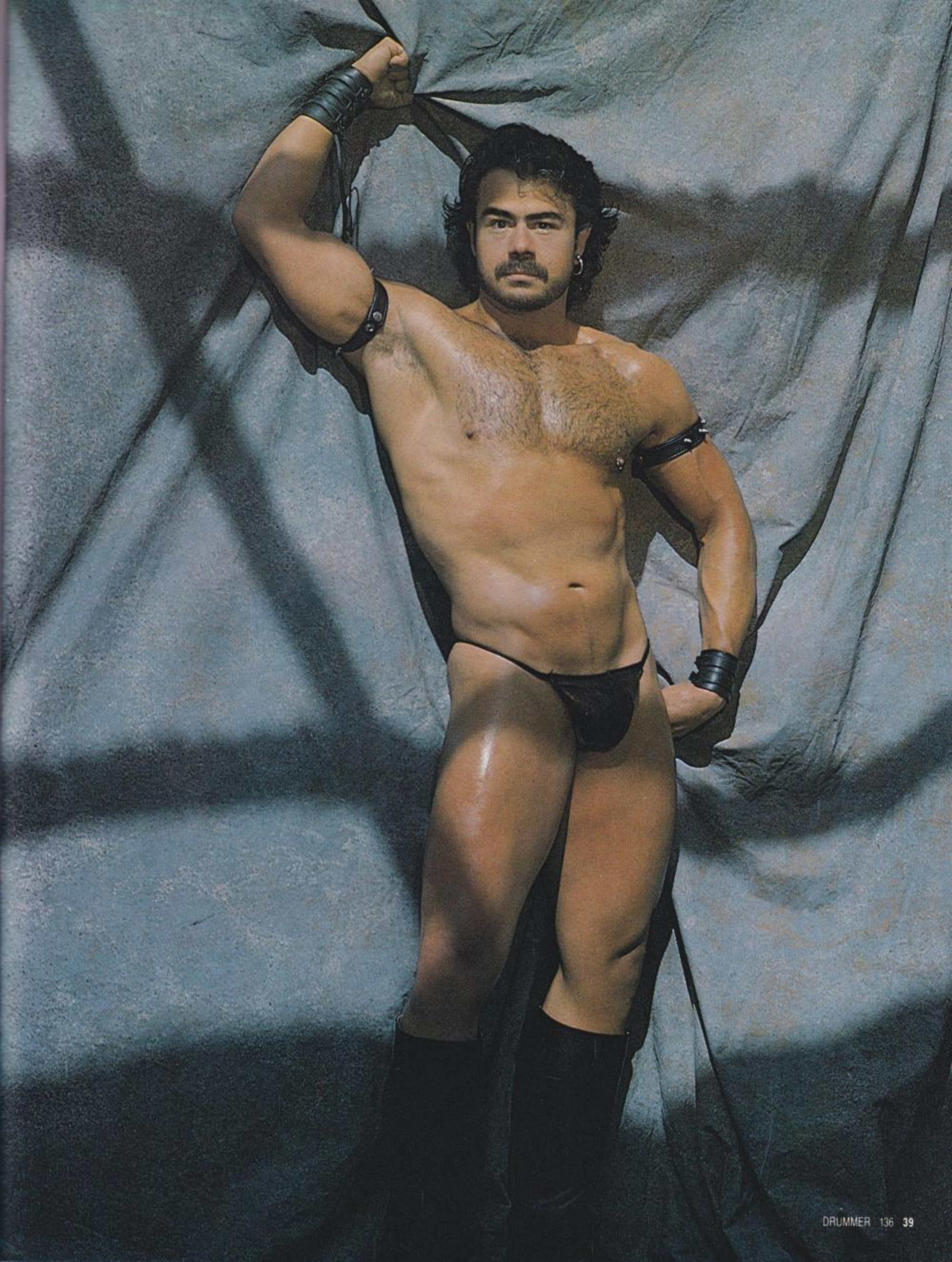
Black and White photos of Michael Pereyra by Jim Wigler, Color photos courtesy of Steven Darrow. Photos of Steven Darrow courtesy of Guy Baldwin.

Even in the gay community, some know very little about leather men. They think they are these real sleazy, dirty, grimy guys that hang out in the alleyways and truck stops, and if they get you, they are going to tie you up, beat you, fuck you, and more. I am very adamant about the fact that that is not true. Some of the finest men I have ever met were men who are involved in leather—usually, very highly educated, for the most part, and very successful in whatever their secular business is. Kind and loving, accepting and respecting each other's limits. We love you and accept just where you are today. If you would like to go further, and we can take you there, we will take you there. Sex is a very wonderful thing, but greater than that is the social interchange with the people that you meet. Not only do you have sex with them, but you can talk and relate to them, you can share who you are with each other—and to me that enhances the sexual exchange.

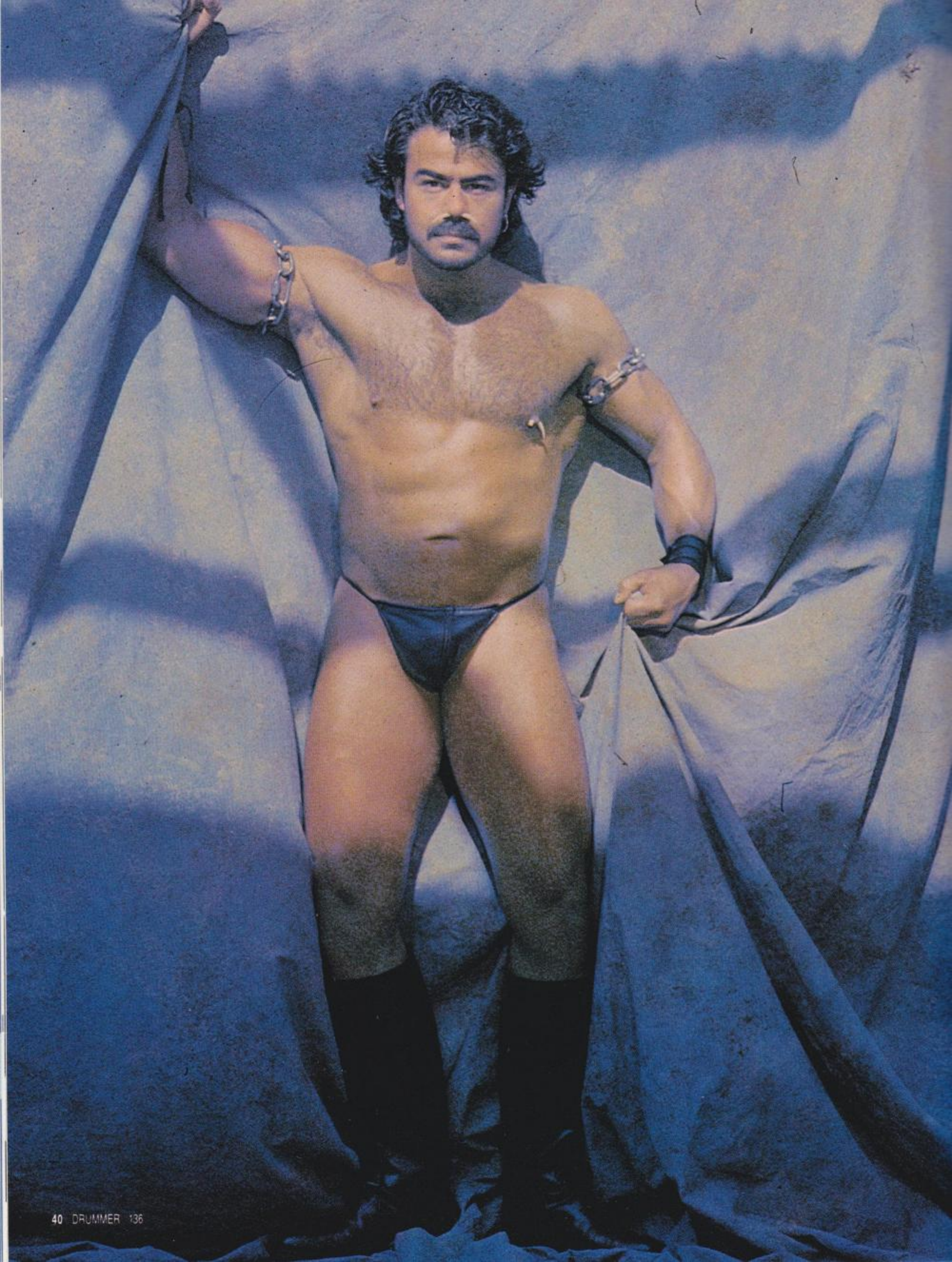
**Do you have anything we haven't asked you that you would like to say?**

I think the thing that is foremost in my mind is that each one of you needs to be very proud of who you are, no matter who you are, and that you are perfect today just the way you are. You will learn even from your bad experiences by the end of the day, because life is a learning process. Love yourself and the people around you, and be the very best that you can be.

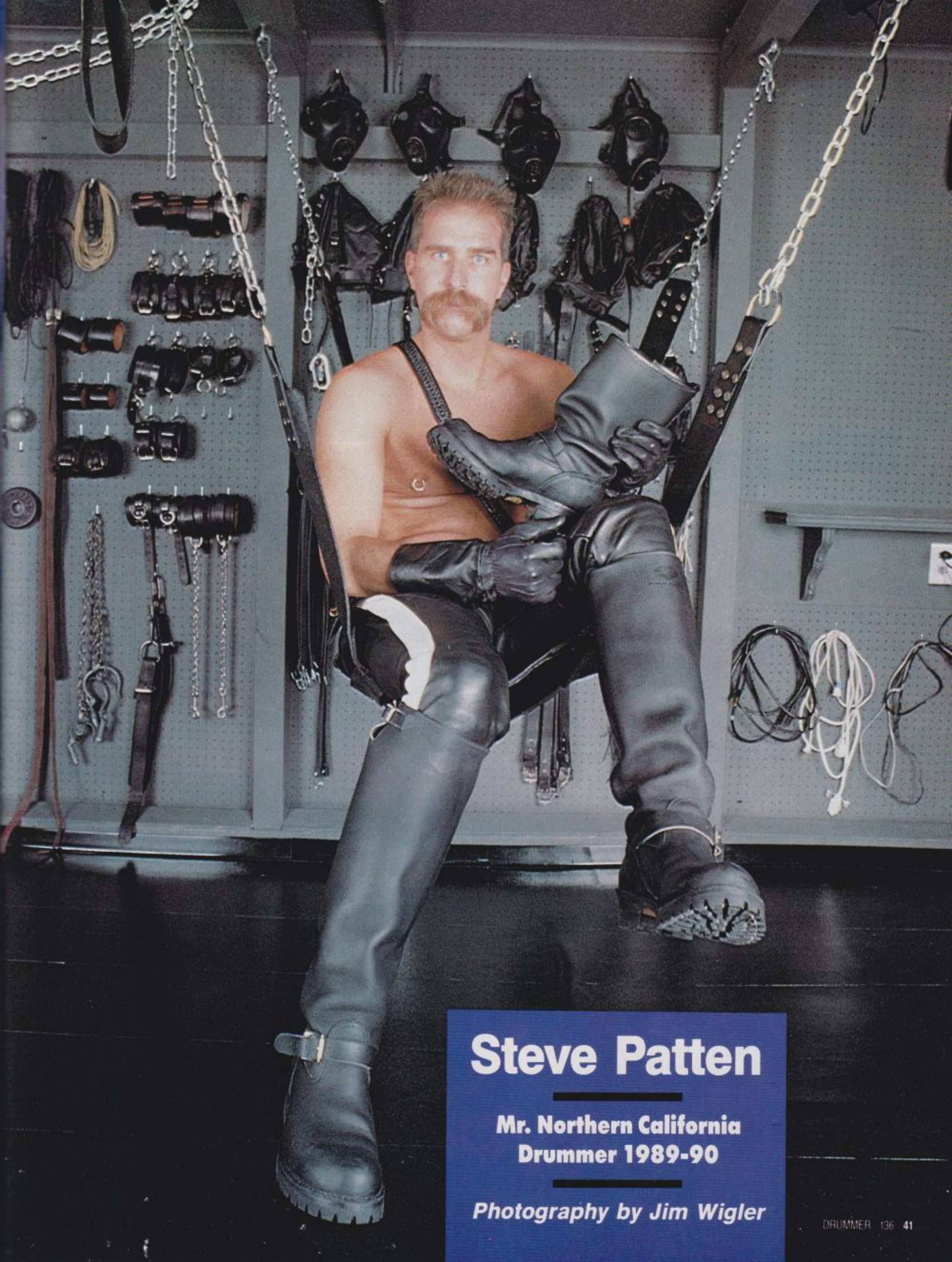












# Steve Patten

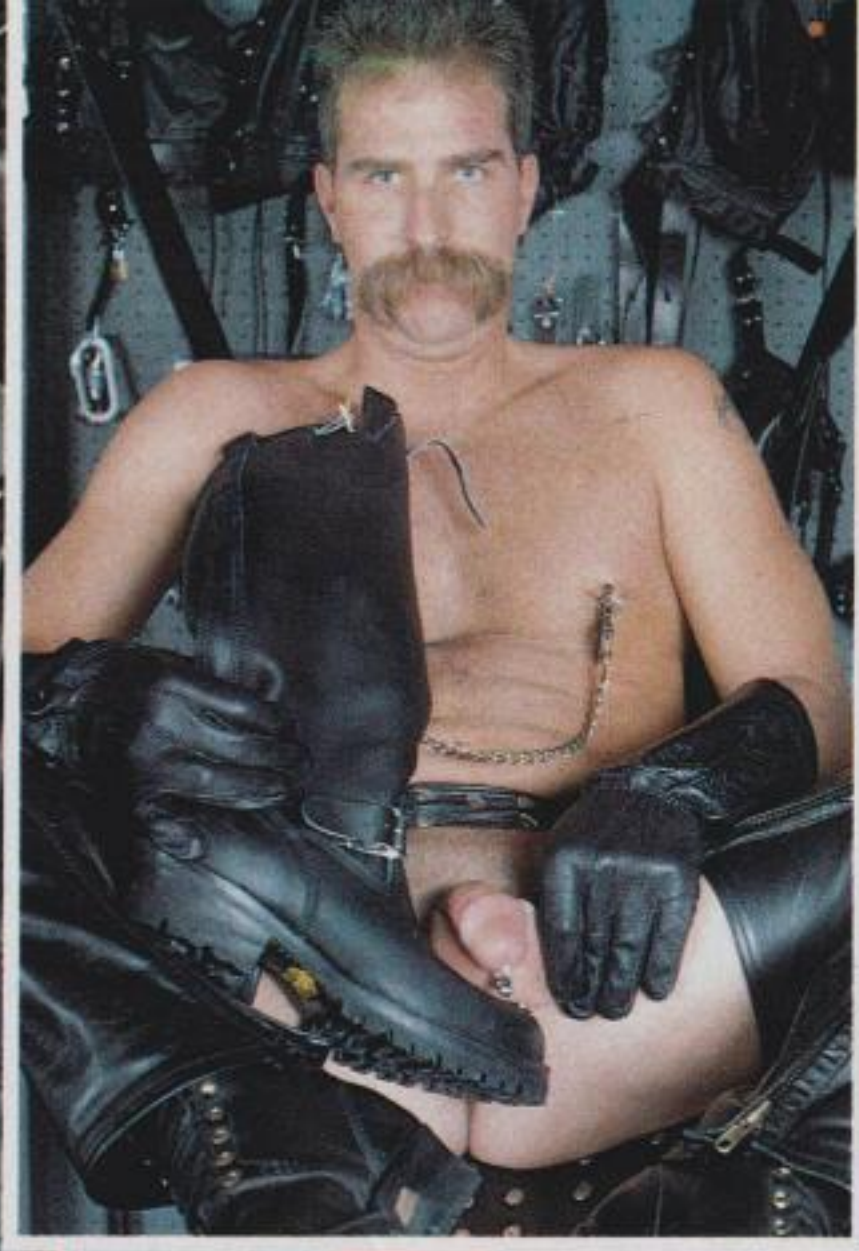
**Mr. Northern California  
Drummer 1989-90**

*Photography by Jim Wigler*

















**S**teve has been keeping himself busy as Mr. Northern California Drummer these past months, with no letup in sight.

Speaking to groups as varied as local SM/Leather clubs and University of California in San Francisco, Steve has participated in lectures and demonstrations on safe sex and SM, and he is working on establishing a men's SM educational outlet in the Bay Area. He has also spent a good deal of time organizing and raising money for an SM legal fund. He is a co-coordinator of 6% Perverts Productions, a pansexual pure-SM group which produces SM and bondage events and fundraisers held in private, to avoid the restrictions on public SM demonstrations.

With House of DungeonTec, Steve will also be producing this year's Mr. Northern California Drummer contest.

Steve is an Associate Member of Chicago Hellfire Club, a member of the American Uniform Association, the New World Rubbermen's Club, and the National Leather Association . . . he's also into model trains.







**1990  
Leather  
Calendar**

**1989-90**

***Mr. Drummer***  
**Brian Dawson**





# JANUARY

<b>M</b> <b>O</b> <b>N</b>	<b>1</b>	New Year's Day
<b>T</b> <b>U</b> <b>E</b>	<b>2</b>	New York Bondage Club/ NYC
<b>W</b> <b>E</b> <b>D</b>	<b>3</b>	SM Univ./ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago
<b>T</b> <b>H</b> <b>U</b>	<b>4</b>	
<b>F</b> <b>R</b> <b>I</b>	<b>5</b>	
<b>S</b> <b>A</b> <b>T</b>	<b>6</b>	BarNt/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Compound, Denver BarNt/ Thunderbolts/ The Brook, Westport, CT
<b>S</b> <b>U</b> <b>N</b>	<b>7</b>	Leather Forum/ Bum Steer, Phoenix
<b>M</b> <b>O</b> <b>N</b>	<b>8</b>	Twinkie Roundup II/ Seattle Men In Leather Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
<b>T</b> <b>U</b> <b>E</b>	<b>9</b>	Program Meeting/ SigMa/ Washington, DC New York Bondage Club/ NYC Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
<b>W</b> <b>E</b> <b>D</b>	<b>10</b>	Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston Whips & Cats/ GMSMA/ NYC
<b>T</b> <b>H</b> <b>U</b>	<b>11</b>	
<b>F</b> <b>R</b> <b>I</b>	<b>12</b>	5th Ann Arizona Gay Rodeo/ Phoenix/ IGRA Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend/ Centaur MC/ Wash, DC
<b>S</b> <b>A</b> <b>T</b>	<b>13</b>	5th Ann Arizona Gay Rodeo/ Phoenix/ IGRA Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend/ Centaur MC/ Wash, DC A New Year of Hell/ Brotherhood of Pain/ Houston Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks Bar Night/ Wings/ Chaps, Memphis Program Meeting& BarNt/ NLA: Arkansas/ Little Rock
<b>S</b> <b>U</b> <b>N</b>	<b>14</b>	5th Ann Arizona Gay Rodeo/ Phoenix/ IGRA Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend/ Centaur MC/ Wash, DC BarNt/ Tridents of RI/ Galaxy, Providence
<b>M</b> <b>O</b> <b>N</b>	<b>15</b>	Martin Luther King, Jr.

<b>T</b> <b>U</b> <b>E</b>	<b>16</b>	Meeting/ GMSMC/ Bike Stop, Philadelphia
<b>W</b> <b>E</b> <b>D</b>	<b>17</b>	Mr. San Francisco Leather
<b>T</b> <b>H</b> <b>U</b>	<b>18</b>	
<b>F</b> <b>R</b> <b>I</b>	<b>19</b>	Portland Leatherman Contest/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR Snowbird II/ Firebird Society/ Phoenix Mr. Body Contest/ Knights of Malta/ Denver Prisoner of Love Dance/ NLA: Los Angeles Grand Opening Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR BarNt/ NLA: Seattle/ Seattle Eagle
<b>S</b> <b>A</b> <b>T</b>	<b>20</b>	Snowbird II/ Firebird Society/ Phoenix Portland Leatherwoman Cont./ PLW Prod./ Portland, OR Hang Over party/ SIGMA/ Last Chance Saloon Uniform/Leather Night/ Hartford Colts/ The Pub Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco Grand Opening Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR
<b>S</b> <b>U</b> <b>N</b>	<b>21</b>	Snowbird III/ Firebird Society/ Phoenix 9th Anniv / GMSMA/ New York City Piercing Clinic/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR
<b>M</b> <b>O</b> <b>N</b>	<b>22</b>	Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
<b>T</b> <b>U</b> <b>E</b>	<b>23</b>	Demo/ VASM/ GLC, Vancouver New York Bondage Club/ NYC
<b>W</b> <b>E</b> <b>D</b>	<b>24</b>	Hot Tales for Cold Nights/ GMSMA/ NYC Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
<b>T</b> <b>H</b> <b>U</b>	<b>25</b>	
<b>F</b> <b>R</b> <b>I</b>	<b>26</b>	Algolagnic Atelier VI/ Order of Marquis & Chevalier Uniform Night/ Motorcity Men of Leather/Southfield Benefit/ Tri-State Gay Rodeo Assoc./ Indianapolis Party/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno PubNt/ VASM/ Ms T's/ Vancouver
<b>S</b> <b>A</b> <b>T</b>	<b>27</b>	Algolagnic Atelier VI/ Order of Marquis & Chevalier Benefit/ Tri-State Gay Rodeo Assoc./ Indianapolis Ms. San Francisco Leather/ IMsL Intro to SM/ QSM/ San Francisco Trunk Show/ NLA: Arkansas/ Little Rock BarNt/ Tridents CM/ Mailbox, Worcester, MA Chinese New Year (Horse)
<b>S</b> <b>U</b> <b>N</b>	<b>28</b>	Algolagnic Atelier VI/ Order of Marquis & Chevalier Benefit/ Tri-State Gay Rodeo Assoc./ Indianapolis Mr. Seattle Leather/ Seattle Men In Leather Ms. Leather Arizona '90/ Bum Steer, Phoenix Clubhouse Party/ Chicago Hellfire Club JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
<b>M</b> <b>O</b> <b>N</b>	<b>29</b>	
<b>T</b> <b>U</b> <b>E</b>	<b>30</b>	
<b>W</b> <b>E</b> <b>D</b>	<b>31</b>	Best Buns Contest/ Shipmates/ DC Eagle

Gregg Sylvester, Mr. Northwest Drummer







# FEBRUARY

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1

Mr. Floyd's Leather/ Floyd's, Long Beach

F  
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2

Ms. Sacramento Leather  
16th Birthday Party/ SLM Copenhagen

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3

Ms. Sacramento Leather  
Mr. Copperstate Leather '90/ Copperstate Leathermen  
Anniv Party/ California Eagles/ San Francisco  
Coronation of Rex LVII/ Oedipus MC/ Los Angeles  
Handshake Affair/ Vanguards MC/ Philadelphia  
Intro to SM/ QSM/ San Francisco  
16th Birthday Party/ SLM Copenhagen  
Bar Night/ Wings/ Chaps, Little Rock  
BarNt/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Compound, Denver  
BarNt/ Thunderbolts/ The Brook, Westport, CT

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Ms. Sacramento Leather/  
16th Birthday Party/ SLM Copenhagen

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New York Bondage Club/ NYC

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SM Univ./ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago

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Creative Bondage Class/ QSM/ San Francisco

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Wet Levi Night/ Club Mud/ Rio Nido, CA  
Bal Masque II/ San Francisco/ Celestial Krewe dCuir  
Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks  
BarNt/ Menamore/ Palladium, Wilmington, NC  
Bar Night/ Wings/ Chaps, Memphis  
Program Meeting& BarNt/ NLA: Arkansas/ Little Rock

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11

Meeting/ Wasatch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City  
BarNt/ Tridents of RI/ Galaxy, Providence

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12

Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC  
JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee

Lincoln's Birthday

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Program Meeting/ SigMa/ Washington, DC  
New York Bondage Club/ NYC  
Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group

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14

Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston  
Relationship Options/ GMSMA/ NYC

Valentine's Day

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Anniv X/ The 15 Assoc/ San Francisco  
Black Frost 90/ Black Guard/ Minneapolis  
Oregon St. Leatherman/ Knights of Malta/ Portland  
CLA Leatherfest Wknd/Copperstate Leather/ Phoenix  
Anniv 10/ Knights D'Orleans/ New Orleans  
9th Anniv/ Florida Brotherhood of Clubs/ Orlando  
Men Only Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR  
BarNt/ NLA: Seattle/ Seattle Eagle

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17

Anniv X/ The 15 Assoc/ San Francisco  
Black Frost 90/ Black Guard/ Minneapolis  
CLA Leatherfest Wknd/Copperstate Leather/ Phoenix  
Men Behind Bars Show/ San Francisco  
Oregon State Leatherwoman/ Knights of Malta/ Portland  
Anniv 10/ Knights D'Orleans/ New Orleans  
9th Anniv/ Florida Brotherhood of Clubs/ Orlando  
All Club Annual Brotherhood Banquet/ Cleveland  
Dungeon Demo II/ GMSMA/ NYC  
Master/slave Contest/ Wolf's, San Diego  
Intro To SM/ QSM/ San Francisco  
CBT Party/ Brotherhood of Pain/ Houston  
Women Only Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR  
Mardi Gras BarNt/ Tribe MC/Hooterville Sta, Toledo

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18

7th Anniv/ Dreizehn/ Boston  
Anniv X/ The 15 Assoc/ San Francisco  
Black Frost 90/ Black Guard/ Minneapolis  
CLA Leatherfest Wknd/Copperstate Leather/ Phoenix  
Men Behind Bars Show/ San Francisco  
Anniv 10/ Knights D'Orleans/ New Orleans  
9th Anniv/ Florida Brotherhood of Clubs/ Orlando

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Men Behind Bars Show/ San Francisco  
Anniv 10/ Knights D'Orleans/ New Orleans

President's Day

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Washington's Birthday

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Creative Bondage Class/ QSM/ San Francisco  
Black Mask Party/ Knights d'Orleans/ New Orleans  
Party/ Windy City Bondage CLub/ Chicago  
Kinky Couples Night/ NLA: Seattle  
Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno  
PubNt/ VASM/ Ms T's/ Vancouver

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24

1989 Motorcycle Awards/ Barbary Coasters/ SF  
Intro To SM/ QSM/ San Francisco  
Educ. Workshop/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR  
BarNt/ Tridents CM/ Mailbox, Worcester, MA

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Uniform Party/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Denver  
Victory Awards Brunch/ Golden Gate Guards/ SF  
JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee

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Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC

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Demo/ VASM/ GLC, Vancouver  
New York Bondage Club/ NYC

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28

Watersports & Raunch/ GMSMA/ NYC  
Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles

Danny Beck, Mr. Eastern Canada Drummer







# MARCH

THU 1

FRI 2

Mr. & Ms Leather Weekend/ NLA: Denver  
Guy Baldwin: Art of Whipping/ QSM/ San Francisco

SAT 3

Mr. & Ms Leather Weekend/ NLA: Denver  
Lion's Pride I/ Menamore/ Wilmington, NC  
Mr. Leather Arizona '90/ Bum Steer, Phoenix  
Guy Baldwin: Wkshp Novices/ QSM/ San Francisco  
NLA & IML Travel Fund party/ Ferrari Puppy/ SF  
BarNt/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Compound, Denver  
BarNt/ Thunderbolts/ The Brook, Westport, CT

SUN 4

Mr. & Ms Leather Weekend/ NLA: Denver  
Lion's Pride I/ Menamore/ Wilmington, NC  
Guy Baldwin: Experienced Players/ QSM/ SF  
Anniversary/ Triangle, Denver

MON 5

Anniversary/ Triangle, Denver

TUE 6

New York Bondage Club/ NYC

WED 7

SM Univ./ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago  
Mr. San Francisco Eagle Prelim #1

THU 8

Mr. & Ms Southeast Leather/ Backstreet, Atlanta

FRI 9

Creative Bondage Class/ QSM/ San Francisco  
Leatherfest '90/ San Diego/ NLA: San Diego  
Mr. & Ms Southeast Leather/ Backstreet, Atlanta  
Washington State Mr. Leather/ Seattle

SAT 10

MR. SOUTH BAY DRUMMER/ San Jose/ Dungeon Fantasies  
Leatherfest '90/ San Diego/ NLA: San Diego  
Mr. & Ms Southeast Leather/ Backstreet, Atlanta  
Anniv Wknd/ Menamore/ Wilmington, NC  
Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club  
Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks

SUN 11

Leatherfest '90/ San Diego/ NLA: San Diego  
Mr. & Ms Southeast Leather/ Backstreet, Atlanta  
Anniv Wknd/ Menamore/ Wilmington, NC  
Mr. Funnen Gaymes/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Denver  
Meeting/ Wasatch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City  
BarNt/ Tridents of RI/ Galaxy, Providence

MON 12

Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC  
JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee

TUE 13

Program Meeting/ SigMa/ Washington, DC  
New York Bondage Club/ NYC  
Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group

WED 14

Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston  
Sensory Deprivation & Rigorous Bondage/ GMSMA/ NYC  
Mr. San Francisco Eagle Prelim #2

THU 15

FRI 16

Annual Run/ Conductors LL/ Nashville  
Educ. Workshop/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR  
BarNt/ NLA: Seattle/ Seattle Eagle  
BarNt/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Touche, Chicago  
BarNt/ NLA: Detroit

SAT 17

MR. SW DRUMMER/ Phoenix/ Didmar Productions  
Mr. Drummer 89, Fantasy panel disc/ Threshold/ LA  
Annual Run/ Conductors LL/ Nashville  
St. Pats Party/ City Bikers/ Triangle, Denver  
Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco  
All Mixed Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR  
BarNt/ Tribe MC/ Stallion, Cleveland **St. Patrick's Day**

SUN 18

Annual Run/ Conductors LL/ Nashville

MON 19

TUE 20

WED 21

Mr. San Francisco Eagle Prelim #3  
Spring begins

THU 22

Nat'l Tattoo Assoc. Convention/ Philadelphia  
15th Ann SE Conf Lesbians & Gay Men/ Raleigh

FRI 23

Creative Bondage Class/ QSM/ San Francisco  
Nat'l Tattoo Assoc. Convention/ Philadelphia  
15th Ann SE Conf Lesbians & Gay Men/ Raleigh  
7th Birthday Party/Manchester Super Chain/ England  
Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno

SAT 24

Nat'l Tattoo Assoc. Convention/ Philadelphia  
15th Ann SE Conf Lesbians & Gay Men/ Raleigh  
Equinox Run/ Entre Nous/ Boston  
Fantasy & Erotica Show/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR  
7th Birthday Party/Manchester Super Chain/ England  
Venture into Hell/ Brotherhood of Pain/ Houston

SUN 25

Nat'l Tattoo Assoc. Convention/ Philadelphia  
15th Ann SE Conf Lesbians & Gay Men/ Raleigh  
7th Birthday Party/Manchester Super Chain/ England  
JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee

MON 26

Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC

TUE 27

Demo/ VASM/ GLC, Vancouver  
New York Bondage Club/ NYC

WED 28

Mr. San Francisco Eagle finals  
S/M Image in the Media/ GMSMA/ NYC  
Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles

THU 29

FRI 30

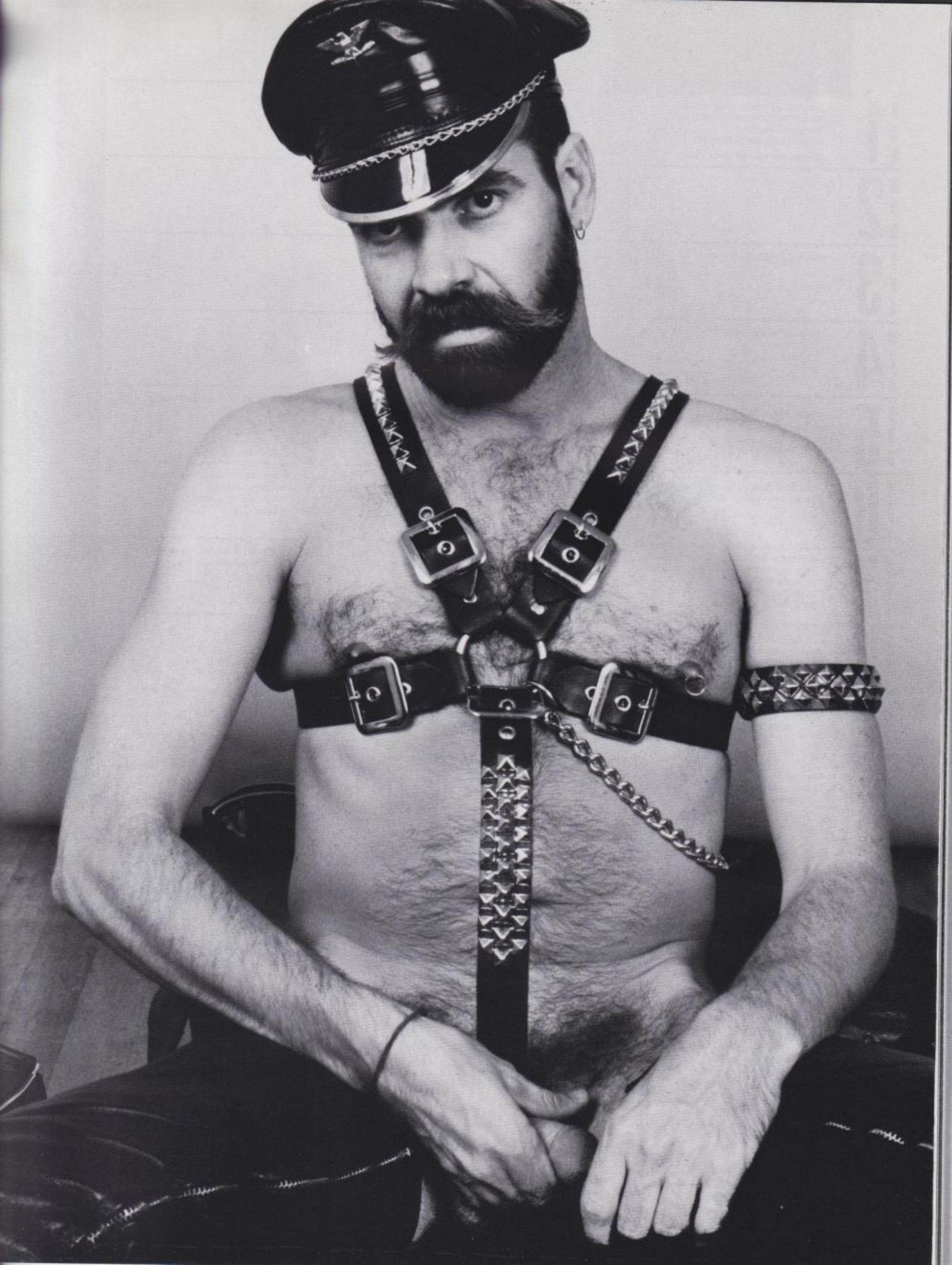
Do A Fool '90/ Tribe MC/ Dearborn, MI  
Party/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago  
PubNt/ VASM/ Ms T's/ Vancouver

SAT 31

MR. CENTRAL VALLEY DRUMMER/ Sacramento Leather Assn/  
Do A Fool '90/ Tribe MC/ Dearborn, MI  
6th Ann Gay Rodeo/ Los Angeles/ IGRA  
Renegade VI Houston  
Mr. Missouri Leather/ St. Louis/ Gateway MC  
BarNt/ Tridents CM/ Mailbox, Worcester, MA

Doug Carlton, Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer







# APRIL

SUN	1	Do A Fool '90/ Tribe MC/ Dearborn, MI 6th Ann Gay Rodeo/ Los Angeles/ IGRA Renegade V/ Houston Mr. South of Market/ SF Eagle/ AEF Daylight Savings—set ahead 1 hour	April Fools Day
MON	2		
TUE	3	New York Bondage Club/ NYC	
WED	4	SM Univ./ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago	
THU	5	Fantasy Masked Ball/ San Francisco/ AEF	
FRI	6	IMSL Black Elegance Ball/ San Francisco/ IMSL Mr. Tennessee Leather/ Memphis/ Drum Productions	
SAT	7	International Ms Leather/ San Francisco/ IMSL Mr. Tennessee Leather/ Memphis/ Drum Productions Mr. Leatherman Toronto finals BarNt/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Compound, Denver BarNt/ Thunderbolts/ The Brook, Westport, CT	
SUN	8	Mr. Tennessee Leather/ Memphis/ Drum Productions Meeting/ Wasatch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City BarNt/ Tridents of RI/ Galaxy, Providence	
MON	9	Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee	
TUE	10	Program Meeting/ SigMa/ Washington, DC New York Bondage Club/ NYC Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group	Passover
WED	11	Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston S/M in Focus/ GMSMA/ NYC	
THU	12	Easter Break/ MSC Berlin Educ. Workshop/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR	Good Friday
FRI	13		
SAT	14	Slave Auction/ ORGASM & Gay Pride/ Portland, OR Easter Break/ MSC Berlin Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks Bar Night/ Wings/ Chaps, Memphis Program Meeting & BarNt/ NLA: Arkansas/ Little Rock	
SUN	15	Easter Break/ MSC Berlin	Easter

MON	16	Easter Break/ MSC Berlin	
TUE	17		
WED	18		
THU	19		
FRI	20	12 1/2 years Birthday Party/ MS Rotterdam/ Netherlands BarNt/ NLA: Detroit	
SAT	21	12 1/2 years Birthday Party/ MS Rotterdam/ Netherlands Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco Electricity Party/ Brotherhood of Pain/ Houston Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR	
SUN	22	12 1/2 years Birthday Party/ MS Rotterdam/ Netherlands JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee	
MON	23	Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC	
TUE	24	Demo/ VASM/ GLC, Vancouver New York Bondage Club/ NYC	
WED	25	Interrogation Scenes/ GMSMA/ NYC Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles	
THU	26	12 1/2 years birthday party/ MS Rotterdam	
FRI	27	Alamo Run IV/ San Antonio/ Tejas MC & River City Outlaws Mr. Philadelphia Leather/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia Dr. Shock Electrical Play Class/ QSM/ San Francisco Party/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno PubNt/ VASM/ Ms T's/ Vancouver	
SAT	28	Alamo Run IV/ San Antonio/ Tejas MC & River City Outlaws Mr. Philadelphia Leather/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia Anniv Event/ Pittsburgh MC Dr. Shock Electrical Play Class/ QSM/ San Francisco BarNt/ Tridents CM/ Mailbox, Worcester, MA	
SUN	29	Alamo Run IV/ San Antonio/ Tejas MC & River City Outlaws Mr. Philadelphia Leather/ GMSMC/ Philadelphia Dr. Shock Electrical Play Class/ QSM/ San Francisco Shake Down Run/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Denver	
MON	30		







# MAY

TUE	1	Hell I (TBA this month)/ Brotherhood of Pain New York Bondage Club/ NYC
WED	2	SM Univ/ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago
THU	3	
FRI	4	4th Anniv/ Utica Tri's MC/ Utica, NY May Day 4 & MR. & Ms NLA: Seattle Riverside Run/ Phoenix 14th Anniv/ East Anglia Bikers/ England
SAT	5	MR. GREAT PLAINS DRUMMER/ St. Louis / Drum Prod. 4th Anniv/ Utica Tri's MC/ Utica, NY May Day 4 & MR. & Ms NLA: Seattle Riverside Run/ Phoenix 14th Anniv/ East Anglia Bikers/ England Mr. Tennessee Leather/ Men of Leather/ Memphis
SUN	6	4th Anniv/ Utica Tri's MC/ Utica, NY May Day 4 & MR. & Ms NLA: Seattle Riverside Run/ Phoenix 14th Anniv/ East Anglia Bikers/ England 7th Ann Beer Bust/ Citi Bikers/ Triangle, Denver Cinco de Mayo Beer Bust/ Cal Eagles/ SF Eagle
MON	7	
TUE	8	Program Meeting/ SigMa/ Washington, DC New York Bondage Club/ NYC Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
WED	9	Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston Medical Instruments/ GMSMA/ NYC
THU	10	
FRI	11	
SAT	12	Mud Party/ Club Mud/ Rio Nido, CA Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks Bar Night/ Wings/ Chaps, Memphis Program Meeting& BarNt/ NLA: Arkansas/ Little Rock
SUN	13	5th Wally Sherwood Look Alike Contest/ SF Meeting/ Wasatch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City BarNt/ Tridents of RI/ Galaxy, Providence
MON	14	Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
TUE	15	

Mother's Day

WED	16	
THU	17	
FRI	18	Annual Run/ Blue Max/ St. Louis 13th Birthday/ The London Blues/ England Leather Cocktails/ Conquistadors/ Orlando BarNt/ NLA: Detroit
SAT	19	MR. AUSTRALIA DRUMMER/ Canberra/ Jayar Leathers Annual Run/ Blue Max/ St. Louis Cape Escape/ L&L and Entre Nous/ Boston/Provincetown 13th Birthday/ The London Blues/ England All Ohio Club Night/ Columbus Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco
SUN	20	MR. AUSTRALIA DRUMMER/ Canberra Annual Run/ Blue Max/ St. Louis 22nd Ann Poker Run/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Denver 13th Birthday/ The London Blues/ England Bike Run & Beer Bust/ Golden Gate Guards/ SF
MON	21	Victoria Day (Canada)
TUE	22	Demo/ VASM/ GLC, Vancouver New York Bondage Club/ NYC
WED	23	Playing Safe: First Aid for S/M/ GMSMA/ NYC Program Meeting/ Avatar/ Los Angeles
THU	24	
FRI	25	ECMC Bike Run/ MSC Hamburg Lonestar Eight/ Texas Conf of Clubs/ Cameron, TX Party/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno PubNt/ VASM/ Ms T's/ Vancouver
SAT	26	International Mr. Leather/ Chicago ECMC Bike Run/ MSC Hamburg Lonestar Eight/ Texas Conf of Clubs/ Cameron, TX BarNt/ Tridents CM/ Mailbox, Worcester, MA
SUN	27	International Mr. Leather/ Chicago ECMC Bike Run/ MSC Hamburg Lonestar Eight/ Texas Conf of Clubs/ Cameron, TX
MON	28	Black & Blue Ball/ IML/ Chicago Lonestar Eight/ Texas Conf of Clubs/ Cameron, TX Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
TUE	29	
WED	30	
THU	31	

Rick Conder, Mr. Southwest Drummer







# JUNE

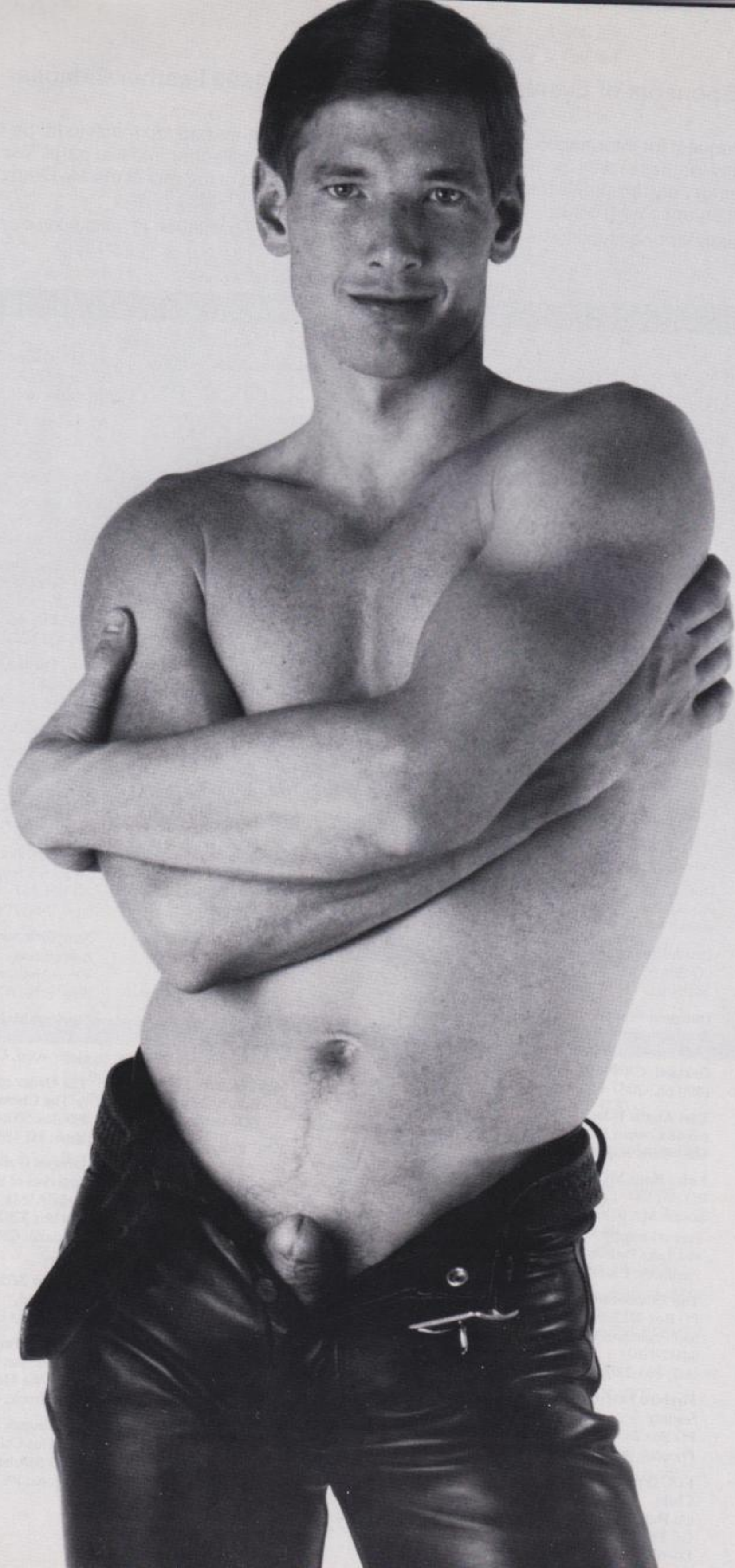
FRI	1	Zurich International/ Loge 70/ Switzerland
SAT	2	MR. NEW ZEALAND DRUMMER/ Out/ Auckland Zurich International/ Loge 70/ Switzerland Educ. Workshop/ ORGASM/ Portland BarNt/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Compound, Denver BarNt/ Thunderbolts/ The Brook, Westport, CT
SUN	3	Zurich International/ Loge 70/ Switzerland
MON	4	Zurich International/ Loge 70/ Switzerland
TUE	5	New York Bondage Club/ NYC
WED	6	SM Univ./ Chicago Hellfire Club/ Touche, Chicago
THU	7	
FRI	8	6th Anniv./ T.W.O./ Omaha Demons Night/ ASMF Paris/ France
SAT	9	Fantasy L.A./ Brian Dawson, Prod./ Los Angeles 6th Anniv./ T.W.O./ Omaha Spring Overnight Run/ Golden Gate Guards/ Yosemite Demons Night/ ASMF Paris/ France Inferno Night/ Chicago Hellfire Club Party/ San Francisco Leathernecks
SUN	10	6th Anniv./ T.W.O./ Omaha Spring Overnight Run/ Golden Gate Guards/ Yosemite Demons Night/ ASMF Paris/ France Gay Pride week begins (through 17th)/ Phoenix Ride Against AIDS/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Denver Meeting/ Wasatch Leathermen/ Salt Lake City
MON	11	Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC JO Party/ Cream City Cummers/ Milwaukee
TUE	12	Program Meeting/ SigMa/ Washington, DC Educ. Workshop/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR New York Bondage Club/ NYC Program Meeting/ Chicagoland Discussion Group
WED	13	Program Meeting/ Dreizehn/ Boston Annual Bus Meeting & Social/ GMSMA/ NYC
THU	14	
FRI	15	Leather Pride Weekend/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland, OR Kumpeltreff/ LFRR Essen/ W Germany BarNt/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Touche, Chicago

Flag Day

SAT	16	Leather Carnival/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland, OR Leather Pride Weekend/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland, OR Kumpeltreff/ LFRR Essen/ W Germany Party/ The 15 Association/ San Francisco Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland
SUN	17	Leather Pride Weekend/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland, OR Kumpeltreff/ LFRR Essen/ W Germany Father's Day Celebration/ SF Eagle/ AEF & Godfathe
MON	18	Father's Day
TUE	19	Dungeon/ ORGASM/ Portland, OR
WED	20	Leather Together Potluck/ ORGASM & NLA/ Portland
THU	21	
FRI	22	Bonfire Party/ A-Men's Club Arhus/ Denmark Beer Bust/ Knights of Malta/ Red Lantern, Fresno
SAT	23	MR. S CAL DRUMMER/ Michael Pereyra Prod./ Los Angeles Bonfire Party/ A-Men's Club Arhus/ Denmark Suspension party/ Brotherhood of Pain/ Houston
SUN	24	Bonfire Party/ A-Men's Club Arhus/ Denmark
MON	25	GAY PRIDE
TUE	26	Meeting/ NY Strap & Paddle Assoc./ NYC
WED	27	Demo/ VASM/ GLC, Vancouver New York Bondage Club/ NYC
THU	28	
FRI	29	Golden Fleece/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Camp X, CO Leather Odyssey/ FLC Frankfurt/ W Germany Party/ Windy City Bondage Club/ Chicago PubNt/ VASM/ Ms T's/ Vancouver
SAT	30	Golden Fleece/ Rocky Mountaineers/ Camp X, CO Leather Odyssey/ FLC Frankfurt/ W Germany BarNt/ Tridents CM/ Mailbox, Worcester, MA To Be Continued . . .

Bill Kanouff, Mr. Florida Drummer







# CONTACT LIST

## Producers and Sponsors of Events Listed in *Drummer's* 1990 Leather Calendar

The response to our request for information to fill the calendar was so great, we had *too much* to fit! So that we could include as many leather events for 1990 as possible, we've split the calendar into two parts. We will be publishing a calendar for July through December 1990 (featuring hot photos of the rest of the Mr. Drummer Regional titleholders) in an upcoming issue.

*Drummer's* regular calendar and clublist will resume in issue 137. Send us information at least sixty days in advance for listing.

**AIDS Emergency Fund**  
1550 California St  
San Francisco, CA 94109

**A-Men's Club Aarhaus**  
Postbox 370  
DK-8100 Arhus C  
Ph: 86 19 10 89

**ASMF Paris**  
c/o Jean Pierre Camelin  
Residence La Mesangere  
Rue de Reuilly 117  
F-75012 Paris-Ddaumesnil

**Avatar**  
7869 Santa Monica Blvd.  
#316  
Los Angeles, CA 90046  
213/669-3302

**Backstreet**  
845 Peachtree St  
Atlanta, GA 30308

**Barbary Coasters MC**  
PO Box 14251 Station G  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Black Guard**  
PO Box 8989  
Minneapolis, MN 55418

**Blue Max Cycle Club**  
PO Box 233 Main Station  
St. Louis, MO 63166

**Brotherhood of Pain**  
PO Box 66183  
Houston, TX 77266-6183

**The Bum Steer**  
4620 N 7th Ave.  
Phoenix, AZ 85013

**California Eagles MC**  
PO Box 14665  
San Francisco, CA  
94114-0665

**Celestial Krewe de Cuir**  
172 Haight St, #4  
San Francisco, CA  
94102-5728

**Centaur MC**  
PO Box 53174  
Washington, DC 20009

**Chicago Hellfire Club**  
(Windy City Hellfire Club,  
Inc.)  
PO Box 5426  
Chicago IL 60680

**Chicagoland Discussion  
Group**  
PO Box 25009  
Chicago, IL 60625

**City Bikers MC**  
PO Box 9816  
Denver, CO 80209

**Club Mud**  
PO Box 277  
Rio Nido, CA 95471

**Conductors Leather Levi**  
PO Box 40261  
Nashville, TN 37204

**Conquistadors MC Inc.**  
PO Box 5591  
Orlando FL 32805

**Copperstate Leathermen's  
Association**  
PO Box 44051  
Phoenix, AZ 85064

**Cream City Cummers**  
c/o John  
PO Box 8373  
Milwaukee, WI 53208

**Brian Dawson Productions**  
c/o Desmodus, Inc  
PO Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101

**Didmar Productions**  
c/o The Bum Steer  
4620 N 7th Ave.  
Phoenix, AZ 85013

**Dreizehn**  
PO Box 1486  
Boston MA 02117

**Drum Productions**  
PO Box 60306  
Nashville, TN 37206

**Dungeon Fantasies  
Productions**  
3871 Piedmont Ave  
Oakland, CA 94611  
(415) 652-2067

**East Anglia Bikers**  
c/o 48 Cowper Rd.  
GB-Cambridge CB1 3SN

**Entre Nous MC**  
PO Box 984  
Boston MA 02103

**Ferrari-puppy**  
484 Lake Park Ave #16  
Piedmont, CA 94610

**The 15 Association**  
PO Box 421302  
San Francisco, CA  
94142-1302  
(415) 863-2197

**Firebird Levi-Leather  
Society**  
PO Box 2451  
Phoenix, AZ 85002

**FLC (Frankfurt Leder  
Club)**  
c/o Hans-Jasper Muller  
Gr. Friedbergerstr. 19  
D-6000 Frankfurt 1

**Florida Brotherhood  
of Clubs**  
PO Box 560235  
Orlando FL 32856

**Floyd's**  
2913-17 E Anaheim  
Long Beach, CA 90804

**Gateway MC**  
PO Box 14055  
St. Louis, MO 63178

**Gay Games III**  
Metropolitan Vancouver  
Athletic & Arts Association  
1170 Bute St.  
Vancouver, BC V6E 1Z6  
(604) 684-3303

**GMSMA**  
Mail: 496A Hudson Street,  
Suite D23  
New York, NY 10014  
Phone: 212 727-9878  
Meetings: 208 W. 13th St.

**GMSMC**  
(Gay Male SM Cooperative)  
PO Box 58694  
Philadelphia, PA 19102

**Golden Gate Guards**  
PO Box 421915  
San Francisco, CA 94142

**Hartford Colts MC**  
PO Box 12201  
Blue Hills Station  
Hartford, CT 06112

**International Gay  
Rodeo Association**  
c/o Gerald Ford  
PO Box 8337  
Fort Worth, TX 76124

**International Mr.  
Leather, Inc.**  
5025 N. Clark St  
Chicago IL 60640

**International Ms  
Leather, Inc.**  
PO Box 460504  
San Francisco, CA 94146  
(415) 863-1386

**Jayar Leathers**  
PO Box 632  
Marrickville, NSW 2204  
AUSTRALIA

**Knights D'Orleans**  
PO Box 50812  
New Orleans, LA 70150

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Sun Chapter  
5132 N. Palm, #116  
Fresno CA 93704

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Stockmen Chapter  
PO Box 9386  
Denver, CO 80209

**Knights of Malta MC**  
Cascade Chapter  
PO Box 8375  
Portland, OR 97205

**LFRR Essen**  
c/o Bar GO-IN  
Steelerstrasse 83  
D-4300 Essen

**LOGE 70 (SCHWEIZ)**  
Postfach 725  
CH-8025 Zurich

**The London Blues**  
c/o 9A Fishpool St.  
St Albans  
GB-Herts AL3 4RS

**Menamore LLC**  
PO Box 7364  
Wilmington, NC 28406

**Men of Leather**  
1268 Madison Ave.  
Memphis, TN 38104

**Motorcity Men of Leather**  
23574 Civic Center Dr., #219  
Southfield, MI 48034

**MS Panther Koeln e.V.**  
c/o H. J. Mueller  
Postfach 5163  
D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel

**MS Rotterdam**  
Postbus 22184  
NL-3003 DD Rotterdam

**MSC Berlin e.V.**  
Postfach 30 39 69  
D-1000 Berlin 30

**MSC Finland**  
P.L. 48  
SF-00531 Helsinki

**MSC Hamburg e.V.**  
Postfach 30 36 83  
D-2000 Hamburg 36

**MSC Iceland**  
PO Box 5321  
IS-125 Reykjavik

**MSC Manchester  
Superchain**  
c/o Migel Griffith  
25 Kensington Road,  
Chorlton  
GB-Manchester M21 1GN

**NLA: National Office**  
PO Box 17463  
Seattle, WA 98107  
(206) 789-8990

**NLA: Arkansas**  
PO Box 4392  
No. Little Rock, AR 72116

**NLA: Denver**  
PO Box 18568  
Denver, CO 80218  
(303) 860-8344

**NLA: Detroit**  
PO Box 725368  
Berkley, MI 48072

**NLA: Los Angeles**  
7985 Santa Monica Blvd.  
#109-217  
West Hollywood, CA 90046  
(213) 656-0258 X117

**NLA: Portland**  
PO Box 5161  
Portland, OR 97208

**NLA: San Diego**  
PO Box 3092  
San Diego, CA 92103

**NLA: Seattle**  
PO Box 20674  
Seattle, WA 98102

**New York Bondage Club**  
c/o John Strong  
PO Box 457  
New York, NY 10018

**New York Strap & Paddle  
Association**  
496 A Hudson St Suite F4  
New York, NY 10014

**Oedipus MC**  
PO Box 451  
Hollywood, CA 90028

**The Order of the Marquis  
& The Chevalier**  
PO Box 50014  
Novi, MI 48050-5014

**Oregon Guild  
Activists of S/M  
(ORGASM)**  
PO Box 5702  
Portland, OR 97208

**OUT!**  
PO Box 3175  
Auckland,  
NEW ZEALAND

**Michael Pereyra  
Productions**  
1868 Via Monserate  
Fall Brook, CA 92028

**Pittsburgh MC**  
c/o Gus Coleola  
5133 Saltsberg Rd.  
Verona, PA 15147





**QSM**  
5251 Broadway, Box 520  
Oakland, CA 94618  
(415) 428-1321

**River City Outlaws**  
2522 Avenida Prima  
San Antonio, TX 78218

**Rochester Rams MC**  
PO Box 1727  
Rochester, NY 14603

**Rocky Mountaineers MC**  
PO Box 2629  
Denver, CO 80201

**Sacramento Leather Assoc**  
2908 Taft St.  
Sacramento, 95815

**San Francisco Eagle**  
398 12th St.  
San Francisco, CA 94103  
(415) 626-0880

**San Francisco Leathernecks**  
PO Box 94152  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Seattle Men in Leather**  
PO Box 23226  
Seattle, WA 98102

**Shipmates of Baltimore**  
PO Box 13232  
Baltimore, MD 21203

**SigMa**  
PO Box 11050  
Washington, DC 20008

**Silver Dolphins LLC**  
PO Box 6129  
Corpus Christi, TX  
78466-6129

**SLM Copenhagen**  
Schacksgade 9, kld. th  
DK-1365 Copenhagen K

**Tejas MC Inc.**  
PO Box 120292  
San Antonio, TX 78212

**Texas Conference of Clubs**  
PO Box 66973, Suite 1010  
Houston, TX 77006

**Threshold**  
2554 Lincoln Blvd., #381  
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

**Thunderbolts MC (T-Bolts)**  
c/o Jocques Carle  
49 Bartlett Ave.  
Norwalk, CT 06850

**Triangle**  
2036 Broadway  
Denver, CO 80205

**Tribe MC**  
PO Box 32798  
Detroit, MI 48232

**Trident—Central Massachusetts**  
PO Box 34  
Northboro, MA 01532

**Trident—Rhode Island**  
653 Harris  
Providence, RI 02902

**Two Wheelers of Omaha**  
c/o Tony Zamudio  
305 Turner Blvd. #8  
Omaha, NE 68131

**Utica Tri's MC**  
PO Box 425  
Utica, NY 13503

**VASM**  
(Vancouver Activists in SM)  
PO Box 4579  
Vancouver, BC V6B 4A1  
(604) 732-7975

**Vanguards MC**  
PO Box 2308  
Philadelphia, PA 19103

**Wasatch Leathermen MC**  
PO Box 11314  
Salt Lake City, UT 84110-1311

**Wings MC**  
PO Box 41784  
Memphis, TN 38174

**Wolf's**  
3404 30th St.  
San Diego, CA 92104

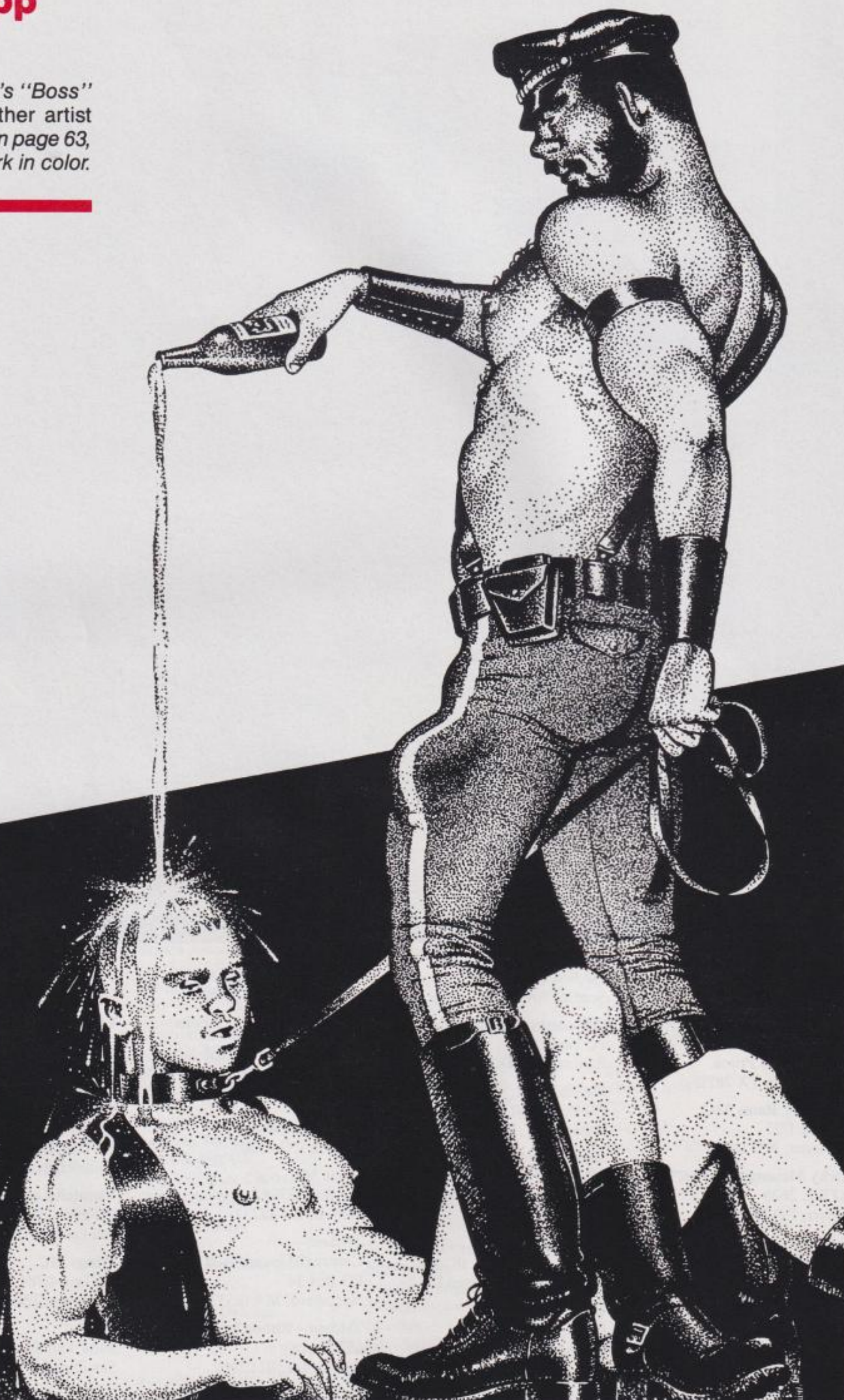


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**Bonus**  
**Bruce Rapp**  
**Drawing**

*See page 30 where Bruce's "Boss" remembers the great leather artist with a heart and, starting on page 63, enjoy a folio of Rapp's work in color.*

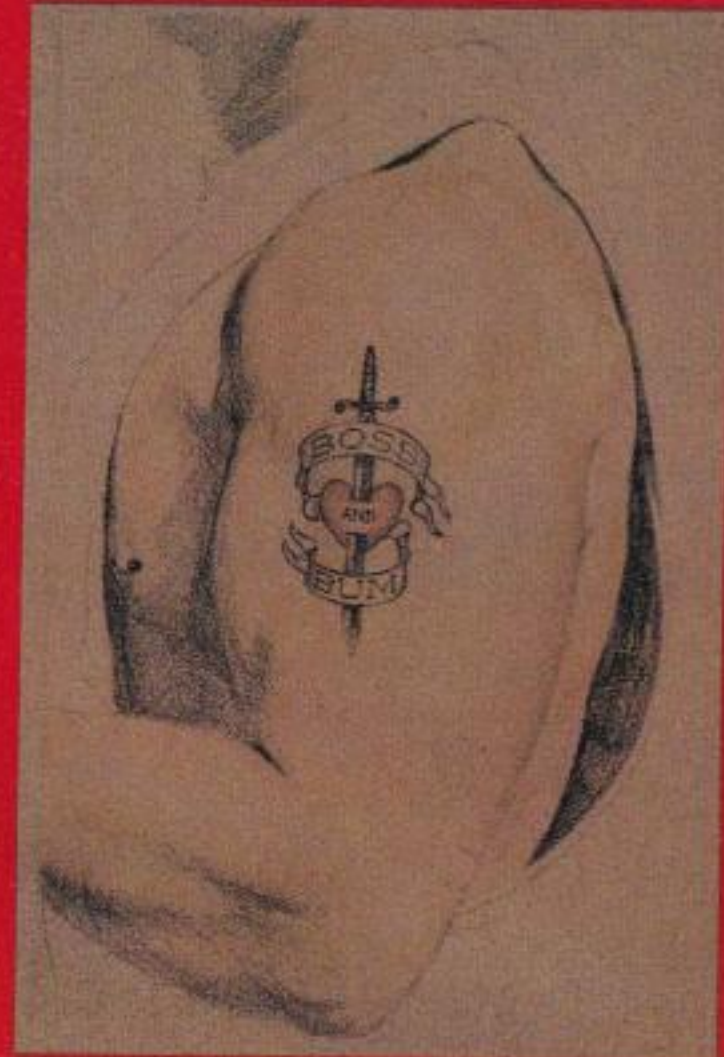
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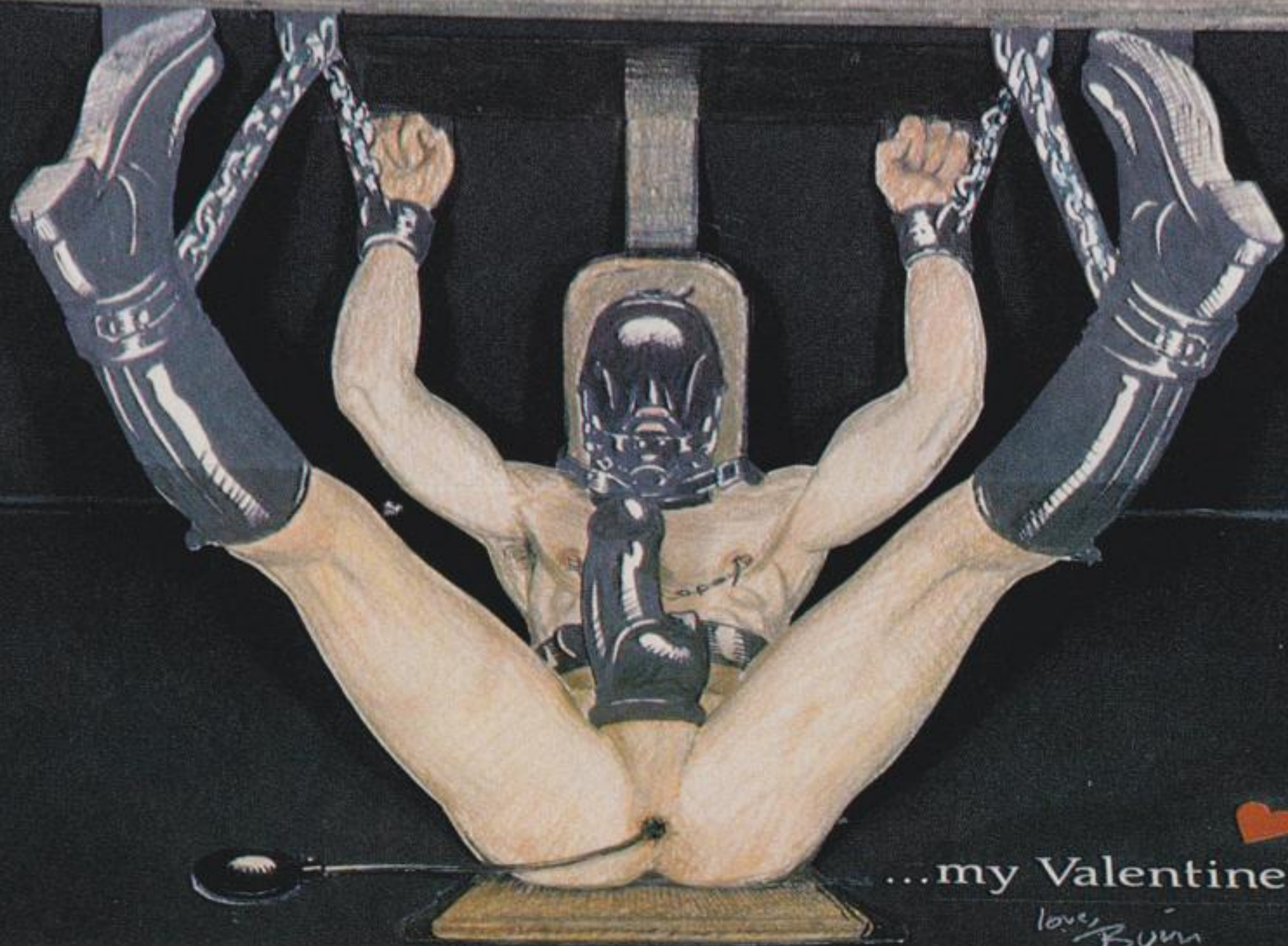


# Leather Heart

a small portfolio of work  
by Bruce Rapp



Please Sir, would you be . . .

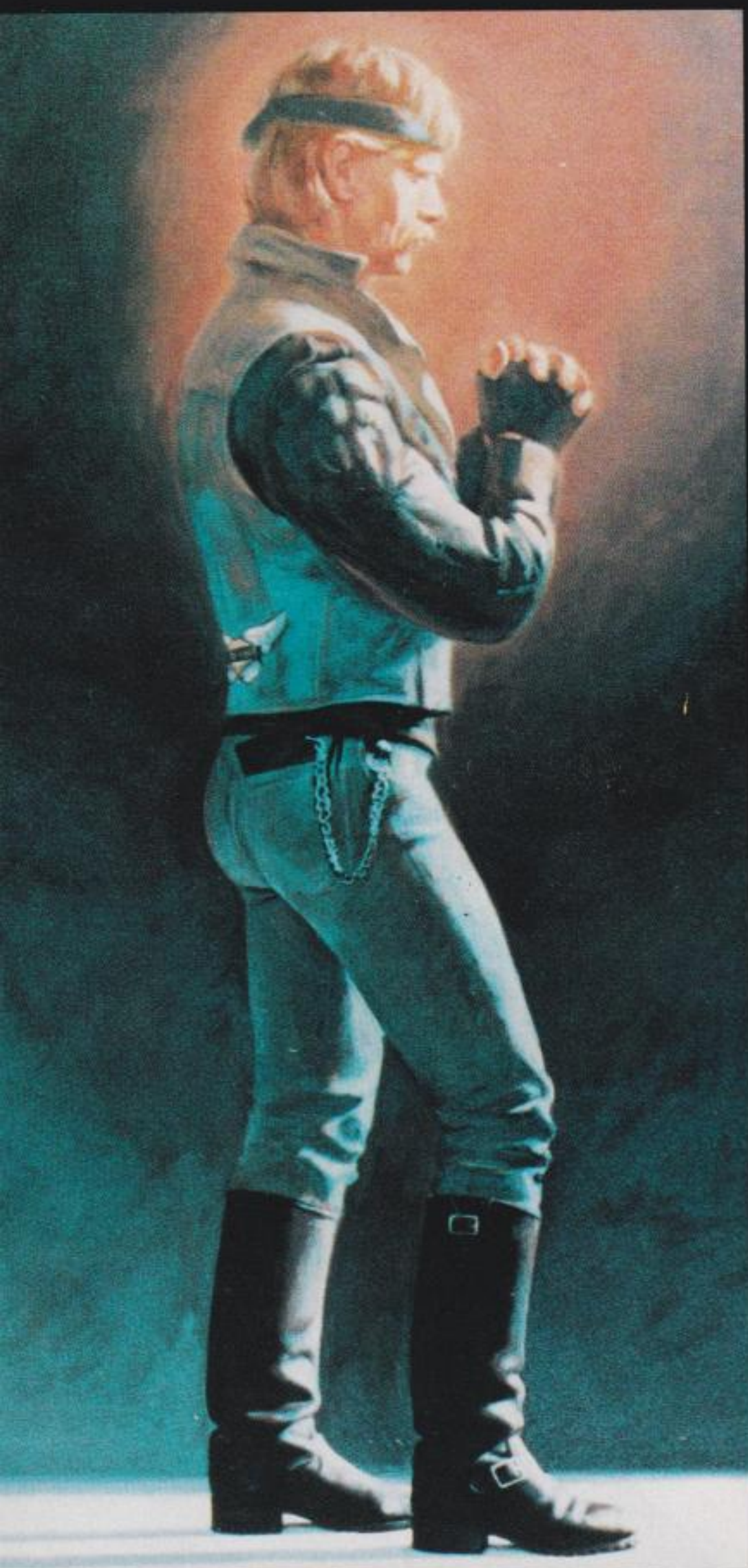


...my Valentine?

love, Boss

On this page, a pop-up greeting card from the collection of "Boss" and (insert) a painting of "Boss's" arm with a fantasy tattoo.





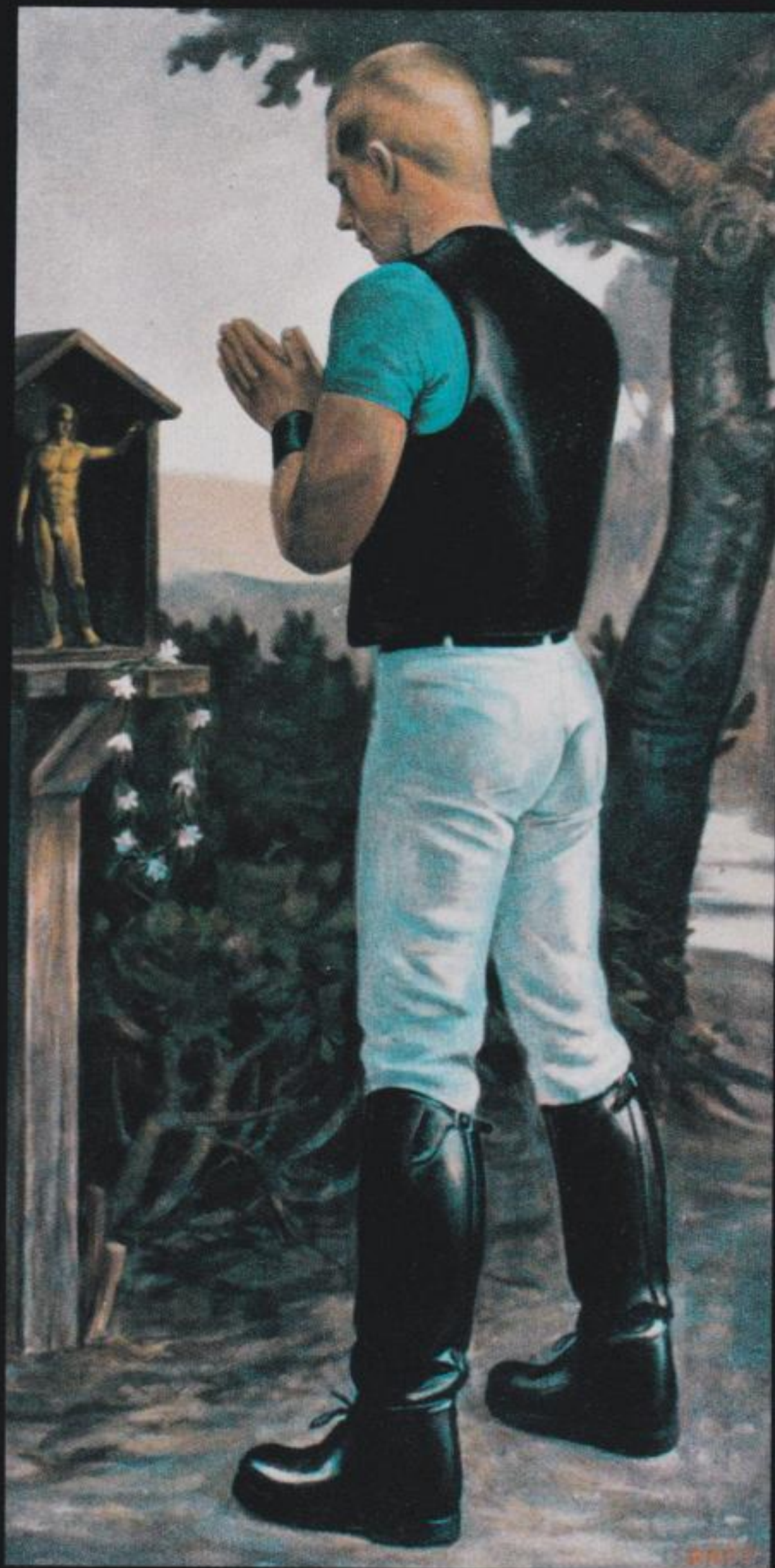
**Portrait of "Boss" which the subject says is "flattering."**



**Portrait of Durk Dehner with the repeated bodies of "Bum" and "Boss" beyond.**



In his art and his sense of humor, Bruce Rapp integrated a strange mix of influences: a Catholic home life, a Jesuit education, an interest in leather sexuality, and a passion for boots. The humor, as his lover "Boss" describes it, was "very pithy, very offbeat, but basically not bitchy." "Boss" adds, "That sense of humor sustained him, and entertained many of us." The same could be said of the art.

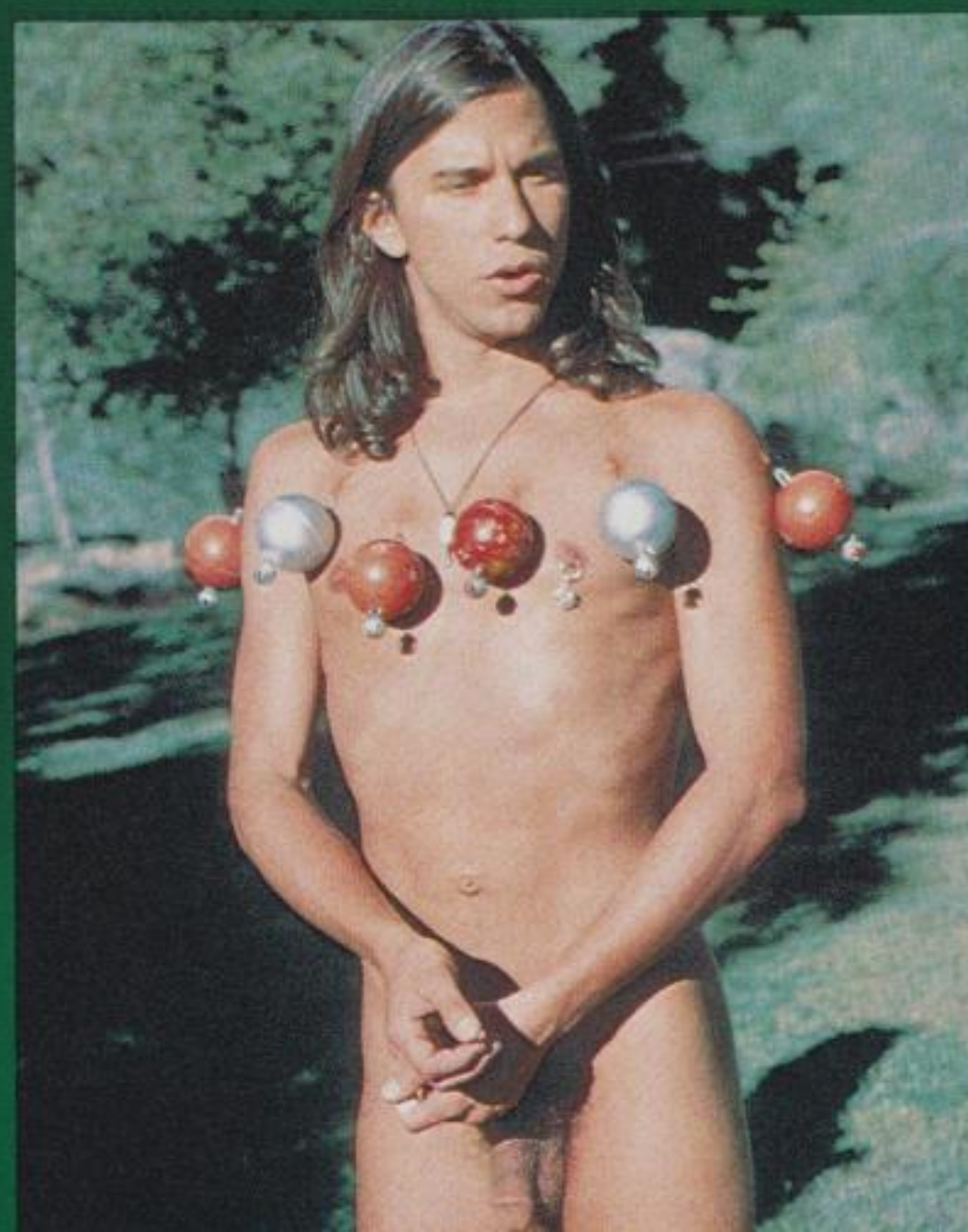
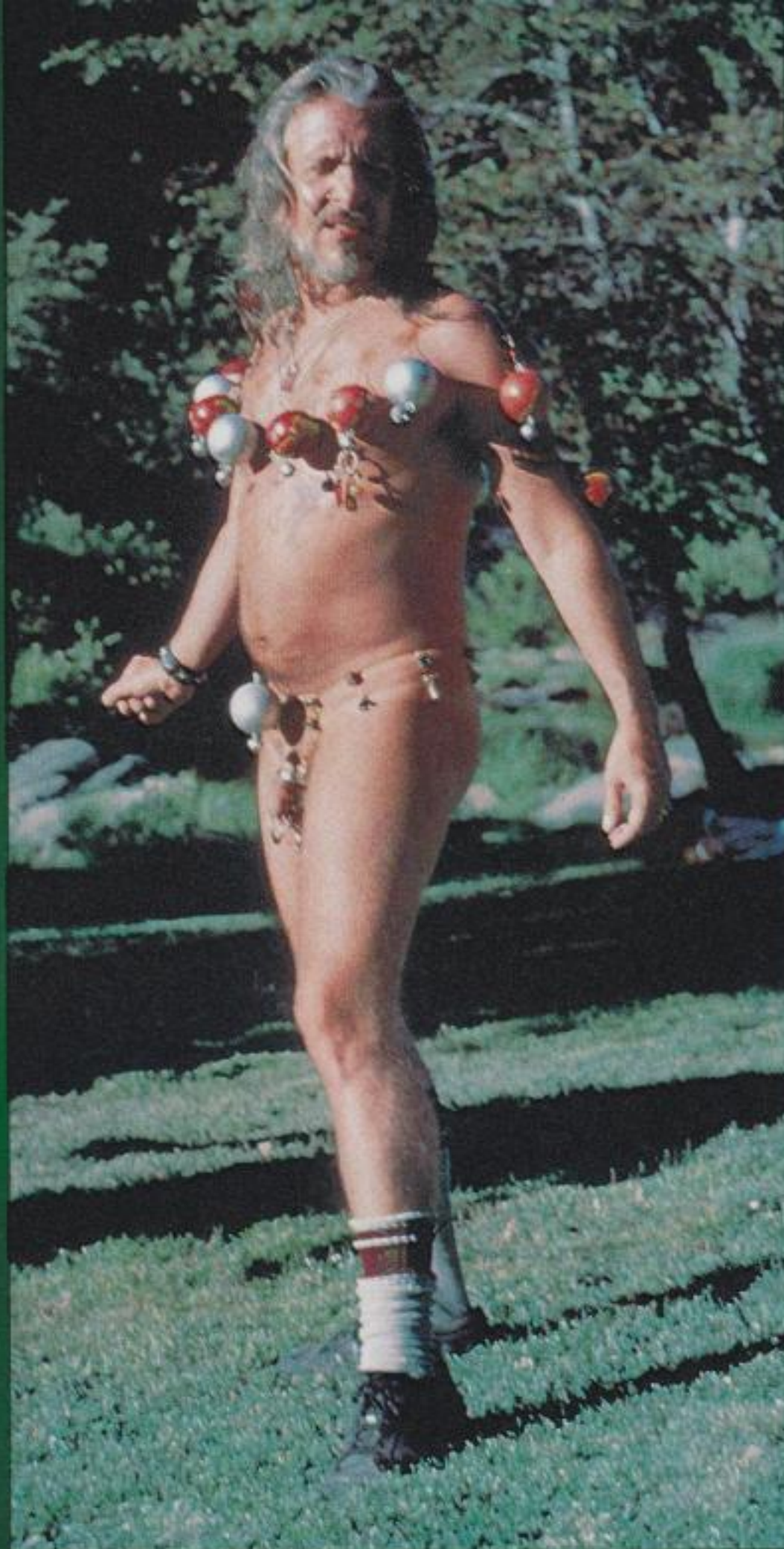
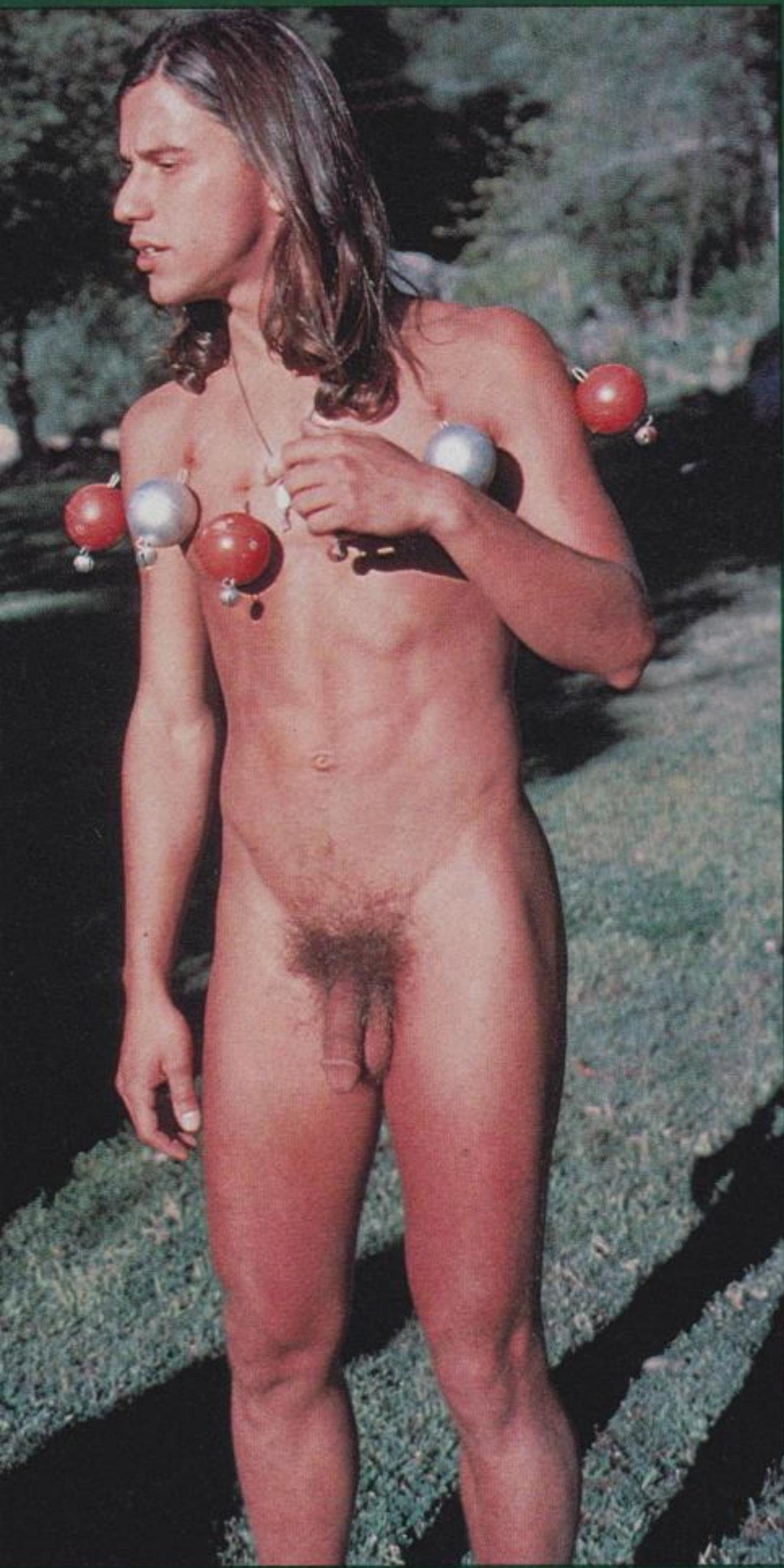


**Self-portrait. The artist at a shrine to Hercules. (From the collection of Guy Baldwin.)**



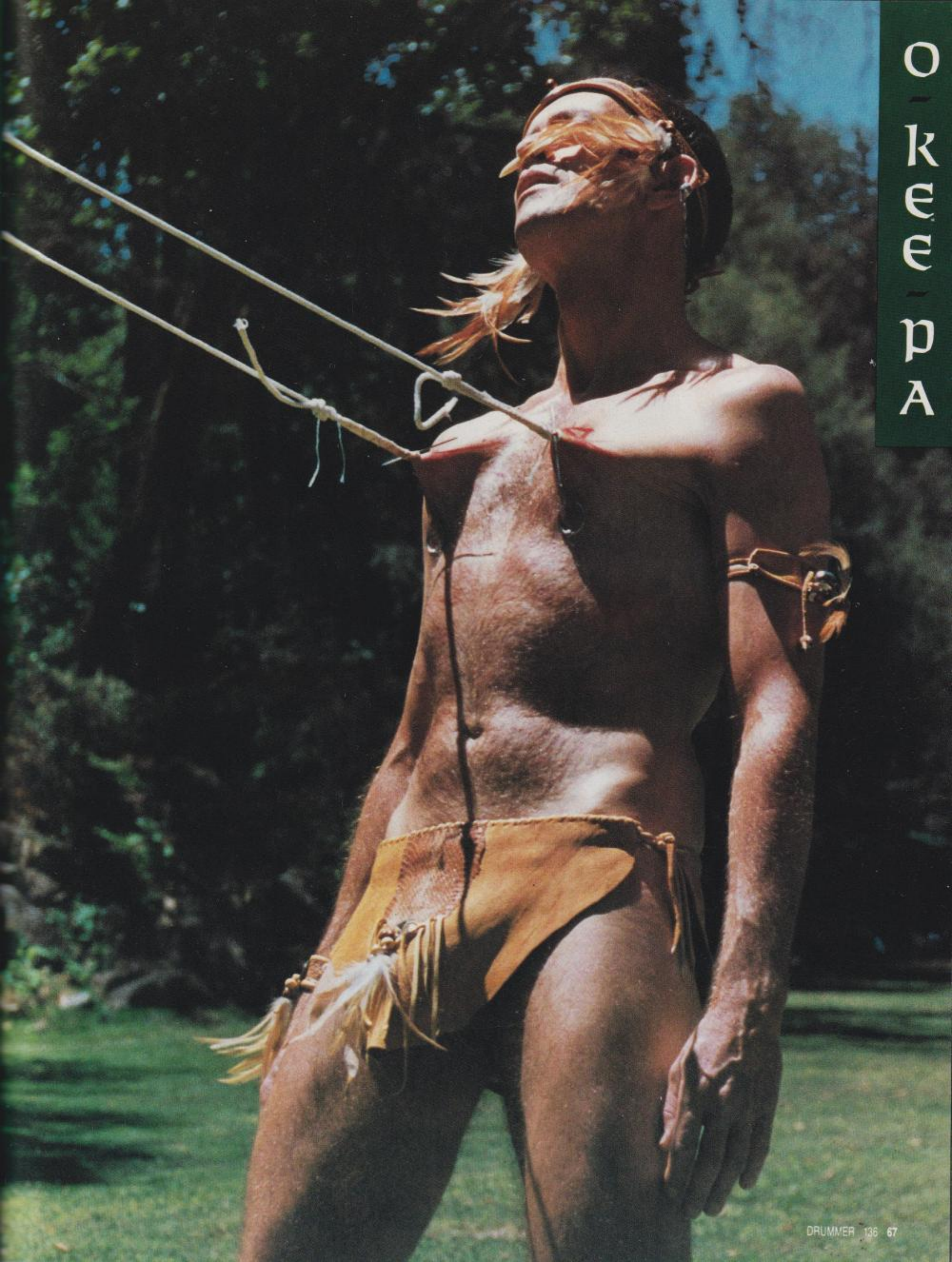
# BLACK LEATHER WINGS

Photos by Mark Thompson / Story on Page 6

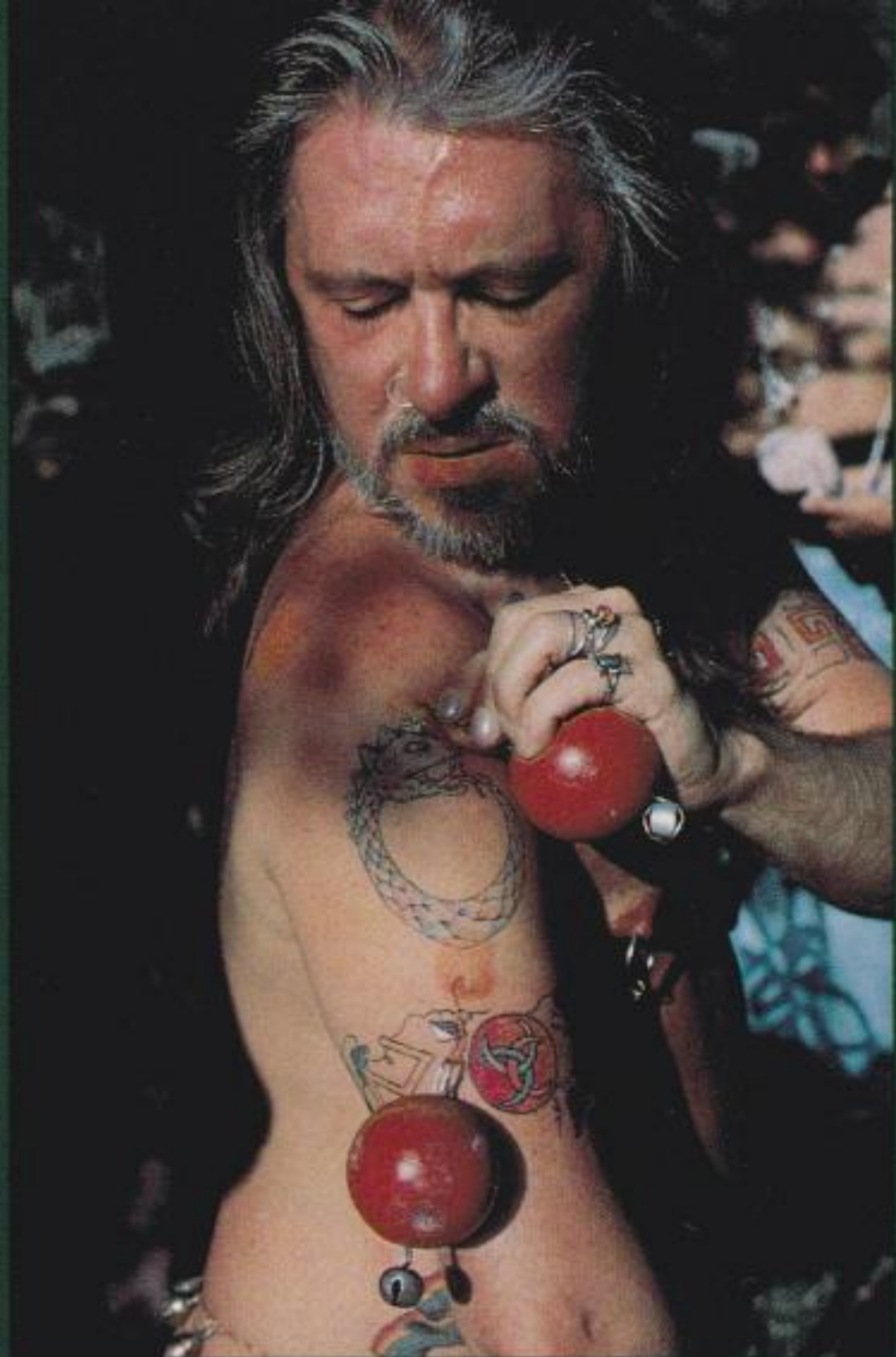


**T**he Ball-Dance, this page, and the Sun-Dance, opposite, were among the rituals performed at the gathering of leathersex faeries.

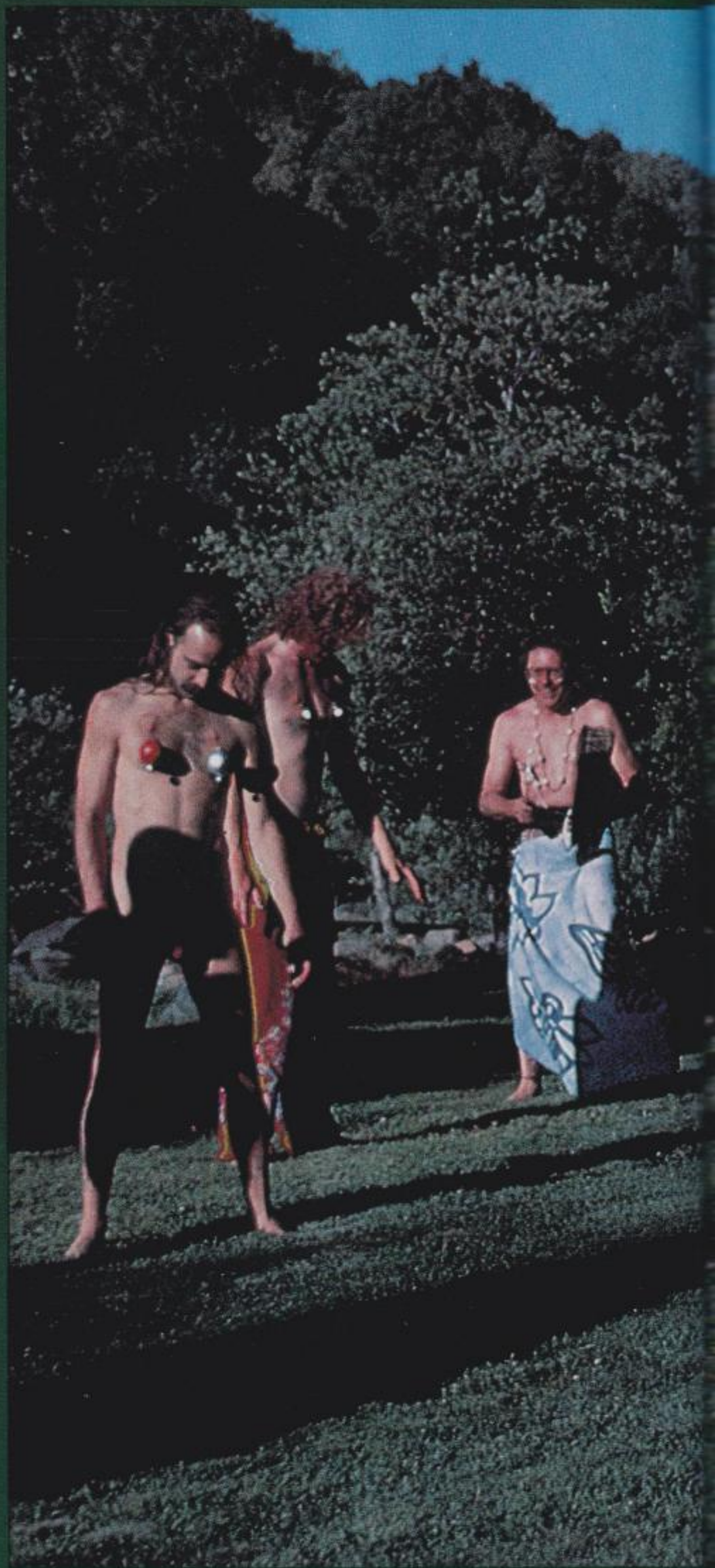








**R**ob, below, had balls attached to his skin with sutures; Rings, above, chose barbless fish hooks. Then, with everyone either dancing or providing music, the dance began.













# BONDAGE

## EXPLORING THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSIONS OF SUBMISSION

BY JOSEPH W. BEAN

**B**ondage is a way that Tom and his lover sometimes play. Tonight he rests face up on a black-painted pine box, his arms and legs pointing toward its four corners. Ropes crisscrossing every part of Tom's body form a net which is anchored to steel rings around the edges of the box. No part of his body touches any other part; no part moves. His fingers, trapped under bonds of white cotton cord, can not be bent. His balls, stretched away from his abdomen, their encasing sac wound with ropes, are shiny and red and motionless. His cock, all but mummified in layers of rope, can not hang or rise for the next several hours, regardless of how his blood is redistributed.

Tom's bondage is many things to him. Being in this helpless and immobile state is lovemaking, for one thing. The embrace of the ropes extends his lover's touch in time and space. The rope-to-skin

contact and its meaning will ebb and flow in his consciousness. Having submitted, he no longer tries to create or control his experience by thinking—or not thinking—of anything. Tom's lover, once the net is tied, sits in vigil with him tonight, intimately sharing the experience of power and stasis. Other times he might move silently away. Sometimes he might even purposely make such sounds as would suggest to Tom that his bound form is not being noticed at all. But tonight the bondage is close, intense, warm, and deeply shared. It is intentionally erotic to begin with; how it will end remains to be seen.

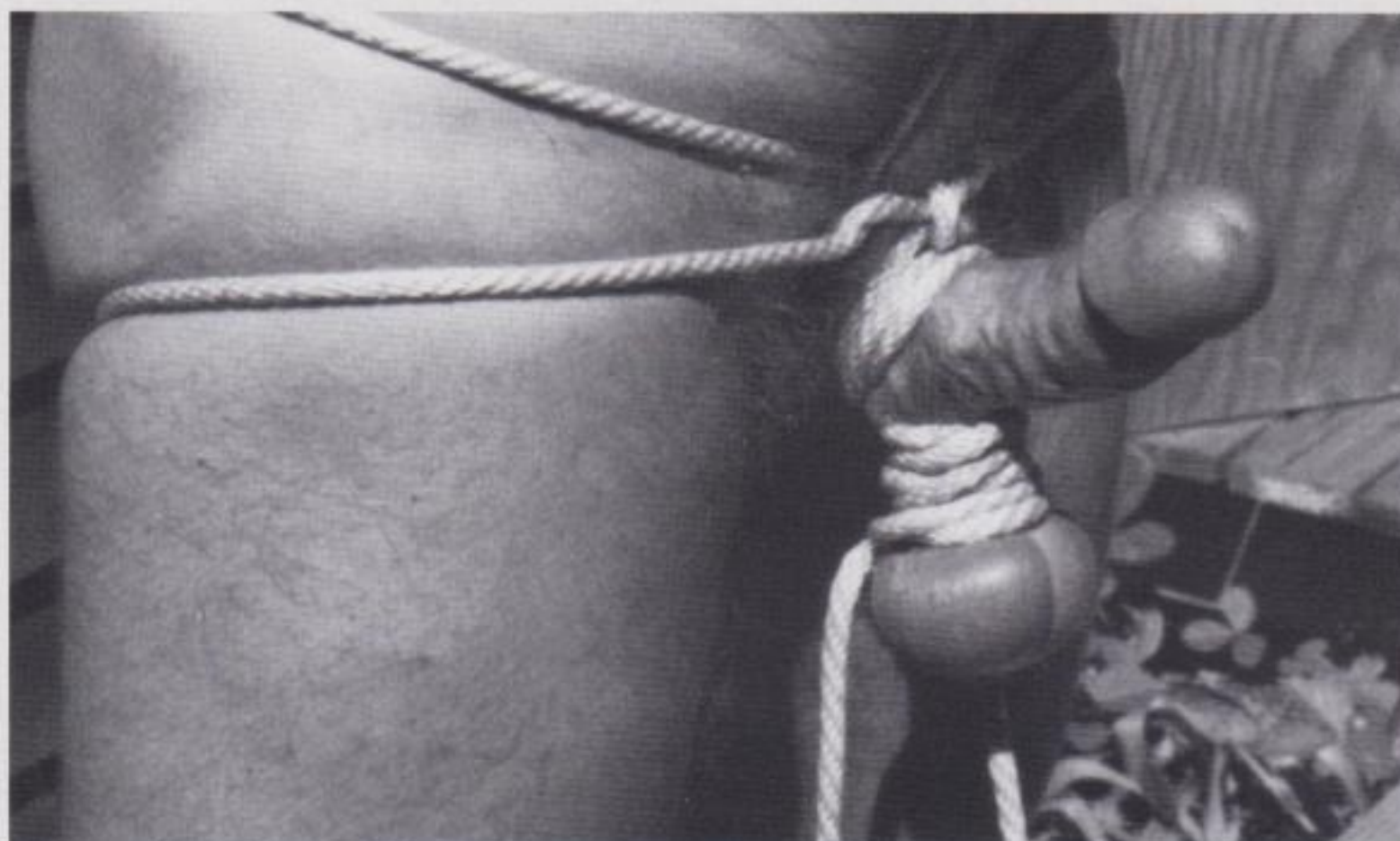
Allowing himself to be bound is also an emotional exercise for Tom. He submits to the hands and ropes and hours to triumph over pressures and fears, to re-establish contact with lost or weak feelings, and to refresh his rote-weary heart. Love—unconditional love—and a state that he calls “clarity of feeling” become

possible, almost unavoidable, when the bondage scene is allowed to develop over time like this.

Tom's mental functions too are challenged and strengthened by bondage. His mind, like most, usually contents itself with memory, expectation, regret, foreboding, hope and idle chatter, but it must be present and clear now. His mind must and *will* stay in the present moment while his muscles are lashed to this box. Panic and depression lurk at the forward and backward edges of this moment. The clarity of “nothing but *being* with his lover and being entirely *within* himself” is the reward he will achieve by his unwavering presence now.

Even Tom's ever-moving body, so often using more muscle power than makes sense for ordinary chores, is given a jolt of otherwise unfamiliar reality when ropes and his submission bring all movement to a halt. Sometimes, to arrive at





Bondage and photo by AFD.

the point where his body stops complaining by cramping and itching and flinching, Tom has to let himself struggle with the ropes, pitting his strength against his lover's skill as a bondage Top. This time, there is no need to fight the bonds, he is ready and that readiness passes through his consciousness, setting an important part of the tone for the evening. Ordinarily, to do nothing might mean to pace, to drum idle fingertips on a desk top, to flip blindly through newspaper pages. Now, in bondage, doing nothing means *doing* nothing—just Being.

Somewhere in the hours of this evening there may be moments when the mental calm of the "now" and the emotional simplicity of "loving clarity" will coincide with one another. In the context of Tom's restrained, relaxed physical state, and under the influence of his lover's trusted presence, these moments of complete equilibrium may turn to ecstasy. The effects of an ecstatic moment might linger or pass. An instance of such energetic transcendence might end in insight (mind), cathartic release (heart), or an experience of intense health (body). Or it might be extended into overtly sexual acts as the net of ropes is removed and hands begin to trace the lines marked in Tom's muscles and skin.

Some psychologists would like to argue that the way the special moments fade or end—through mental, emotional, physical, or sexual stimulation—makes some significant statement about a person. Perhaps so. But, whether the message is about weakness or strength, need or capacity, the bound man sees himself and probably doesn't need an explanation.

In time, with repetition, the man who allows himself this access to peace and balance even learns to *keep* peace with himself and to maintain his inner balance under the conditions of his ordinary

life. Tom knows this. He has seen this in others, and he wants it for himself. Besides, he has discovered that, psychological and spiritual benefits aside, he simply enjoys bondage.

## COMING TO TERMS WITH SPIRITUALITY

To grasp the very concept of spirituality in any but a religious way is not easy. It involves taking a rebel's stand against the ethos of the modern Judeo-Christian world. A certain degree of courage is needed even to consider that the human spirit extends or can extend to territories ignored or banned by organized "spiritual businesses." But we touch regions of ourselves and of reality that can only be spoken of in spiritual terms, regions beyond the turf of general pastoral teachings. This happens in many ways and can happen with all kinds of sex, SM especially, and very particularly in acts of erotic submission like those required for bondage. So, it is essential that we come to terms with spirituality, if at all, in a way that *includes* our experience.

This writer's idea of the human spirit—the one on which this article is based—is this (in overly abbreviated terms): Spirit is that impulse in a man which urges him to discover his nature, overcome his fate, and strive for what destiny offers but does not promise. Spirituality (indistinct from the finest sorts of psychology) is not a thing that comes naturally to a man as his whiskers or his sexual orientation does, but it is a facet of *human* nature. By learning to act from human nature rather than fighting or abusing it, a man becomes a balanced creature, extending beyond the realm of "Green Nature" into the realm of a spirituality which is not *other than* the visible world in any way, just—for want of a better word—an added dimension.

All attempts to assert or defend ourselves, to claim space by moving in it, or to stake out territories of mind or emotion in other people . . . in short, all the "natural" actions of a man not in balance with himself and his surroundings, are ways of spreading ourselves thin on the levels we already know rather than stretching ourselves upward toward spiritual existence.

To extend into spirituality, a man may go head first (yogis), body first (fakirs), heart first (monks), or he may attempt the perilous task of going sexuality first as in certain tantric paths. Strangely, the submission required for bondage is *not* tantric in nature. It belongs to yet another class of spiritual paths called "noble" or "balanced." The spirit in the bondage dungeon is moving within all human energy centers at once. It engages mind, heart, and body; focussing them by way of sexuality, as with Tom above.

## COMING TO TERMS WITH BONDAGE

We are used to thinking of bondage as being divided into several categories or types, but we usually think of these divisions in a way that has more to do with the equipment used and how it is used than with the psycho-spiritual dynamics. We think, for instance, of rope bondage, of loose bondage or tight bondage, of encasing or mummifying bondage, and of special-equipment bondage such as scenes involving stocks, leather and chains, crosses, and so on. In terms of its meaning to the human spirit, bondage is best divided into categories on the basis of the particular combination of will, consent, endurance, and purpose it involves.

Prolonged bondage, painful bondage, dramatic bondage, and bondage as preparation for something else are four types of restraint-submission situations we will consider here. Apart from the fact that they may be sectioned differently and understood in all sorts of combinations, there are certainly other categories of bondage that could be included, but these will be enough to get the idea across.

**Prolonged Bondage** is very usually performed by overt agreement between the two people involved. It requires an especially patient and devoted Top who will, in effect, make a substantial sacrifice for the sake of the bottom's goals. In order to be entirely safe, it needs a Top who will undertake a vigil at the site of the bound person's prolonged scene, often without participating in the scene in any visible way after the bonds have been secured and confirmed. This kind of scene is undertaken on the strength of the bottom's will, so he is effectively submitting to himself. The scene succeeds



according to the accuracy with which the man (and his Top) have judged and measured his will.

Prolonged bondage scenes are often highly erotic at the beginning when the bonds are being installed and at the end when they are being removed or shortly afterward. Between these two moments, it is typically a solo journey, a space in which the submission is enforced only by the bottom's commitment to the scene and his remembrance of why he wanted to submit to it. The period of bondage has no particular erotic content—unless sex is among the things the bottom is “working with” this time—but is filled with whatever inner preparations are needed to clear the way for the fullest experience and to absorb it. Prolonged bondage often involves experiences that the bound person speaks of, if at all, in terms of having seen or touched something of eternity.

Prolonged bondage is the quintessential spiritual bondage, working purely with the relinquishing of will (submission) and relying only on the continuance of submission for its effects.

**Painful Bondage** may or may not be undertaken by overt mutual agreement. Although consensuality is obviously essential, this kind of bondage may benefit from the scene being set up in such a way that there appears to be a conflict. In painful bondage scenes, in fact,

the Top is often acting as an “irresistible force” to which the bottom submits unavoidably or out of “weakness.” This type of submission is not overtly a choice made by the bottom, then, but the result of a struggle of wills which—inevitably—the bottom loses.

Where the Top was called upon to sit in vigil with prolonged bondage, the bottom must be vigilant in painful bondage. The wrestling, boxing, whipping, or all-out fighting with which the scene is set up and made painful is always lurking at the edge of the period of bondage, maintaining the struggle and constantly rousing the combination of submission and resistance that makes the scene possible.

The two chief characteristics that make a painful bondage scene distinct are the hormones engaged and the fact that it is not an access to “eternity,” but an intensification of the present. Prolonged bondage, when it is effective, turns on (as it were) an automatic biofeedback mechanism, enhancing alpha brain wave activity. Painful bondage, on the other hand, goes for the gut: adrenalin followed by endorphins (the body's naturally occurring pain-managing opiates).

In painful bondage scenes, the sexual component is constantly present. The interaction of the Top's will with the bottom's is always there, always (seemingly) threatening to push the bottom to a

conclusion—either an orgasm or a break in his submission. The “eternal” peace of prolonged bondage is replaced in painful bondage by a thrillingly intense expansion of the present, often *the present as eternity*.

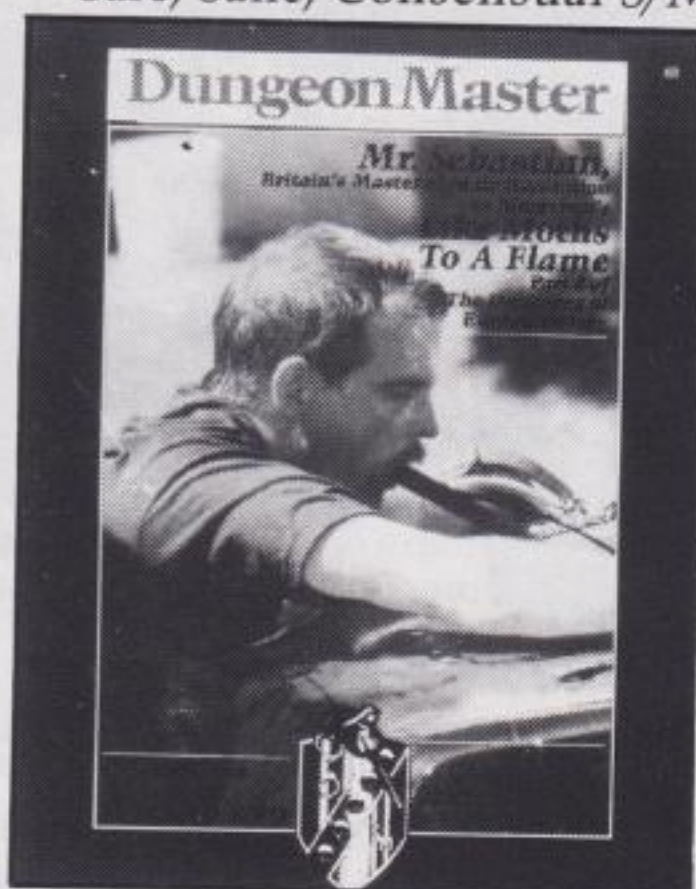
Painful bondage is the most accessible form of spiritual bondage. While there are psychological risks with prolonged bondage because of which a sensitive Top's vigil is essential, the primary risks in painful bondage are physical, and so more visible and manageable.

Obviously, it is possible to structure a bondage scene that combines painful bondage and prolonged bondage: A struggle of wills is set up and enacted, then followed by the bottom's complete capitulation, and perhaps ended in a return of his will to fight.

**Dramatic Bondage** can also be mixed with other kinds of bondage, and it often is, but it deserves separate attention. In dramatic bondage, Top and bottom mutually agree to submit to the action. Whether they intend to dramatize a scene of pirates and natives, slavers and their property, or coach and athlete, they agree that their own *actual* wills and instincts will be trimmed to fit the drama that includes the intended bondage. Whatever the appearance of the action, dramatic bondage involves and relies on a complete balance of wills.

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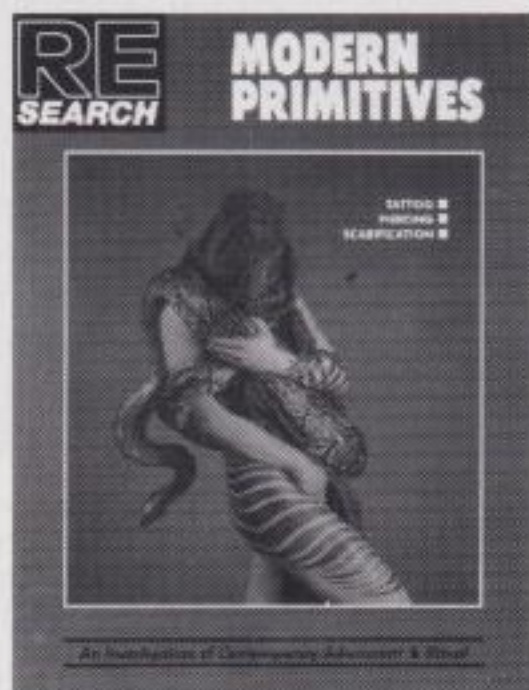
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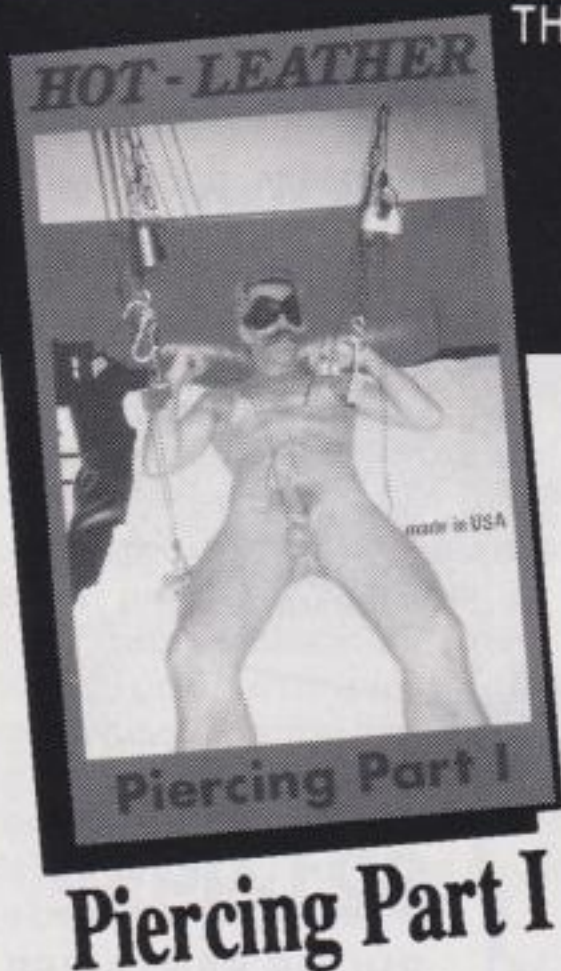
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There may be entrances and exits of sexual energy throughout the hours of a dramatic bondage scene, but each appearance of overt sexual activity is actually an almost certain risk that the scene will end. In fact, dramatic bondage, per se, is a relatively fragile thing, any action that does not suit a participant's idea of the scene at hand, ends it, even if the dramatic thread can be picked up again a moment later. It is most likely for this reason that it is better to delay the sexual action in dramatic bondage to the intended or accepted end of the scene. Kept just outside the arena of the performance, in fact, the prospect of sexual interaction can keep an erotic charge in the scene for hours and can be essential to the psycho-spiritual effects.

Where prolonged bondage touched eternity and painful bondage expanded the present, dramatic bondage breaks through to a time and space that science fiction writers might call "elsewhen" or something of the sort. Its powerful psychological balancing effect and its capacity to shake the cobwebs off the human spirit depend on this *exit* from the known time and environment.

Dramatic bondage is, of course, a very common kind of play. Still, it is very seldom performed with the intensity of purpose required to have any more effect than a rousing game of volleyball. It needs time to develop, a complete dedication to the drama, and a constant devotion to the *balance* of wills rather than the easier struggle of wills.

**Bondage as Preparation** (or foreplay) is a hanger-on in the realm of spiritual bondage. It is not a genuine category in itself. Still, it is useful to understand it in these terms because it can introduce a more serious element to erotic play that seems *lighter* than the emotional interplay between two people. It can also be undertaken as a sort of test. If the preparation for sex—in this case bondage—is handled sensitively, it can become a silent language in which both the Top and bottom explain themselves, expose their psychological make-up, and express desires too subtle to be trusted to words. It is often in this way that two people discover their compatibility for the more obviously spiritual undertakings of other kinds of bondage.

When bondage is preparation, there may come a moment at which the bottom says something like "just leave me this way," which can invite prolonged bondage—often a leap in trust from previous experience. Or either party could similarly move the sexual experience of the moment in the direction of painful or dramatic bondage. More likely, though, the discoveries about oneself and one's partner during bondage as preparation simply feed into choices

about future interaction. This, in itself, can be a very important step.

## ABOUT THE FORGOTTEN TOP

The spiritual focus in bondage may seem to be entirely on the bottom, the benefits accruing exclusively for him, but this is not the case at all. It is only that the bottom's experience is the guiding principle in bondage (as in most SM, truth be told). In every case, the Top has two kinds of access to the spiritual boon the bottom approaches. First, he may go with the bottom on the trip—most easily with prolonged bondage, least easily with painful bondage. And, second, he may find his own spiritual needs satisfied by the very action of being the Top in the particular kind of bondage experience he helps to create for the bottom. It could even be said that a man who is exclusively a Top (rare creature that he is!), takes that position *because* it works for him in this way.

Also, there is the possibility that tonight's Top is tomorrow's bottom. In most SM, the reverse is more obviously likely, and, even in bondage, a growth from bottom to Top is probably desirable. In bondage, though, a good bottom can teach a Top everything he needs to know without spoiling the scene.

## RETURNING TO THE IDEA OF BALANCE

One of the great attractions of any kind of sex, including any kind of bondage, is its power to restore balance—a sense of overall well being—in our lives. Because of this, the approach to acts of sex calls for us to monitor the balance of energies we put into the moment. Too much mental energy can mean senseless fear, often fear of not performing well enough, resulting in not performing well enough. Too much emotional energy can make us pitifully selfless in the bed or play space, meaning that we submit so completely we have nothing to give and even no presence with which to sense what our partner wants from us. Too much physical energy can make us childishly flirtatious and/or too demanding. All of these imbalances are more compromising, even more dangerous, in acts of radical sex than in other, more vanilla sex.

Fortunately, radical sex of any sort contains just enough of the dramatic to ensure that even a fleeting moment of balance can be used as a doorway into the scene. In fact, even the recollection of balance or a strong willingness to experience balance can do the trick with radical sex, especially bondage. Timing and other choices within a scene depend on the hold the two people have on their

energy balance, but it is not usually something that has to be consciously considered (at least not by the bottom). It is instead an automatically regulating feature of the scene, and the eventual source of the spiritual sex magic.

Sanely expressed sexuality requires the balance of mind, heart, and body, and it is when the balance is reached in an erotic context that the spiritual facet of the sex act becomes apparent. In prolonged bondage, for instance, the eroticism of the first moments may be quite simple, no spiritual impact. As the bottom moves into a state of balance, though, he is still in the *erotic* bondage of the scene. Then the spiritual doors begin to open, and he passes through easily. In painful bondage, a similar effect is brought about by the constant presence of sexual tension. So, when the moments of balance come, the bottom can be catapulted into the spiritual experience he is seeking. With dramatic bondage, the balance and its effects are not so easily described, but it is certain that the spiritual opportunities reside in the points at which a balance of energies and a sexual impulse coincide.

## NOT THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

Our spirituality is no more unnatural than our sexuality. Both are expressions of needs we do not create, but which we *find* in ourselves. They are aspects of our *human* nature, not our basic animal nature. They draw on our striving for fullness of being. It is not our innate oneness with the natural world, but our sense that we serve or are related to something higher which "drives" our sexual and spiritual experience. And, for many of us, bondage provides the context in which we can explore and expand that experience and its possibilities.

The wheel keeps turning: Spiritual practice leads to discoveries about oneself, about what being a balanced person means and how to achieve that. We measure what we learn against both ourselves and our methods of learning—our practices—and this leads to new areas of inquiry and experience, new cycles of self-discovery, and new depths of practice. Bondage is a superb example of this sort of spiritual practice. And, at least metaphorically, it has been recognized as such from the earliest recorded eras of human spiritual seeking.

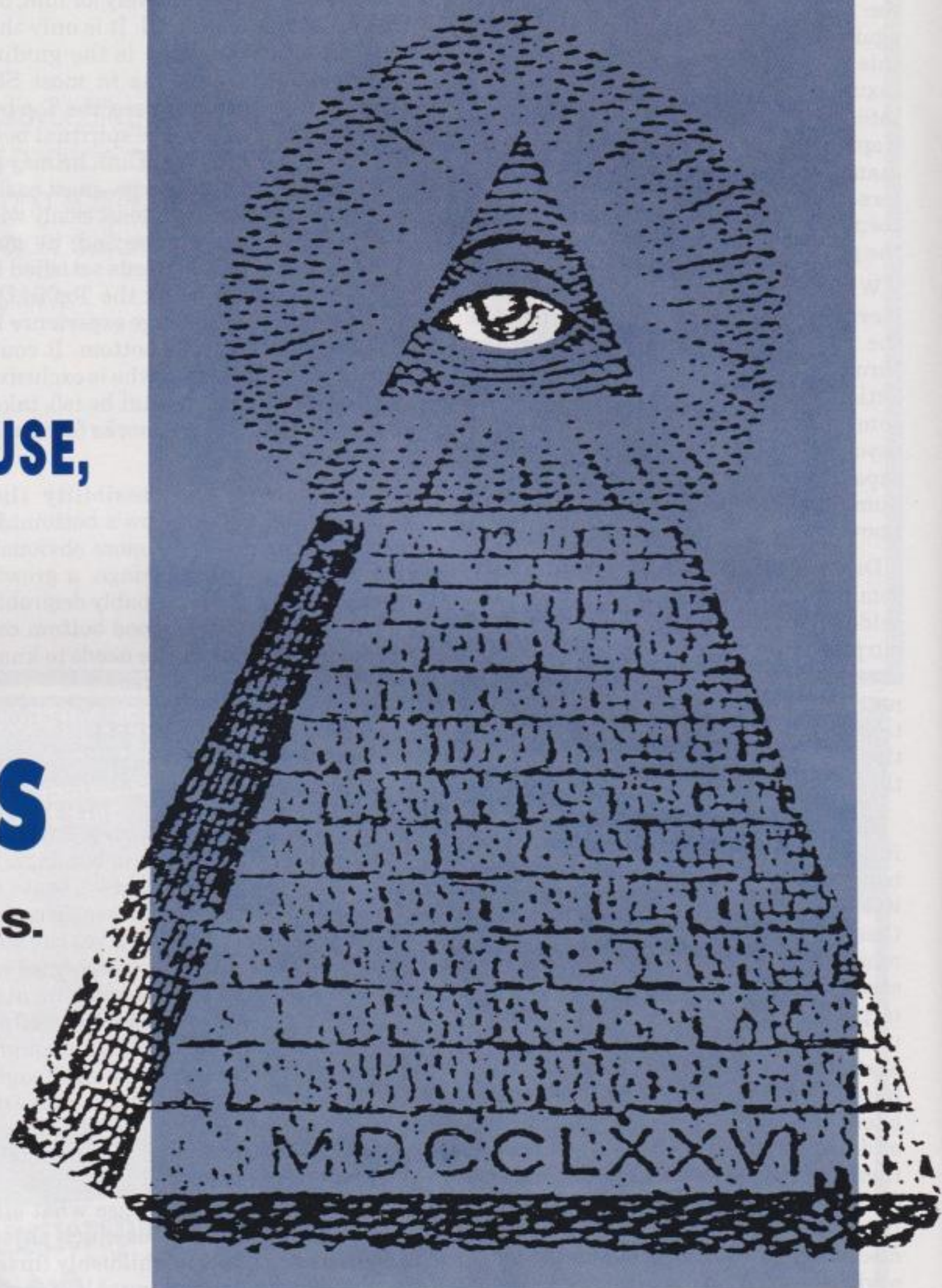
*Fit in dominatu servitus, in servitute dominatus*, said Cicero more than 2,000 years ago. Perhaps the great orator's image is not generally understood today, but those of us who have a handle on bondage as spiritual practice understand: "In mastery is bondage, in bondage mastery."



# TIES THAT BIND

## IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE, THERE ARE MANY MANSIONS

GUY BALDWIN, M.S.



It has always been easy to talk about the technical parts of the SM/leather scene—how to handle a whip or do an electrical scene—probably because these things aren't very personal. So, we learn, "Attach shackle (A) to wrist (B) . . ." and so on. While this kind of information is certainly important, there are other aspects of the leather/SM experience that we have very carefully avoided mentioning for too long.

One man in Texas said to me, "My buddies would laugh at me if I told them what happens in my mind sometimes when I play." So, he doesn't tell, and they

don't laugh. As you may have guessed, he was referring to the spiritual experiences (transcendental??) (mystical??) he has when he plays.

This guy is not alone; many feel that it is not hot, or not butch to admit to such thoughts. Leather dykes have been talking openly about the spiritual angles of the leather/SM scene for a long time, but most men are still shy about bringing them up.

It may come as a surprise to some of you, but the leather/SM lifestyle does bring up spiritual and religious issues for lots of guys into the Scene. A man in New York with a Pentecostal background is con-

cerned about his salvation; another wants information about his out-of-body experiences when in bondage. Fears about demonic possession dominate a guy who takes me aside to talk about it in Seattle.

A Catholic in Dallas asks me about becoming a monk so that maybe he can whip himself without risking sin. A guy from Denver writes to ask about a possible relationship between meditation and submission. Another asks if he is confusing endorphins with spiritual ecstasy.



---

**"Many paths lead to the pyramid's summit, but which ever  
one you choose, the view is always the same."**

**—Baba Ram Dass,  
Lecture, Stanford**

---

These things come up in the therapy room, and in my experience, the people who have the most trouble dealing with their SM/leather interests are those who grew up believing that it is dangerous to make up one's own mind about God (and, often, about one's own self as well).

When churches and churchmen are the final authority about God, leather/SM urges present a real conflict. I have run into more than one bottom with a fundamentalist upbringing who suspected that Tops might be Satan incarnate. Such people fear for their souls every time they play.

"Is this stuff going to send me straight to Hell?" "Am I doing spiritual damage to myself when I do sadistic things to someone or want them done to me? Maybe even the fantasies about leather/SM are dangerous and could hurt my chances for eternal life."

Questions like these might seem silly if you have decided that God is a man-made myth or that He does not really give a damn how you live your life. But if you are someone for whom God is Fact and you believe that He has clear laws about the Right and Wrong of how to behave, then what you do with a whip could matter. Should it?

Each of us, of course, must make peace with himself about God and go on with life. The important thing here, is that we not be afraid to ask ourselves the honest questions as we search for a truth we can live with confidently.

For what its worth, I am acquainted with five members of the clergy—three of them Catholic priests—who are very much into the SM/leather scene. From what I have been able to observe, these men suffer no apparent spiritual conflict, and are altogether fine guys who are bright, interesting, have a good sense of humor, and seem as psychologically well adjusted as anyone else.

Actually, it is not surprising to me that many folks with a fervent Christian background end up at least sniffing around the SM/leather scene. After all, many Christian sects urge us to be like Christ, and we all learn about His passion and suffering. Ever wondered how a crown of thorns might feel, or had fantasies about crucifixion?

#### NEW AGE LEATHER

By the late 60s, some leathermen began having spiritual experiences and some spiritual guys began to have leather/SM experiences. Through this hap-

py development, a number of us realized that the leather/SM scene could serve us as a meditation path.

When SM/leather scenes were done in a certain way, we achieved a different level of awareness—we felt transformed into someone whom it felt better to be. Also, a kind of bonding between the players happened that had been unknown in vanilla sex.

Some of us referred to it as "the S/M High" because, when it happened, it felt similar to the best drug experiences we had had earlier with LSD (acid) and such during the 60s. Because the element of ecstatic transformation was common to these experiences, they felt spiritual to many of us. The "religious" leather/SM experience was born.

Yes, sometimes, drugs helped the searcher "get it." Others couldn't ever "get it" without drugs. In time, most of us either developed serious drug problems or else we realized that we had to "get it" through the SM/leather action itself with as little drug (alcohol, too) help as possible, and preferably, without drugs at all. From this second group, new age leathermen emerged. (There are also non-spiritual pathways into new age leather thinking that have more to do with politics and/or philosophy, but those remarks must await another time.)

What do new age leathermen do in the search for these ecstatic and transforming scenes? What do we seek?

Well, everyone remembers losing their baby teeth and the wiggly tooth that "hurt so good"—you know, the one you teased with your tongue all day. These spiritually oriented new age leathermen made the connection between the "hurts so good" experience and the ecstatic transformation that we wanted.

For over a decade, we have been trying to learn how to harness the "hurts so good" feeling and expand it onto other areas of the body (using controlled body stress [pain?] and stimulation) and/or mind (using dominance and submission) to make the transformations happen. Progress has been slow and unsteady.

In spite of the disruptions caused by the AIDS crisis (too numerous to mention here), valuable progress has been made with which we can continue the search for information about the SM/leather/spiritual recipe.

First, new age leather folks have developed a code of morality, self-restraint, and inclusion through

the principles of Safe, Sane and Consensual action. Second, we have been influential in the creation and management of many leather/SM organizations. This has encouraged communication. Third, we have encouraged diversity and variety to bloom and attacked those stereotypes in the leather/SM scene that exclude.

Our detractors have often sneered at the suggestion that SM/leather/fetish sexuality can form a basis of spiritual awareness. The sneering is merely kink-o-phobia (my word for fear of erotic variation). Yet, anthropologists have long told us about religious ecstasy being achieved in association with physical and mental stress.

Italian men in groups carry heavy images through the streets on particular Catholic feast days. Hindu religious festivals may include men covered with flesh piercing spikes which support a heavy head-dress. Numerous American Indian ceremonies call for physically punishing acts. Until recently, fasting was part of every Catholic's religious experience. The list of such examples is long.

As for the connection between sex and spiritual awareness, there are the examples of the Tantrics, the Shivaites, the role of chastity in religious life, Rites of Dionysus and other pagan religions. (Remember, "pagan" merely means, not Christian, Jewish or Muslim.)

New Age consciousness is moving through the leather scene and is slowly changing the way that leatherfolks relate to each other both in and out of the playroom. New Age morality and spirituality is ALLOWING, TOLERANT and EXPERIMENTAL.

Younger leathermen who were investigating New Age attitudes before they got into leather expect their leatherlife to resonate with new age ideals. Sometimes, New Agers have had a rough time fitting leather/SM stuff into their morality partly because the Old Guard Leathermen don't tolerate much diversity.

When the spiritual aspects of SM/leather/fetish sexualities are paid attention to, they can add to who we are as people by increasing intimacy. Sexualities that keep us apart only diminish us as people.

It is not outrageous to suggest the possibility that those of us who pursue ecstatic spiritual or mystical experience through SM/leather/fetish actions may be the early forerunners of a new spiritual tradition. Anybody want to start a Church? After all, this is supposed to be the country that, first and foremost, protects religious freedom. It could be fun to put that principal to the test. It could also be a pain in the ass.

In any case, I hope that the above remarks will stimulate your thinking about these issues, and, perhaps more importantly, stimulate conversation with your kinky buddies. Those of us who have or seek these experiences need to come out of our closets about this part of the SM/leather/fetish scene. We need to read and write about it more. After all, a man must be free to speak his mind about anything. Right? Play well.

---

**Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontier. He is also the current International Mr. Leather.**



San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

78 DRUMMER 136

## A stylized illustration of a man with a beard and long hair, wearing a white shirt, reading a book. The book is open, and the title 'DRUMMERS' is visible on the cover. The background is a solid blue color. The text 'D PLACE' and 'D IN' is partially visible on the left side of the image.



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# THE DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

## DEAR SIR:

### NATIONWIDE

#### FIRST TIME AD

WM, 23, blue eyes, 6 ft, 180, wholesome masculine young man needs a man who is by nature masculine and knows what he wants. My partner appreciates the respect, sincerity, and security attainable through a monogamous relationship. GP, FA, enjoys BD, outdoors, unbridled passion, and relaxed romantic moments. I need a balanced relationship outside of the bedroom. In the bedroom it's up to You, Sir. C.J. Box 7198LF

#### AUSTRALIAN PIG

30, 5-8 1/2, 215, coming to SF and NYC, wants hot filthy master for toilet training: scat, piss, bondage, humiliation and total degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photos and letters appreciated and answered. Box 7575LF

#### BELLY BUTTON FETISH

Love innies and outies. What's your fetish? Let's share. Box 7456

#### OLD FASHIONED SLAVE

Wanted. Cocksucking, ass-eating, pissdrinking masochist. HIV unimportant, looks, age, race unimportant. Just desire for good old fashioned sex and sadism. Must relocate to Bay Area. Photo, phone, address, and qualifications to: Box 7613LF

#### MEXICAN MASTER WANTED

Slave, 33 yrs. Small bear type looking to serve Mexican or dark skinned Asian Master. I have excellent skills as a slave and need to serve, Sir. Write: Ron PO Box 3866, Alhambra CA 90803

#### CIGARETTE SMOKERS

21 yo stud will trade photos of your specification for photos of you smoking cigarettes. PO Box 9226, Reno, NV, 89507.

#### HOT MUTUAL JO/DILDO SCENES

Healthy, hot bearded biker, pierced, 38, lean and defined, 5-7, 130, professional (PhD), into intense, extended visual/verbal scenes: showing, watching, hot talk, ball stretching, nip work, leather gear, pumps, plugs and increasing-sized dildo insertion. Seek intelligent professional leatherman, 30-45 for possible relationship: tall, lean and fair a plus. Letter, photo and phone to: Box 7531

#### PIERCED BOY WNTS PIERCED TOP

Very hot, goodlooking, HIV+, college guy, 26, 6 ft, 165, 30 waist with 8-1/2 inch ringed urethra and cock with hot pierced boy-nipples. Muscular, slim, lean body, and shaved crotch. Seeking butch, intelligent, muscular, very goodlooking Top- man with Dad image (39-45) for heavy duty fantasy, kink games, torture, roles and above all else, an enduring bond in friendship. All letters with photo included will be answered. Canadian Postage Required. Box 6900LF

#### SADISTIC LEATHER TOP

into heavy SM, restraints. All scenes, few limits, seeks serious WM butch bottoms for sex/pain trips. Age unimportant, physical and mental stamina are. No wimps, J/O's. Box 2147, Neptune, NJ 07753-2147.

#### MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5-9, 145 lbs, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes, into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, CBT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, BD, branding, stretch-

ing, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

#### TORTURE - FEET

Want photos, male, torture, execution-fantasies, especially hangings, beheadings, boots, bare feet. Write for want list. Boxholder, Box 9414, W. B. S., Dayton OH 45409

#### REAL SHITKICKER WANTED

Good looking, masculine, 28, 6-2, 180 lb. low life seeks aggressive stud into destruction of property, intense abuse/sleaze/kink, total worship and head trips. I've got the fantasies, you supply guts. No limits. Detailed letter w/picture gets same. PO Box #63, Morongo Valley, CA 92256.

#### LEATHER GLOVES AND CIGARS

That's what turns me on. 26 yr old white male, 6 ft, 210 lb, looking for older balding bearded beer bellied MAN. Fulfill my fantasy, make me suck while you puff on your cigar. Slap my face with your leather gloved hand. Stick your smokey tongue down my throat. I love leather on you. Tattoos, boots, all leather gear a plus. Send me picture. All answered. PO Box 16-143 West Haven CT 06516.

#### EAST COAST LEATHER TOP

GWM, 38, 6 ft, 190, brown/blue, hairy pecs with hard nipples, seeks similar Tops/bottoms to 45. Am into titwork, JO, and hot, safe workouts. Educated, stable, professional. Uncuts and Asians a plus. Send photo/phone to Box 7199LF

#### DOG/PIG/SLAVE

craves humiliating boot licking existence. Foot worshipping bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot Master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Uniforms, rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and feet for your pleasure and amusement. 54, 6 ft, 180. Box 7195LF

#### ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

36, looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond/USMC/cop/BB, pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo/phone. Occ., PO Box 91181, Henderson, NV 89009.

#### PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM, in good health, 33, 5-10, 160, blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into SM, leather, safe raunch and lots more. Willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271-5352.

#### SEEK HAIRY DAD/TEDDY BEAR

Son (21, 5-10, 180, smooth, brn/grn) seeks Papa Bear to introduce me to light SM and bondage. Papa is very hairy, bearded, intuitive, intelligent, affectionate but dominant. Enjoys wrestling, cigars and pipes, safe sex, theater, film and art. Photo appreciated, D.C.P., 2220 Muscatine Ave #4, Iowa City, IA, 52240.

#### REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!

Me: recruit, 38, 5-8, 155, blond, blue, trim beard, gym body, into safe ass work, FF, spanking, bondage, deepthroat, clothespins, can travel or host. You: Sarge, mature Top, dominant, aggressive, hairy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bud, PO Box 14084, Cincinnati, OH 45250.

#### FIRE/HUMAN TORCH

GWM, young 43, wants to hear from all men also fascinated by fire. Interested in responses from fellow sadists as well as masochists. Everything

from CBT to human torches. Swap stories, fantasies, pix. Like jeans, leather, western, uniform. Suite K47, 496A Hudson St., NY, NY 10014.

#### LIVE-IN SLAVE

wanted by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is WM, 43, 6-3, 210, Bl/Gr, moustache, hung, and experienced. Immediate relocation to New England necessary. Assistance with relocation possible. If you are not serious, do not waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 4426LF

#### GUT PUNCHING/WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very handsome, 6 ft, 190, 28, seeks other musclemen, jocks, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching, stomach scissors, and other abdominal feats of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! Are you? Phone/phone. Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520.

#### NEED DAD IN SC NC GA FL

22, blonde/blue, little guy. Good looking. Into workouts, face fucking, tattoos, armpits and assholes. Will travel and meet macho, white dad/brother. All with photo answered with photo nationwide. Box 455, White Rock, SC 29177.

#### SCALPEL

Have scalpel, love to cut. White Master seeks slaves for ultra heavy CBT. Also will trade or buy video on same. Rick Gelding, 9245 Reseda #397, Northridge CA 91324.

#### BEARDED CUB

Muscular, stocky, quiet, very masculine, bearded Southern bear cub, 27, 5-10, dark hair, goodlooking, 180 lbs. Need strong, bearded, big, furry, average working-Joe Pop who'll let me fetch his beer. Not into gay scene. Photo for reply. Box 7559

#### WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

seeks slim Master. Ready for SM, Bondage, TT, CB Torture, slavetop training, complete toilet service. But your trip, your way. Am 46, 5-10, 150, lean and muscular. Desire long and repeated scenes. Travel. Photo, phone, descriptive letter to: PO Box 5906, SF, CA 94101.

#### BONDAGE MILKMASTER

Tall hung master, 40, seeks submissive males. Prolonged intense scenes. Tight bondage, mild discipline, repeated milkings by master's hand, mouth, toys. My reward your tight ass. No SM. Prefer 20-40 slim, hung, but all considered. Married, Bi, novices OK. Travel, entertain. Photo for reply. Very sincere and discreet. Box 7556

#### BIG BUTTS ONLY

Daddy wants sons/daddies to submit to his enema nozzle. Serious lovers only! Photo/phone T.J.C., PO Box 020656, Bklyn NY 11202-0015.

#### COPPER

WM, 6-1, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, 28 yrs, nice build, above average looks. Former DC Leather winner. Interests: motorcycles, 4x4 trucks, sports, men my age and older 6 ft and shorter, moustache required. Dislikes: drugs and chain smokers. This copper's for real, leather and photo gets same. Write Box 7156LF

#### I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

WM, 43, 5-9, 150, beard, pierced, seeks mature, in-shape Blacks or dark haired men. Into pain, torture, VA, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, shaving, all forms of raunch, animalistic sex. Open to anything done safe. Satanic Sex



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# 'THE ART OF EROTICISM'



## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

preferred. Call or write Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL, 60098. (815) 338-9137. 6508LF

### CUMIN FOR MARDI GRAS

28 y/o GWM, 5-10, 185, hairy. Put out my fire with your piss or cum while in N.O., or swap photos, show me your hose and size, though I have yet to see a big one. Gerard, PO Box 1763, Chalmette, LA 70044.

### GRAYBEARDED DADDY WANTED

by bearded son, 34, 6-0, 175 lbs. Seeking well-educated, masculine, dominant polar bear for imaginative father-son scenes. Like leather, BD, SM; cigar and pipe smokers a plus. Photo with letter appreciated. OK/TX/KS area. Box 7552

### A MORE PERFECT UNION

Tall, slim, atypical, San Francisco Dad, 44, clean-shaven, receding hair seeks lean, goodlooking, relocatable son 21-38, under 5-10, 160# or less for permanent raunch service/relationship. HIV-negative, nonsmoking, drugfree only. Genuine lifetime commitment. Honest explicit letter with photos, phone mandatory. Box 7533

### SHORT BB/WRESTLER/STUD

5-5, 145lbs, 40, butch hung Top seeks his physical intellectual, sexual buddy/equal/match. SM, JO, TT, VA, BD. Cocky dudes only. (415) 285-3305.

### HEALTHY HIV+ BOTTOM

in midwest, mid 30s, goodlooking little guy seeks others of similar status to play hard. Into titwork, ballwork, assplay, sweat, GR, FR, beer, smoke and more. Box 7549

### BLACK, OBSESSED M

Am 36, good looking, 6-1, moustache, avg. build and 195 lbs. Very into boot worship, verbal abuse, spanking. Enjoy my ass and balls kicked, but not into injury. Can be Fr a/p, no Gr. You should be masc., firm, mature, intelligent. Bondage fine with right guy. You can be in leather, denim, or executive dress. Race unimportant. Pen-pals OK. Eric, PO Box 25012, Washington DC 20007.

### MUSCULAR, TRIM MASOCHIST

White male, 38 years, 5-11, 165 lbs, desires hoods, gags, bondage, C/B Torture, whippings, dildoes, harnesses, bizarre dress, suspension, and forced french. Open to new ideas. Need to be mentally and physically unable to resist. Safe only. Box 7546

### SEEK LEATHER BUDDY

If you're new to the scene, so am I. My leather desires and fantasies grow daily. I'm 5-10, 155, healthy, aggressive, attractive, stable, intense. I'm looking for a real man to explore and expand safe, imaginative scenes. Let's train each other for what the future may hold! Send photo to: Boxholder, 300 Lenora Street, Box P211, Seattle WA 98121. 7149LF

### SLAVE/SON

Good looking, 27, 5-8, 140 lbs., brn/brn raunch boy. Needs white master/Dad, who will reduce me to his ass kissing, foot licking boy. Into all scenes especially: domination, foul mouthed disciplinarian, sweaty feet, socks, jockstraps, WS, face fucking, toilet training. Please sir, send orders and photos, willing to relocate and ready to please. Thank you. Slave/son, PO Box 27109, Suite #365, Albuquerque NM 87125.

### FAT GAMESMASTER

GWM, 39, 5-5, 200, hairy chest and gut, clean shaven, u/c accepting applications from well-built fight-slaves under 40. I will match you with other slaves to suit your particular needs, either fantasy or real (within limits.) You will fight for me, occasionally against me. I am the prize. Midtown Manhattan, day or night. Photo, scene to TJ, Box 112, EXECUTIVE SUITE, 330 W. 42nd St., NYC 10036-6902. I am NOT a Sugar Daddy.

### ENEMAS WANTED

Submissive older fem seeks dominant younger top to handle enemas, spankings, CBT and safe sex. Rubber and leather a hot button. Please send photo. PO Box 8083, Richmond IN 47374.

### TOUGH LTHR COWBOY TOPGUN

Wanted by healthy active Leather Cowboy (strictly bottom-: White male, 49, 5-9, 156 lbs. Have plenty

bondage & leather gear. Collect boots, spurs, chaps, vests, gunbelts, all gunleather & handguns. Also turn on to Nazi SS & M/C cop gear/action. Have 4 WD Bronco for off-roading remote areas, uninhibited rugged outdoor man to man cowboy action, S/M, heavy bondage (short/long term). Need rough Top Gunfighter in boots, chaps & gunbelt to draw down on me, handle ropes & irons and call the shots. All answered. LKJ, Box 171, 1147 East Broadway, Glendale, CA 91205. Let's ride, cowboy!

### THE RISING PHOENIX

Exceptional young man arising from difficult life situation continues quest. Handsome, intelligent, submissive 28 yo seeks dominant, EXCEPTIONAL man or couple to take my raw material and remold it into a sum greater than myself. I am servile in nature and have spent recent years assisting our brothers who are ill with their transition to the next plane of existence. Now, my servile nature is in process of evolving to its highest form. I seek a very special Master(s) who can understand my unique chemistry and from that create a being of very special design. STATS: American Indian/English, 5-10, 150, HIV+/healthy, well built and endowed. I am educated, dynamic, degreed, masculine, mystical, and sensitive. Permanent service in high quality SM relationship ultimate goal. Reside in Pacific Northwest, will relocate for right situation. Serious only. Box 7543

### GRIZZLY BEAR

GWM, 41, 6-2, 225#, black hair, beard, moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, HD biker, hung, cut. into men, reality, hairy, hung, honesty. Not into role playing bullshit games or closet cases. All answered. PO Box 572, Worthington, OH 43085-0572, or Box 6440LF

### BOUND AND GASSED

Leather/Rubberman into bondage wants to hear from others turned on by gasmasks, gas, aromas. Scenes with cops, footballers, bodybuilders, others, given/administering laughing or other types of gas. Stories, fantasies, reality, phone j/o. Box 7567

### BOTTOM SEEKS DOMINANT TOP

Handsome, masculine, and very submissive bottom/apprentice-slave GWM, 38, 5-8, 145, salt-and-pepper/brown, looking for very aggressive TOP-MAN/MASTER to surrender. I am slim but muscular, little body hair and bare, bubble ass, HIV-negative. Ideal TOPMAN is GWM, 28-48, HIV-negative, well-built, hairy, butch, possessive, very experienced, and a true fucker. Work my ass to your desire and fuck my brains out. Plow my throat with your great cock. Let me please you in prolonged suck-fuck sessions. My ass is yours. Also enjoy bondage, humiliation, uniforms, etc., but am a novice who would need some training. Open to other experiences as long as sane and safe. No role reversals. Short term or permanent. Virginia/Mid-Atlantic but will travel/relocate nationwide for right man. Am I for you, SIR? Please write with photo. Box 7560

### SEARCHING

for Master D.B. You disappeared from L.A. without saying good-bye. Please contact: Patrick, Box 9151, Anaheim CA 92801.

### HANGMAN WANTED

by GWM 28 br/bk. You: sadistic hangman/executioner looking for prisoner to tie up, whip, and lead to your scaffold. Want to contact safe/sane hangmen for meetings or correspondence. String me up, Sir! Box 7539

### SLAVEBOY WANTED

Intelligent, caring GWM, 30, 6-1, 185 seeks young (18-28) handsome well-built boy to be my bondage slaveboy and companion. I seek a boy to serve me and to submit to my discipline and leadership, but who will also be respected as a companion. Send photo, address, phone and letter. If accepted, will receive ticket to my Washington, DC home. Box 6972LF

### GERMAN LEATHER TOP

German, 6-3, 180, uncut, is turned on by leather

and SM. Want to get in touch with interested and interesting leathermen Top/bottom. Into CBT, TT, BD, shaving, breath control and most other forms of the leather scene. Will be in the states in summer 89. Send detailed letter with photo to Box 5755LF

### WISE HORNY MASTER NEEDED

Physically fit, experienced, masculine, imaginative, rural preferred but all honest inquiries a possibility; all answered. Want to be trained to be your prized possession, sex slave. Box 7535

### SLAVES (OR MASTERS)

in Georgia, SC, Tenn, Ala. Box 611, Sandy Springs SC 29677-0611.

### BROWNNOSERS

Dallas based Top of German descent, 33, 5-10, 145, Br/Gr with oversized dick and dirty asshole travels to San Francisco, LA, NYC frequently. Am looking for young, goodlooking bottoms who are into rimming and raunch or scat. Have just started to videotape some scenes. In-shape brownnosers contact: Box 7117LF

### NO NONSENSE PADDLINGS

DC area. Strict tough 6ft, 185 lb demanding top will paddle and strap your butt until I feel you have learned your lesson. Cuffed if necessary. Secluded playroom. Am in book. Charles Pray, 7300 Dulancy Dr., McLean, VA 22101.

### OWNER NEEDED

Fuck my mouth, please, Master. Feed me cum. Train me to drink Your white wine. Mount me, ram Your Mastercock up my slaveass, and fuck my brains out. I will love, worship, and obey You forever. White slave, 48 years old, 5-8, 175, needs Owner. Box 7532

### HELP THIS GRIMM

folk tale lover believe in fables. Me: she-male roles! Snow White, Rose Red, Beauty; you: Prince Charming, Beast, Bear. Tell sequel to my rescue to make my twat quiver and my ruby lips to tremble. Photo a must. Box 6376LF

### DEAR SIR

i need and want a Master/sadist who can give intense pain and is skilled in hurting his slave/masochist without injuring him. i have some experience, but need a sadist to take me further, for our pleasure. You must be caring, but at the same time be mean. Gary Richards, phone (707-544-1347. 7386LF

### PUPPY TRAINING

GWM, 32, 5-8, 180 lbs, muscular build seeks boy 18-32 to train as my puppy. Training will include collar and discipline as Dog learns how to be humiliated and used. Prefer experienced dog but will train willing beginners. Pictures answered first. PO Box 273, New Haven, Conn., 06502.

### ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Very masculine, country guy, 46, 6-5, 200. Loves outdoors, riding horses, working cattle. Hairy, uncut, 6 inches plus will fuck your brains out and more! Looking for younger, straight acting, masculine man. If you're not country, don't waste my time! Send photo and more. (Northwest of Houston, TX.) Box 7122LF

### HOT FILTHY TOP

Looking to receive and send hot fucking j/o letters, pics, and tapes nationwide. Open to all scenes. The filthier the better. Blasphemers, satanist, atheist, pagans, hot top or bottom fucking hedonists, or shit or piss pigs all welcome. Let's start fucking each others' minds with the pen. Write to Roger, 147 W. 42nd St., Box 38 Room 603, NYC NY 10036.

### MILITARY GUY

32, 6 ft, 160, bodybuilder with Hispanic looks, wants well-muscled White or Hispanic guys for fuck buddies. Send photo (the more skin the better.) with reply. Box 7120LF

### ATHLETIC, PROFESSIONAL

handsome, 36 year old nonsmoker, no drugs, wants muscular, stable man to share life. My interests include motorcycle touring, camping, hik-

ing, travel and workouts. I consider honesty, integrity and a sense of humor valuable assets. Let's hear from you. Box 7119LF

### DOMINANT DADDY NEEDED

I'm 5-7, 145, goodlooking BB. Need Daddy who can show me the ropes his way. Enjoy bondage, some SM, willing to expand limits. I am loyal with some experience. Short to long-term sessions or more. Send orders and photo please. Box 7114LF

### ORIENTAL SON AVAILABLE

For tall, masculine, dominant, Dad/master's pleasure on call or live in. Son is submissive, smooth, good looking, 30, 5-7, 130, HIV-, into light SM, BD, TT, whips, leathers, collar, chains; living in San Francisco, can travel, relocate. Letter, phone, photo? to Tim, Box 7528LF

### COME HOME TO DADDY NOW!

Run away To, not From life. Abandon daydreaming, nightcrawling. Embrace reality-based permanent relationship, belonging to demanding leather-master. You: 20s-30s, attractive, dedicated slaveboy/son; worthy luxury lifestyle; needing healthy, wealthy, wise topman's direction, love; all Boy Scout virtues, including Prepared. Full, frank application, photo(s) (returned.) Box 6324LF

### LEATHER THERAPISTS

Guy Baldwin, writer of Drummer's "Ties That Bind" column, is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles. He is now compiling a directory of Leather/SM-positive therapists and counselors. If you work in this field and wish to be in touch with others who share these interests, please write to Guy Baldwin, MS, c/o Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314. Please describe your licenses, degrees, special training, and areas of expertise. Also indicate whether you work with men and/or women, homosexual and/or heterosexual clients.

### DISABLED?

See: Organizations heading

### TIT SLAVE

wants slim hot leather Masters into giving heavy tit work, cock/ass whipping, bondage, and getting Master's cock serviced. Am WM, 5-10, 145, 50s, moustache, have play room. No drugs, FF, scat. San Francisco. Planning visit? (415) 469-0955 or Box 6993

### YOU'LL KNOW YOU BELONG

to two 9 1/2 years monogamous, loving Masters; Big Brother 41, 6-2, 165 and Daddy, 58, 5-10, 160, always & forever. Your eyes will tell Us everything We need to know. Above all, be true to your slaveself & to Us. Submit your slave body & subservient will, needs & desires to B & D, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222 for immediate surrender. Be a good boy and Carpe Diem with love & service. Box 6702LF

### MASTER

60s, sexually 40s, has a 24 year old slave. Wants a 2nd slave. Slave in 20s to 35, around 6 ft, 170 lbs. Not fat nor facial hair. Master into Leather and HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant will work and have driver's license. Must be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 pm EST. No JO calls; only sincere slaves need apply. 7526LF

### VERSATILE BLACK MALE

Well hung 42, seeks males for safe french, greek, and FF action. Can travel or entertain. No reply without photo. Box 7606

### HEAVY CBT

Masochist, 37, uncut, needs brutal genital torture from Sadists into electricity, medical experiments, pyrotechniques. 919-723-9882 10 pm - midnight eastern.

### WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician, slave-Owner seeks to network with like-minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft, occult and esoteric disciplines, Faerie religions. Absolutely no satanists. Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls, MN 55408.



## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

### SM SEX SLAVE

Goodlooking, 30, 6-2, 180, bl/bl, cock hungry fucker with deep throat, nice ass & tight body. Looking for handsome hung horny Master/Dad(s) into hot, sweaty leather/rubber kink. Experience & interest in all forms of Safe/Sane Serious SM. Live in California. Relocation possible. Box 7059LF

### BONDAGE BOTTOM SEEKS

Experienced, responsible Top(s) for serious Bondage, humiliation, training & servitude. GWM, 36, short, moustache, Illinois/Wisconsin/Indiana/Iowa area. Into hoods, boots, leather, rubber, CBT work, cigars, immobilization, mummification, confinement, duct tape, & lots more! Interested in all sorts of intense, creative, & kinky bondage scenes. Safe sex only! Box 6841LF

### LEATHERSON WANTED

Leatherdad, 56, 5-9, 170lbs, gray hair, full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner, needs bright, hard working son/servant, 21-45 plus, to be dad's naked sextoy and to complete family. Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF

### COPS

Legit LE call 713-926-1777.

### 27 YEAR OLD

white guy interested in tattoos, piercing, crew cuts, wants to hear from others and see hot photos. Information on stretching the skin of my cut cock to make a foreskin, too. Post Office Box 196, Boston MA 02112. 7118LF

### RUBBER

The feel of thick black latex encasing your body turn you on? The tight fit of a leather hood and inflatable gag make your senses run wild? I'm a 32 year old top, 5-8, 175 lb., BB who wants to tie you up and use you, control you and make you mine. I get into immobilization, breath control, shaving, CB&TT and more. Provide me with a letter, photo and reasons I should invest my time in you. Box 4883LF

### HOT PUP

30 year old, blond/blue, 5-7, 150 lbs, handsome masculine cleancut boy next door who can take it like a man seeks tough action Dad who is also man enough to love his boy. Rare find boy offers genuine commitment. See "Hot Pup..." ad, issue #122 for more details. Box 6742LF

### HARD BARE ASS PADDLINGS

and whippings needed by Houston bottom. Outdoor scenes desirable also. Fetishes include wearing watches and Speidel watchbands as cockrings. Write Jim, PO Box 66034, Houston TX 77266-6034.

### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Master: 43, 6-3, 210, bl/gr, hung, experienced with well-equipped playroom seeks live-in slave. Serving your Master will be your life. slave must be slim and 18-35. If you are not serious and ready to relocate to New England immediately don't waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 7472LF

### ATTRACTIVE SOUTHERN BOY

WM, 23, 6-2, 190, brown/blue, uncut, athletic, masculine, submissive, into BB, long hair, BD, shaving, piercings. Possible heavier scenes. Seeks dominant male 35 or younger or lover for mutual Drummer relationship. Graduating in spring (accounting.) Grades would make relocation easy. Write with offer I can't refuse! Photo, please. Sam, Box 7482LF

### ASS-WIPE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 35, goodlooking, very masculine, 5-6, 135, expert ass licker/sniffer, seeks masculine Master for long periods of face-sitting, ass worship. Will take any amount of heavy verbal abuse, humiliation, to ensure prolonged ass/face contact. Age, weight, not as important as masculinity. PO Box 6362, Chicago IL 60614-6362. 7058LF

### HOT LEATHER FRIENDS

Goodlooking young GWM couple looking for hot leather friends, singles or couples, Nationwide. Need good buddies to share good times and ex-

plore this country of ours. Write PO Box 300534 Denver CO 80203 with interests, etc.

### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 27, 5-11, 140, black/hazel needs muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into absolute mental and physical control. I need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into his groveling slave animal thru severe torture, discipline, use and abuse. Box 6239LF

### THANK YOU

Gitchie Manitou/Great Spirit. Sir, Thank You Master Tony, Sir. Sirs of Drummer, Thank You, For Through My Ad I Found my Spiritual and Sexual Master/Teacher/Lover. May All You, my Brothers, Find Your Path In Balance Upon The Earth Mother, As I Have. Sirs, Blessed Be.

### SHAVING/HAIRCUTS

Young barber, 24, wants hot men into head and body shaving, crewcuts, flat tops, military high and tight. Also like bondage, heavy nipple and ballwork, being shaved. My clippers and razors are sharp and ready. Let's shear off some fur! Photo and letter to Box 7052LF

### DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 41, blue, blond, WM seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you are submissive and need discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict Daddy. Serious only write or call before Midnight EST (The number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond VA 23240. 7039LF

### SLAVES WANTED

Experienced Master will make all your fantasies become real in his incredibly equipped dungeon. If you have always dreamed of being stripped naked and held captive by a ruggedly handsome Slavemaster, this is your opportunity. You will be whipped, humiliated, caged and creatively tortured with a wide variety of imaginative devices. Weekend trainings for both novices and experienced slaves. Completely safe and discreet. Box 7574

### HAIRY BIKER DADDY

40, seeks younger son/slave to service my needs and keep house. You must be 5-6 or shorter. Send photo and address or phone to be considered. Transportation to Southern California included for the right person. Box 7573

### DOMINANT BLACK MASTER

Big, masculine male, 25, 6-1, 185, healthy, safe/sane & goodlooking seeks white, beefy, submissive, masochistic, masculine bottom to be my Yes Sir male bull twat and totally passive leather slave. Must be real slave, not fantasy seeking jo'ers. No smoker/drugs. Photo and moustache a must. Box 7037LF

### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER/LOVER

slave, 36, 5-9, 135 lbs, good shape, shaved head and body, five and a half inch cut dick, 2 gauge PA, experienced, seeks to serve in-control, skilled, trustworthy Master/Lover 25-50. Intense SM, dominance/submission, service in one-on-one ownership relationship. Health, no drugs. Photo please, thank You, Sir. Box 7514LF

### SHORT-TERM SLAVERY SOUGHT

Hot, muscular man, 35, seeks a weekend or so as slave to a goodlooking, in shape, caring, experienced Master for SM, bondage, sex, and servitude. Master with dungeon and slave(s) given special consideration, but all considered. Photo/letter gets mine. RMB, 4391 Sunset #375, LA, CA 90029.

### SM REALITY

Dominant sane Sadist wanted by hot masochist for control of mind and body. No fantasy. M is 5-10, muscular 170, bl/bl, beard and exceptional pain level. Into bondage, heavy torture of three quarter inch protruding tits, bare ass and back floggings

and other tortures desired by S. Based in NYC, but travel frequently to Chicago and No. and So. Calif. Also will travel USA for right Topman. Send description of yourself and desires. 5444LF

### SLAVE WITH EXPERIENCE

desired by 42 yr old W Master w/lover. If you know how to service a stocky, hairy, sadistic Master, then send letter, photo and phone now to Master Robert, Box 26412, Dallas, TX 75226. All letters answered, only one slave will be accepted. 7436LF

### TRAINING

Top WM, experienced, with specific drives: handguns, gun leather, physical control, SM, Nazi SS/SA, police, uniforms, tall black boots, being in command. I want to meet all serious real men for action. Secluded meetings together are possible after exploring our similar interests. Box 7423LF

### GERMAN MILITARY MASTER

Looking for Big b dicks and/or older queens that can be submissive. Ferns & fatties are fine. MS, BD, WS, BP, toys, rimming, potty seat, piercing. All replies w/hot photos. KWS, 1710 Independence Parkway, Plano TX 75075.

### LET'S KICK BALLS!

Let's punch balls, knee balls, smash balls, grind balls, grab balls. Prefer deep-inside pain rather than surface skin pain. No drugs. Public scenes (backrooms, alleys,) or private. Who can take more? Bearded ballman, 32, 5-8, 160, always in leather. I travel everywhere. POB 791443, Dallas, TX, 75379. 7449LF

### MASSIVE CHESTED MEN

WANTED. 6 ft, 210 pound hairy weightlifter, 48 inch chest, seeks massive chested weightlifters, wrestlers, bodybuilders, barrel chested football players. I will travel to meet. Send shirtless photo, letter, phone number: Occupant, 1821 Restful Drive, Apt. N-24, Bradenton FL 34207.

### SERIOUS B&D BOTTOM WANTED

Submission scenes, bondage, verbal abuse, frat hazing, military discipline, light SM. Bottom is muscular WM, 25-35, enthusiastic, spirited. Positives: college jocks, construction workers, intelligence, correct attitude. Negatives: raunch, drugs, BBs, excessive hair. Possible relationship or Master/slave. Top is 41, 5-8, 160, HIV-neg, clean shaven. Descriptive letter w/photo, phone. Box 6971LF

### LOVING BOY WANTS DADDY

Somewhere out there is a Leather Daddy/Master who is looking for a boy who is new to the leather scene. My love for leather and eagerness to please is strong. I am 29, 5-8, 165 lbs, brown hair, hazel eyes, little body hair and uncut. Prefer hairy men, but not necessary. I enjoy music, Nautilus, free weights, aerobics, and safe sex. Carl, Box 632601, Nacogdoches, TX 75963.

### WANTED SLAVEBOY/SON

Little brother to live in. Must be able to adjust and fit in to established lifestyle. Must be submissive and able to take orders. If you are looking for permanent relationship, are in 20s or 30s, send frank letter of application, photo and phone to 6901 Orange Grove Circle, Tucson AZ 85704.

### WORLDCLASS MUSCLEGOD

Handsome studhung blond bodybuilder Top: rockhard pecs, huge pierced pussyripper, pulsating manhole enlarger encased in bulging codpiece. Tan/shaved for exhibition. My ripped/vascular manhandler body deserves a mature well positioned, financially successful, spiritually solid, hungry fuckmouth, bootlicker, muscleslave pisspig to suck worshipjuice. Tough heavyduty action! Letter, phone, photo required. 6835LF

### TRAVELING TOP

I am a damned good traveling Top - and a true sadist with all that it implies. I will cause you pain - but I will never harm you. I will earn your trust and friendship - submit to Box 1102, Great Neck, NY 11027. 4255LF

### YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN

considered hot and fun, versatile, creative. Plow my throat with your horsecock, stretch my ass with

your hands and toys, bondage, groups, leather, TT, FF, whatever your kinky mind desires. No scat or heavy pain but you can expand my other limits. Can I work on yours? Will travel. (Want a travel buddy?) Want to move to California. Write Sailor, PO Box 452503, Miami FL 33245. 7218LF

### DADDY

GWM, 5-11, 170lbs goodlooking, healthy, intelligent, sensitive, a Daddy image. Am supportive, professional, an up personality. Travel continuously throughout the country for my position and would be looking for a counterpart son for companionship and mutual satisfaction in various locations. AIDS conscious, no booze, drugs, smokers. Send photo and phone to Box 7371LF

### HOT AND HORNY COUPLE

Wants to be your fucking mirror image, matching you and your lover/partner/slave/son, stroke for stroke, position for position, side by side at the same time in our playroom. Voyeur couple seeks visiting COUPLES for fun times. Join us. Occupants, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago 60641. 6846LF

### HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 34, 6 ft, 155, has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF, dildoes, GR, FR, shaving, tits, Leather, toys, mirrors and slings. Write PW, Box 930622, Norcross, GA 30093. 6942LF

### ATTENTION BEARS & CUBS

Daddy Bear, 37, has cub 32. Looking for other cubs and Daddies for safe sex, rubbers, cigars, asswork, TT, BD, WS, toys and games. Smoke and aroma okay. Beards, leather and uniforms a plus but not required. Boxholders, PO Box 08603, Minneapolis, MN 55408. 7343LF

### AUSSIE LEATHERMAN

Handsome, hung, 34 yo, 6-2, 180 lb, country boy with very creative mind. Visits US often, desires contact with others into military or prison induction scenes with head and body shaving, torture and rape. Written fantasy leading to real scenes during visit, top or bottom. Box 6732LF

### DAD SEEKS HAIRY UNCUT BOY

U R N 2 WS, Leather/Levi, outdoors, sports, arts, theatre, monogamous, affectionate, well founded, masculine. Age, looks unimportant. Me: 50, hz, br, GWM, hopeless romantic, sensitive, sincere, masculine. Box 7572

### MASTERS

Slave is looking for Masters in US and Europe. I am 28 and into TT, CBT, whips, hoods, dildoes, humiliation, piss, bondage. Aroma and smoke OK. Please write to: Chris Nilsson, Mossebergsv. 17, 16134 Bromma, Sweden. 6492LF

### BIG CIGARS - REAL MEN

Muscular, 'stached WM 28 5-8 160lbs wants a cigar-smoking Top with a "take no shit" attitude. If you're lookin' for a real man - not a limpwristed queen, you've found one. Work me over. If you're into punching and pulling and pile driving face/butt fucking call (818) 889-5475 or write: POB 9661 Canoga Park, CA 91309. 6777LF

### MASTER TRAVELS NATIONWIDE

Big dicked GWM, commercial pilot, 32, 6-3, 210 lbs of muscle wants hungry puckered asshole to fuck/beat and fist. Also into assplay, Fr/p, CBT, TT. I travel free. NYC based. Visitors welcome, any age/race. Correspondence OK but a tight asshole preferred. Send nude photo/phone. Box 7392LF

### HELP!! I'M SHRINKING!!!

Like to imagine you're a towering giant?? Or that you could shrink someone down to doll-size? I like to fantasize I've been shrunk to only a few inches tall. Humiliated by my size, I look up in awe at colossal hairy legs, towering over me like skyscrapers!! Box 7367LF

### COACH NEEDED

35-45 coach, athletic Dad, workout buddy wanted for sports/military discipline, sharing, service: your 'best boy'. I'm versatile, nice looking young 36, 6ft, 170, brn, hairy, moust, professional, healthy, into police, military, outdoors, underwear, leather. Texan but will travel, relationship possible. Box 7407



## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

### TORTURE BUDDIES!

WM, 30s, lean, athletic, straight type, seeks same for safe, sadistic fun! Want other manly young torture enthusiasts for playful but sizzling adventures, fiendish tests of manhood and endurance, whipping and torturing each other's hard bodies without injury or lasting marks! Want regular guys, no sleaze, submission, brutality. Box 7330LF

### BOY WANTED

GWM, 40, tall, lean, No B.S. Dad, into weight workouts, wrestling, heavy bondage scenes, seeks boy 18-30 to take full charge of. Letter with photo to Box 6831LF

### SEEK MENTAL DOMINATION

Healthy, mature, secure, 5'11, 160, trained bootlicking dogslave existing to serve. Seeking a MASTER into mental domination and mindfucking until my only thoughts focus on MASTER'S wishes. I am ready to surrender complete control of my life in humble submission and exist as MASTER's property. 7331LF

### TIRED OF WIMP BOYS!!

Rugged attractive mid-fifties sadist Whipmaster, sane and safe, seeks trim masochist slaves under 45 for intense weekend SM workouts. No raunchy or overweight. Write detailed letter for application. Tom, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123. 5760LF

### TOUCH MY HAIR

lightly. Feel my hard shoulders, then the biceps. Smell my ripe farmer armpits. Tongue both big tits. Hold my tight, warm, leathered butt. Then descend down - down - and unlace my tall logger boots - smell the musky sweat - lick the dusty leather. You're mine, bootlicker. I'll be yours too - swapping favor for favor. But only one will wear the massive iron collar. Only one will sleep hooded, gagged, immobilized. Box 33, Riner VA 24149. 7352LF

### BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Student, 22, 5-10, 185 lbs, brn/brn, six and a half inches cut, bottom looking for Leather Master 25-45 to train me. Interests include shaving, wzx, light to heavy bondage, chains, leather, latex, shackles, TT, CBT, toys, enemas, lots of ass play, mummification (?) Help to expand my limits to please you. Sir, please write with photo, phone, and instructions. Tom, PO Box 1441, Kent OH 44240.

### MEN IN JOCKEY SHORTS

turn me on. White cum-stained, piss-stained, worn for a week. Suck me off through mine, I'll do the same for you. Send me your dirty, sweaty cum-encrusted briefs for me to sniff. PO Box 18055, Denver, CO 80218. Do it Mister!

### TOTAL ENSLAVEMENT

offered by handsome top to two slender, healthy, full-service cocksuckers and asslickers. Master is smart, mature, manly, with good body and huge, uncut pole. Quiet, family-style living in woodland environment. Limited travel. Bad habits unacceptable. If seriously committed and immediately available, call 214/593-2307. Box 7584LF

### TALL TRIM GOODLKG (HIV-)

Mid 30s, bottom/masochist needs Top/Sadist, leather, boots, piss, BD, TT, CBT, ass beating, grease, dirt, punching, stomping, control, piercing, training. Burly biker types a plus, but action more important than looks. Photo gets you a hotter one in return. Box 7157LF

### COPS/OTHER BOOTED MEN

Smartass Military, cocky airline pilots, swaggering cowboys, crewcuts, high and tights, no beards. Handsome sane but tough TOP will cuff, feed BOOTS and SQUARE AWAY wiseassed BOOTED men punished and confined when needed. 21+, photo/letter, preference to uniformed safe sex, white only. Box 7545LF

### I HAVE BOTH

GWM, 35, 5-11, 195 lbs, bodybuilder. Hung 9 inches by 6 and a half. Seeking abnormally huge guys to service. I will glide your hog down my expert, velvet, deep deep throat for unlimited time periods. Serious, slow, intense. Bored? Try a little facial abuse, knock me around, make me do it

right. Foto/fone to 105 Charles St., #124, Boston MA 02115.

### I WILL WALK ON HOT COALS

for you, Sir. This handsome, masculine (Daddy-type,) hairy hung 35, 5-11, 190 brown & brown, with sensitive nipples, obedient rear wants you to tie him face down to the workbench for your service. SF Peninsula but will relocate, esp. for black-haired, brown skinned Master. Rural OK. Drummer Box 7504

### FORMER SLAVE BB

now proud Ledermeister wants to meet his match. Seeks company of others who have come up the hard way or will train other hardbodies who aspire to middle/top management positions. Equal opportunity boss, 5-11, 175 pounds of perfect proportions, Texas tits, massive 8 in. cut. Apply with photo and stats to Box 6683LF

### MUSCLEATHER

Leatherman serious about bodybuilding, posing, body worship wants to exchange photos and possibly meet other men who are proud enough to show it. Will also consider BB training for a slave with potential to be huge. Box 6237LF

### LEATHER AND LACE

Sensitive, imaginative, demanding, bi leather Master seeks trim, thoughtful, submissive, passable, sissy slut TVTS, 20-40, under 5-9, for friendship, devoted service as slave. Rewards may include leather bondage, public displays, shaving, heavier training. Formidable mail training available. Photo, VHS returned. BD, Box 190, Portland OR 97075-0190.

### CUM PLAY WITH DAD-SON

You take charge. Create safe, imaginative "Hot Games" for us to enjoy, like basketball, watersports, basic training, follow orders, ripe jockstraps, love leather, beg and eat, exhibitionism, pain and pleasure, Top/bottom. Make Dad your plaything. Ideas/photo/phone to: Al, Box 1356, Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159.

### BODYBUILDERS

I've got a big dick. So what! I'm into servicing you, and mutual titwork, ballstretching, and assplay. 6-2, 170, 37, tight gym body, stash, hairy chest (sometimes), nice nipples (like having two extra dicks!) Flight attendant, travel nationwide. Canada and Europe. Photo gets same (promptly). Rick, Box 6704LF

### WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, assussy needs assplowing from hung, inshape Tops, 28-40 yrs. Into domination, VA, spanking, TT, CBT, groups, shaving. Love big cocks. No scat, FF, damage. Me: 5-5, 130 lbs, beard, submissive. Hank (312) 989-4236, Box 25182, Chicago IL 60625. 6973LF

### HANDSOME WHITE SLAVE

Looking for Black or Latin Master who knows how to treat a prime piece of White meat. Need to be dominated and owned by masculine, handsome Master. My limits only exist to be broken and expanded. Slave: 6-2, 210, healthy, muscular, football player's build. Willing to relocate. Box 7320LF

### MEN 45 OVER +

GWM, 6ft, 190, 30s, 8 inches, short or long term, overnight, into all endurance, pain, sweat, oil, etc. Top or bottom. Wax, heavy tit work. Into most scenes. Lean-slim +. Jim, (305) 757-1501. 6974LF

### SIR!

Bootlicker begs to serve hot verbal leathermaster. WM slave, versatile, 42, 5-6, 135 lbs, masculine, muscular, nice body, digs humiliation, obedience training, BD, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, serving, servicing Master. This cocksucker needs your control, use and abuse, Sir! Also other slaves to fulfill mutual fantasies. Can travel. Safe. Box 7493LF

### WANTED: TRUCKER'S BOY

47 yr old trucker seeks young boy to train for ownership. Learn trucking from the bottom. Permanent only, no bullshit. Will provide what you need. Weekends - (209) 298-6527. Box 6057LF

### MUTUAL GROWTH

Serious, solid, stable, black man, 32, 5-11, 185, masculine, muscular, seeks like-minded partner for mutual physical, spiritual, sexual, intellectual, and emotional growth. I'm intensely sexual, spiritually aware, physically healthy (HIV negative,) introspective. Pierced tits on big pecs. Like Lifting, cycling, beer, leather. Photo, phone if possible. Box 7477LF

### WANTED SLAVEBOY/SON

Little brother to live in. Must be able to adjust and fit in to established lifestyle. Must be submissive and able to take orders. If you are looking for permanent relationship, are in 20s or 30s, send frank letter of application, photo, and phone to 6901 Orange Grove Circle, Tucson AZ 85704.

### BEAR TOP

Hairy, hunky Sicilian stud, 35, 6-2, 210 lbs, football players build, big and thick. Hunting for BARE BOTTOM, butch, hunk, stocky, muscular pussy-ass, male cunt for hibernating assplay. Photo, phone a must for reply. DADDY BEAR. Box 7405

### OLDER SON SEEKS DADDY

Son, WM bottom, over 50, interesting, honest, young acting and thinking, 5-9, 185, seeks serious-minded Disciplinarian to whom son can report periodically for behavior review, discipline and corporal punishment. Not necessarily a sex scene, but sex OK if desired. Son is responsible, authentic, intelligent, versatile, able to travel or entertain. Besides needed discipline, son enjoys conversation, information, correspondence, friendship, and occasional trips with Daddy. Son owns home located upstate New York (near Syracuse). Discretion required and reciprocated. Please write Boxholder, PO Box 121, Baldwinsville, NY 13027-0121. Thank you!

### BRAWN DEFICIENCY

Italian L/L Top, 37, requires well/excellent built WM bottoms, other hot tops, Blond USMC, SEAL, cop a plus. Big pecs, CBBT, bondage, oil, sweat, tattoos, outdo/ado to stimulation of fantasies fulfilled. Additional men/gameroom possible. Phone, photo to occupant Box 91181 Henderson NV 89009. 7466LF

### FLEECE-LINED LEATHER

fetish, 6-3, 185 lbs, silver hair, blue eyes, 52 yrs old bottom searching for Top/Daddy/Master (black, brown, white, 35-65 yrs old) into total leather or heavy sheepskin-lined leather (WWII or RAF sheepskin flight jackets, pants, boots or mountain man fur, for possible sturdy relationship. Safe-sex bottom is into FF, TT, BD, CBT, dildoes, GP (no fr). Reply, picture if possible, to: PO Box 476842, Chicago IL 60647.

### MUCKER

5-9, 165, average built, seeks buddies into muck or mud wallowing scenes, clothed in boots, 501s, leather or rubber, travel Northeast but answer anywhere. Have city cellar but looking for barn, barnyard or country facilities. Age-looks secondary, muck/mud action counts. Contact Box 7464LF

### BIG BOY SEEKS MUSC DAD

Handsome, masc, hunky, All-American boy, 25, bl/bl 6-2, 185#, looking for muscular, masc, moustached, well-hung daddy (30+) to help me explore/expand my limits in hot, SAFE, sane LEATHERSEX. Am eager to learn. No Drugs. Send photo/phone for reply. PO Box 10005, Chicago IL 60610

### YOUNG, GOODLOOKING

Anyone else with a lover who is not into bondage or SM? Let's exchange notes. Looking for friendship, NOT SEX. South and Mid-Atlantic. Box 7261LF

### HERE'S THE DEAL

GWM, 43, searching for intense, extended forced captivity. You're able to dominate me mentally and physically and possess a facility for long-term confinement and sufficient skill and patience to develop me at a pace that's meaningful to us both. Mark, 1530 Locust, #22, Philadelphia PA 19102. 7269LF

### HUNKY, HOT DADDY

Handsome WM, 40s, 6-3, hot hairy TOP seeks masculine bottom/son to discipline, caress your body and explore our sexual fantasies. Into creative BD, CBT, WS, light SM. Submit detailed letter with photo to Box 6063LF

### LEATHERSON WANTED

by tall goodlooking, professional Dad (WM, 44). Son's qualifications: 21-mid 30s, proportional build, preferably muscular; GR/p FRa/p; explore tit, cock and ball work and BD in monogamous relationship; must be nonsmoker. Son must be able to relocate. If you qualify, write with detailed info including education, work experience, and outside interests. Sam Leatherman, PO Box 1189, Amherst MA 01002. 7263LF

### HOT BIKER SOUGHT

30 year old Harley biker looking for a tough, wild cycle slut into heavy SM scene and Harley lifestyle. Into cigars, sweat, beards, smells, leather, boots, beer, tattoos, dirt, dicks, spit and heavy SM mansex. Send letter and photo to PO Box 2456, New Westminster, BC, Canada V3L 5B6 (Canadian Postage Required.) 6619LF

### RELATIONSHIP

GWM, 31, 6-2, 180#. Leather, BD, Lite SM Top seeks Bottom for romance, intimacy, play and long term companionship. I'm educated, professional, introverted, outdoors oriented. Enjoy urban and rural traveling, good conversation, humor, wit, nature. HIV Negative. No drugs, no smoke. Box 7524

### VERSATILE LEATHER SLAVE

sought by two hot, horny, successful GW men (39, 6 ft, beard; 46, 5-9, moustache). You're hung, trim, masculine, intelligent, motivated, 25-50, seeking wild, safe scenes. Short term OK, but chief interest is in long-term live in. Your photo gets ours. PO Box 428, East Hampton, NY 11937. 7215LF

### SLAVE WANTED

Masculine Master demands no bullshit slave, GWM, 25-35, masculine. This is not a "scene". Master Thom, WM, 44, 6-1, 210, demands slave totally submit for pleasure service, houseboy, buddy, etc. Send for job description, application to Master Thom's agent, Mr. Wayne Peters, 8033 Sunset Boulevard, #624, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Serious slaves only. 6560LF

### SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interested in all safe aspects of SM, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 40, 6-2, 175 lbs, brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshkosh, WI 49077-0039. 6231LF

### SUBMISSIVE SKINHEAD

33, 5-10, 170 bearded hairy. Need to be owned by fat domineering disciplinarian. Eager to submit to forced weight gain, shaving, tattooing, piercing and other body alteration. Open to most scenes; your pleasure comes first, Sir! Anxious to give stern autocrats a lifetime of absolute obedient devotion. all replies answered promptly at Box 7602

### BIKE FLARICO PROTEx DEFENDER

Those names make you stiff? Me too! Lover of jockstraps, leather, boots, uniforms, and military (especially USMC) seeks like-minded men. I'm 39, 5-8, 158, trim hair, health careful, usually bottom but versatile. Travel widely. Photo appreciated. Murray, Box 33831, Station D, Vancouver, Canada V6J 4L6 (Canadian Postage Required.) 7266LF

### HOT HUNKY HORNY HANDSOME

WM/Top/Master/Daddy seeks bottom/slave/pig/son for crazy kinky wild heavy man-to-man sex. Am into EVERYTHING SAFE, am responsible, early 50s, HIV neg, work out regularly. Have hot muscular body, 8-1/2 inch cock, big balls. Especially like masculine bearded hairy bodied jocks who need throat training, heavy tit work, fisting, shaving, and have toilet paper tongues. I feed the hungry! I travel US, Eng, Europe, Japan (also like



## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

submissive Asians and Blacks). Write your needs: no BS. You will not be disappointed! Photo helps. Box 7610

### MOTORCYCLE COP

I have a very good life, would like to find one man to share it with. I'm 5-9, 185, solid muscle, very goodlooking, honest, hardworking, compassionate, strong, caring, confident. Goals: have farm in the country, own my own bodybuilding gym. Fantasy: make hot movie with another bodybuilder. Box 7222LF

### DAD SEEKS BB SON

Successful WM, 38, 5-10, 155, will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

### SHORT RIDER

In-shape, rural guy, 40s, brown/green, 'stached top wants tall, muscled horse with fuckable mouth/ass. Facial looks unimportant. Straight or masculine appearance, strong hangers for my heavy gear. Marathon workouts. Permanent? Box 7555

### PACIFIC NW PISS BUDDY

Bearded, 33, brown/blue, pierced tit, Vancouver/Seattle area. Looking for safe mutual raunch action with masculine moustached or bearded buddies into tit play, piss, aroma, feet, indoors, outdoors, one-on-one or groups. Box 7265LF

### LEATHERSON WANTED

by tall goodlooking, professional Dad (WM, 44). Son's qualifications: 21-mid 30s, proportional build, preferably muscular, GR/p FR/a/p; explore tit, cock & ball work and BD in monogamous relationship; must be nonsmoker. Son must be able to relocate. If you qualify, write with detailed info including education, work experience, and outside interests. Sam Leatherman, PO Box 1189, Amherst MA 01004. 7263LF

### MAN-HUNGRY FOR MEN

specs: 5-11, 160, 44 inch chest, 32 inch waist, 9 inches uncut, seeks same - esp. uncut - large or larger size. Age group 30-47. Needs to exchange cocksucking & cheesy foreskins, pictures and getting off - send letters and pictures showing me what's up! 7457

### WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE

For permanent ownership as this man's prized possession. You: no li...it masochist, into real slavery not fantasy role. Ready to surrender your life, accepting total mind-body discipline, torture, permanent bondage, kink, boot-foot worship, public-private humiliation. Master: dark Italian Scorpion, 35, 6ft, 155 hard, hairy lbs., 8 inch uncut-thick, experienced sadist. Send mandatory biographical application, photos to Box 7262LF

### VIOLENT/RAUNCHY FANTASIES

Do you get turned on imagining boys (e.g. swimmers, skinheads) being humiliated, debauched, depraved, fucked up, beaten up, or...? Let's communicate (phone or letter - IMAGINATION ONLY.) #100-161, 2 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2, Canada.

### CHICAGO/CLEVELAND BOTTOM

Looking for good friends, possible relationships, and good sex. Am SM bottom who likes rough sex, bondage, and whatever. I am 27 yrs old, brown hair, blue eyes, clean shaven, 185 lbs., 6 ft, 34 waist, 42 chest, hairy. Generally spend weekdays in Cleveland and weekends in Chicago. Box 7502.

### TOP SEEKS BB BOTTOM

Dominant top, 39, 5-10, 155 lbs, will provide discipline, room and board, etc. for bodybuilding training. Build your body and mind. Become that muscle pussy you need and want. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS, 66502.

### SO. CAL VIRGIN BUTT

Handsome, 27 yr old WM, br/br, HIV-neg, 6-2, 175 lbs, 8 inch cock, half inch nipples, seeks passive introduction to anal sex. Safe anal play and fucking is what I'm in need of. I will submit as you see fit. I'll travel within the 48 contiguous states. Photo and phone get my immediate obedience. Box 7448

### L.A. LEATHER

Leather couple seeks playroom with possible 3 or 4 way. R&B, POB 6693, Beverly Hills CA 90212.

### RETIRED TEXAN

Likes to make Leather Events in N. America, Europe. Looking for traveling partner for double occupancy traveling on gay cruises. Also into med SM, TT and CBT. (409) 233-8588 5:30-10:30 CST.

### SEEKING BLACK MAN

37, professional WM, 5-11, 170 lbs, brown hair, eyes, moustache, would like to apply for position as bootlicker, asskisser, and juice worshipper to black stud, leathergod, or muscle hunk. PO Box 3544, Oak Park, IL 60303.

### DEPRAVED

masochistic slave seeks experienced sadistic topmen for weekend ritual. Box 7590

### EXHIBITIONIST DADDY

44 y/o in leather, bodybuilder, tattooed, shaved, wants exhibitionist boy (21-35) for show-offs in public and j/o in oil, chains, cockrings, mirrors, uncovered windows. Frank letters and photo a must. (International Postage Required.) Box 7511

### ATHLETIC GWM

24, 175, 6 ft, white, looking for relationship. Lonely, lived in country. Want intelligent 30-55. Enjoy fishing, camping, outdoors, quiet evenings home. Box 7586

### TATTOO ARTIST MASTER

Seeks live-in slave. Age/race/looks/experience unimportant. Attitude is! Trust is the base. Tattooing, piercing, BD, CBT, wax, WS, enemas and humiliation are some teaching tools. Love the bond. I'm 35 GWM Bear, healthy and sane. I demand obedience and growth. Send letter/photo/phone to Box 7054LF

### OBEDIENT BODYBUILDER

6-3, blond/blue, moustache, 30. Handsome and smart. Looking for long-term relationship with MAN who knows who's Boss - in and out of bed. Need overprotective, possessive, genuine man to call the shots. Enforced chastity, control and trust. Photo available. PO 16813, San Diego CA 92116. 5077LF

### ENEMA BOY WANTED

Daddy, 46, 6 ft, 190, hairy, muscular, moustache, 9 inches cut, healthy, seeks smaller, younger, submissive, obedient, clean-living boy, nice physique (preferably smooth), who needs/loves/craves discipline, guidance, affection. Must travel/visit. Permanent situation possible. Revealing photo required. Rob, Box 53, Georgetown, TX 78627. 7201LF

### FART SNIFFER

seeks assholes to lick. Robert/PO 181281, Dallas 75218, (214) 320-2785

### HUNKY FOOT MAN

tattooed weightlifter. Box 3338LF

### HOT YOUNG LEATHERMAN

Travelling US, 22 year old adventurous man. Into leather, SM, FF, raunch, cigars and more. Willing to try new things. Am 5-6, brn/blue, 8 inches, muscular. Seek older than self, adventurous types. Respond with photo and phone to Jordy, PO Box 125, Station H, Toronto Ont. M4C 5H7.

### ANYTHING & EVERYTHING

28 WM 5-8 130 grn/brown. San Francisco CA (415) 337-6068

### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

for lifelong commitment. Photo/phone to: PO Box 5308, Arlington VA 22205.

## ALABAMA

### LOOKING FOR BUDDY/LOVER

Hot, horny, 32 yr old WM, 200 lb, black hair, beard, pierced, looking for big butch buddy who likes to pitch and catch. Into most scenes, open to exploration. No one nighters, smokers, drugs. Long hair, piercings, face and body hair, and tattoos real turn-ons. Your pic gets mine. Let's get together! Box 7397LF

## ALASKA

### BEST MESSAGE OF YOUR LIFE

Will nurture your body and mind. Relaxed, private atmosphere, friendly discreet masseur - Gabriel, (907) 272-9045.

## ARIZONA

### FURRY BEARS!

33 year old man looking for furry bear to manhandle him! (The more body hair, the better!) Send letter and picture to: "ART" PO Box 62611, Phoenix, AZ 85082-2611.

### ROPE AND GAG ME

GWM, Goodlooking, 35, needs to be totally subdued with tight ropes and gags. Photo/phone to PO Box 44484, Phoenix AZ 85064.

## ARKANSAS

### CAMP SLAVE WANTED

I'm looking for a slave mule with tits, balls, dick, & ass to play with on those long Ozark nights under the stars. Tote my pack pulled by a ball leash. Cook & clean in tit and ball weights. Take your punishment tied to a tree. Photo gets an inspection. Box 7441

## NORTH. CALIFORNIA

### BB LEATHER MASTER

Intelligent BB with Leather titles, Leather Highway Patrol Control, nightstick and cuffs, glint of mirrored glasses, police violence/abuse, complete boot service, body service - respect the Law! Box 7458

### SILICON VALLEY BEAR

Bear, early 40s, chunky, balding, seeking cubs. Interests include leather, bondage, shaving, piercing, jo, cuddling, voyeurism, photography. Write to: Bear, Box 611253, San Jose CA 95161.

### FUCK BUDDY WANTED

WM, 5-7, 145, 32, br/br, moustache, sexy, defined body. Ass likes plowing from in-shape studs 28-40. Likes raw sex. Am cute, versatile. Let's have sex fun. Answer with photo. Box 7577

### SHARED OWNERSHIP

Intelligent, pushy, tastefully restored/maintained classic, plush exterior, must be seen to be appreciated, high mileage (but wears it well,) tread like new, power steering, automatic antenna, handles well, high compression manual injection engine, magnificent headers, does require some greasel/oil occasionally, overall a wonderful way to go. Box 7461

### BONDAGE BOTTOM

SF leatherman, masculine, white, 32, seeks experienced Top for bondage and safe SM sex. Have toyroom and experience. I need "training" and have the facilities/equipment to do it right. Skilled "trainer" planing to visit SF requested to write in advance to assure memorable visit. Discretion required and reciprocated. Photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

### WANTED: OLDER/EXPERIENCED

Dad by 25 year old (bottom or mutual) boy. I'm looking to explore/realize my sexual fantasies including toys, bondage and uniforms. Boy loves beefy daddies with moustaches and chewable tits. Boy is willing and eager to learn. Mutual consent and respect a must. Reply to Box 7576

### WHIPMASTER

44 y/o brn/brn, 5-4, 125 lbs, wants you for switch hitting with my collection. Prefer experienced but will train as necessary. Peter Fiske, 631 O'Farrell, SF CA 94109. (415) 623-0452

### TIT PLAY

GWM 42, 6-2, 165 lbs, bald with light brown short beard and blond moustache, hairy except around nipples and balls, into tit torture, ball play, cock sucking. Seeks same for mutual play. Larry - 2419 15th St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

### INSATIABLE TITS & ASS

WM, 5- 10, 150, 38 yrs, brn/brn/bnd, total bottom

with big sensitive nips, hungry hole seeks tops for heavy TT, FF, toys, VA, stretching, aroma/smoke in long sessions, groups. Box 7593

### PIERCING EYES

Partner wanted by WM, 40, balding, stache, incredible eyes. I'm muscular, severely goodlooking, passionate and fun. Into boots, leather, and imaginative play. I'm usually Top yet have the willingness to trust a man who can accept and return the above. Partial to tall, very muscular men. I'm exceptional; you be too. Photo with honest letter. Serious only. Box 7284LF

### EASTBAY SHITHOLE SNIFFER

GWM, 44, asshole lover eager to meet men who turn on to having their holes sniffed, slurped, and fingered. Forget the Dial soap and smell like a human male. A fat uncut cock is great, but hell, I'll enjoy whatever you have. Hot note & phone to Box 6371LF

### WANTED: MASOCHIST SLAVE

Tall goodlooking WM, 38, leather sadist seeks part time masochist/slave. Interests: leather, safe ass/face fucking, CBT, bondage, SM, whips, chains, dildoes, bootlickers, VA, piss, hoods, grovelers, slapping around, sharing slaves with other Masters, motorcycles, weeknite scenes. Photo, phone, specs to: Box 7053LF

### DAD NEEDS DOMINANT SON

Submissive, affectionate Dad is GWM, 49, 6-2, 175. Dad is home oriented with many interests, a non-smoker, self employed. Dad is sucker, rimmer, fuckee. You are slim. Looks and race unimportant. Kink (except scat) enhances submission. Mildly handicapped Dad will answer all serious responses. Box 7566LF

### TOP BOY

Top, 20s, wants bottom daddies for occasional play. You: 40+, chunky, good cocksucker, love to be fucked. Leather, rubber, light to medium bondage and SM. No relationship, no commitment, just sex. I will answer all. Box 7527

### RIVER AREA

Looking for same. Wrestling, bondage, muscle builder, 215#, sweat, pits. No fakes, fems, phonies. Adventurist, all round, rugged, straight acting and appearing. Steve PO Box 600, Guerneville, CA 95446. Send picture and sincere letter. 7224LF

### BONDAGE TEACHER NEEDED

GWM, 26, 5-11, brn/blu, beard. Looking for 25-40 muscular u/c teacher of ropes, stocks, etc. . . Not looking for love, just hot times. Willing to try anything once. Photo/phone gets mine. Box 7467

### HOT BOTTOM FOR BUTCH TOPS

28, 5- 11, 190, built, hairy, hung, healthy, hot looking WM bottom/slave seeks part-time hairy, hung tops for safe ass/face fucking, SM, BD, VA, CBT, TT, LL, etc. Send photo, phone and details to Box 7583

### SELF ASSURED MAN WANTED

to piss in my hair, spit on me, call me names and anything else that he wants to do. I'm 28, tall, thin, brown hair and eyes, moustache. Let's exchange photos. Write Fred at Box 7578

### HOT HORNY LIBIDO SEEKS MEN

GWM, 39, 6-2, 175 lbs of horny man, lt. brown hair/beard, 7 in. cut. I please the man I'm with. Looking for GWM, 30-45, who likes fucking, sucking, dildoes, (FFA, bondage Top,) 3 or more plus whatever our horny minds cum up with. My body awaits to please men. Box 7298LF

### SM BUTTFUCK-N-GENTLEMAN

Handsome leatherman who just happens to be a caucasian, 35 yrs, 5-10, 150 lbs, cut 8, versatile. Master trainer & player graduated top hog at Pig City U. Looking for members from Manu Cum Lowly & a partner in grime for life, love, and the hereafter. Parties interested must exceed limits of social, religious & political stereotypes. Happy hands and hungry holes welcome. Box 7505

### ATTENTION: DANNY

Thanks for all the HOT FUCKS. Love you always. Clyde.



## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

### SAN JOSE TV SLAVE-MAID

Special white male SJSU graduate student 35, 5-11, 160, hazel, bleached blond, hung, seeks engineer-booted Leather-Master who will keep me in long wigs, filled bras, skirts, high-heels, earrings, chains, cages or cells, discipline, for Life. Licensed as a realtor and beautician. Experienced as a waitress. Box 6976LF

### RUBBER

If you love the taste, feel, smell, sight and sound of shiny black rubber and like big guys with full beards and dirty minds who like to play with black rubber, write to: R. Barrow, 20 Washington Park Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941.

### SLAVE/BOY WANTED

by 30 yo bodybuilder/Master. You must be submissive, willing and ready to become my property. 18-28 only, BD, SM. Safe and Sane. Write with photo: Boxholder, PO Box 5201, Redwood City, CA 94063.

### ARROGANT SON NEEDED

Seeking arrogant, foul mouthed son who needs a bottom Daddy to deliver hot butt and oral service his way! Give serious corporal punishment, verbal abuse. Taunt, tease and abuse this butt hole. Amuse yourself while teaching lesson in humiliation and service. GWM, 40, 160, 5-8, no drugs. Box 7324LF

### SILICON VALLEY SM SLUT

WBIM, youthful trim 40s, HIV-neg, hot and horny professional, an experienced, sensitive Top/bottom with insatiable nipples, into leather, bondage and SM seeks playful, articulate, reasonably fit buddy for hot, safe SM play and sex. SF Bay area. Photo appreciated, exchanged. Box 7435LF

### NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apart-

ment. You're 18-40, White or Oriental, drug/smoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 6123LF

### BONDAGE

Prolonged immobilization, restraint, mummification, ace bandages, tape, harnesses, suspension, playroom, mirrors, stretched balls, hoods, sweaty armpits, muscles, crotches, jockstraps, spandex, latex, rubber, leather boots, uniforms, gas masks, catheters, clamps, electroshock, wax, shaving. 42, muscular, trimmed beard, tattooed, ringed tits. Experienced, fit tops/bottoms, safe only. (415) 648-2844 until 10 PM.

### BUTT WORSHIP

Hot GWM 34, wants hot men to spread their cheeks and slide down my long wet tongue for hours of worship, BD also. George (415) 441-1128.

### BEAR + BEAR

HIV + warm + friendly goodlooking stud bear 6' + 6" + 190#, 36 yr old dark hair, moustache, horny GWM looking for an equal who can pitch and receive I 2 I and is basically at ease. I like big hairy men. You must be employed, content, comfortable and know the difference between power and abuse. Your photo gets mine. Jim PO Box 1951 Mill Valley, CA 94942.

### YOUNG TOP WANTED

Me: 37, 5-6, 150, WM, hairy, goodlooking professional. You, 25-35, smooth, creative into BD, CBT, hoods, light SM in bedroom, friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box 6933

### FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg WM 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK.

No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco CA 94114

### BONDAGE BUDDY WANTS LESSONS

Triple pierced, tattooed, bondage novice, 36, 5-10, 165, brown, brown, seeks bondage buddy who is willing to show me the ropes. A top that enjoys being a bottom as well. Foreskin a plus! If you teach me well, you may soon find yourself experiencing what you have taught! Scott, Box 7509

### MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN

needed by hot muscular leatherboy: 5-9, 160, 7 inches, 34. Looking for dominant, hung, goodlooking Top man into Leather games, bondage, and things that please you. Photo with letter gets mine. Box 7503

### YOUNG MAN WANTED

I am an HIV- 49 year old professional who wants and needs a young man, 18 to 26, for a long-term monogamous relationship. You should be fit, submissive, obedient and genuinely attracted to older men. I want an ambitious HIV- boy who can be either top or bottom and needs someone to control, guide, and assist him with his life. Explicit letter and photo to Box 7451

### HOT KINKY DADDY

who is caring and sensitive would like to explore your mentality as well as your sexuality. My interests range from consciousness and spirituality to leather, and pits to piss and tits to toes, etc. I am GWM, 45, 6-1, 165, moustache and hairy chested. If you are aware and honest and can relate to the above, write with photo and phone. Box 7196LF

### DADDY NEEDS A DADDY

Southbay WM, 45, 5-7, 145 lbs, non-smoker, versatile. Looking for nonsmoking WM Top, 25+ with lots of patience with Daddy who doesn't relax easily, but wants to expand his limits. Don, Box 2113, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

### TOP MAN WANTED

28 year old male looking for a top man. Must be over 30 years old. I am 6 ft, and 178 lbs and I am hairy. Anyone interested in a possible relationship please call (408) 379-8047 (San Jose)

### WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

18-35 years old, WM, who wants to share leather sex. Must be turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Need safe sex with right boy. Call me and let's talk. (415) 861-0581. 7155LF

### STRAP BUDDY/BALL PAL

Paddles for both, turn around with crop. Work each other, spanking butts. Tap balls if you like it, since I do. Really an easy, fun-filled scene - exchanging. Outside gluteous, no inside hole. Exploring fine line of pain/pleasure, but gently, playfully. JO together, plus bottom warming is enough to have really safe sex. 5-9, 150 lbs., 52. (415) 863-0342.

### SEX SLAVE WANTED

Mature SF Master with live-in slave considering expanding his family. Head-space of prime importance mentally and sexually. Complete submission and service expected. Send application to POB 410921, SF 94141.

### SCORE 1

GWM tattooed leather jock who is cagey, versatile and intuitive seeks big and little buddies. Limits respected and challenged. Most scenes. Phone numbers preferred. Box 7480

### PLEASURE-GIVING

Gay white bottom boy, 33 y/o (look 20s) 6-2, 180, (gym addict,) br/br, 32 waist, 44 chest, well-defined, cleanshaven, clean-cut, dirty minded, kinda smart, lotsa fun, very HONEST, seeks same: vanilla to kink (prefer kink,) encounters to relationships (prefer rel.) Desire VERY WELL HUNG TOPS ONLY, 18-35 y/o. Mike, Box 7510

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## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

### SEEK KINKY UNCUT

29 GWM, 5-5, 120, seven and a half c, seeks tall uncut studs into SM, BD, WS, FFA, CBT, expanding limits, tit work. Photo to 534 Castro St., Box 117, SF, CA 94114.

### UNIFORM/LEATHER TOP WNTD

WM, 33, 6 ft, 175, boot dog needs training in care of Boots/Leather/Uniform for military/LE type. Have many fantasies that need to be turned into realities. Interested in cigar smoking Tops with arrogant cocky attitude who want a bootlicker to use and abuse. BD, verbal abuse, hoods, gags. Meeting preferred. Photo/letter exchange possible. Box 3711LF

### SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5-6, 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco CA 94101.

### LEATHER CODPIECE PANTS

A man in leather cod piece pants really turns me on. I want the opportunity to wear my tall boots, leather cod piece pants and leather hood as I abandon myself to servicing your leather encased cock and balls. Box 7579

### SF BAY AREA UNIFORM BEAR

Goodlooking, intelligent, professional bear, 31, 6-3, 215, brown fur, beard, looking for other dark furred bears and cubs into uniforms, leather, campfires, books, bad movies, and picnic baskets. Not into drugs, smoking, alcoholics. Serious only, co-habitation possible, frequent trips to San Diego, Atlanta. Reply with photo and interests. Box 7501

### TORTURE ANIMAL

Masochist, 19-36, sought by muscular sadist, 37,

for use, abuse, experimentation. SF Bay Area. Box 7516

### I WANT YOUR MIND SLAVE!

You must seriously have a compelling need to serve, want to relinquish decisions and have a desire to focus on the wishes of your Master. Also, you must be naturally submissive, docile, have an affectionate nature, and be open and communicative. Persons with these qualifications have permission to call (916) 391-9755. 7410LF

### BUTCH LEATHER BOOT BUDDY

Hot GWM, 6 ft, 175lbs., 45, healthy, seek hot leather studs into tall boots, boot service, cocksucking, JO, SM, CBT, jockstraps, lots of leather, rugged biker look a plus. Photo, letter, & phone to Box 7513

### SF LEATHERMASTER

38, accepting applications for slave/dog bootlicker; nonsmoker to 35. Training will include prolonged leather & steel bondage, hood & gag, shaving, whipping, and cigar branding. Replies must include photo and phone. Box 7439LF

### MR. CHP, SIR!

Your mirrored eyes caught my hairy harnessed chest downstairs at Mr. Drummer. Moustached smile told you much that my bare ass chaps didn't. Shyness won and I lost. Correspond with number or confirming picture to Box 7476

### MASTER SEEKS TOTAL SLAVE

Finally decided to dedicate yourself to a Master? Good! Master is into spanking, CBT, TT, VA, foot worship and total obedience. Me: 39, 6-4, 240, very masculine, dominant and nasty. You: 25-40, in good shape and a true slave mind. Write now! Box 7203LF

### HUMILIATE ME!

Relish my degradation as you tie me up, spank me,

shave me, piss on me, torture my tits and balls. Make me your dog, your slave. Goodlooking 28 year old WM needs severe discipline from cruel but sane Master who really enjoys my humiliation. Safe sex only. Box 7202LF

### SS OFFICER FOR THE 90S

German master gives the orders. You obey. Your ass has one duty: to serve my dildos, fingers, 8 inches and desires. Restraints and punishments applied. Me: attractive, 35, 5-9, 150, blond, blue, taut, demanding. You: 20-40, trim, attractive, white, obedient. Photos with subservient letters only. Box 7565

### SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

Wanted: GWM or Latino, 18-30, for a permanent, live-in situation. Must be willing to clean, cook, and chauffeur, etc. in exchange for room and board. Send photo, letter, and number to Box 7582

### BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Very handsome, masculine, muscular, bottom, L/L, BM 39, 6-1, 178 lbs, healthy, intelligent athlete. Needs training in BD, SM, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane, Sir. Photo & phone. Box 5959LF

### FANTASIES WITH LOVE

Leather topman into BD, TT, CBT, romance, discipline, fantasies, seeks bottom into same. Relationship oriented only. Photo/phone to Box 7550

## SOUTH. CALIFORNIA

### BOTTOM FOR 2 TOPS

2 Top lovers seek hot bottom/slave for action. 18+. 51 yrs, 6-1, 175, gray. 25 yrs, 6ft, 170, brown. Safe/sane action. 21300 Dumetz Road, #B, Woodland Hills, 91364.

### MUTUAL SHITBUDDY WANTED

on regular basis. Heavy into the scene. By bl/bl 38 5-8 160lb, hairy goodlooking pig. Not into fantasy or J/O calls. Action only! Serious, experienced S. California scatmen reply: 1234 N. Laurel Ave., #18, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

### COCK TORTURE

GWM 40 yrs old, 5-10, uncut, blue eyes, brown hair, french active, greek passive wants cock torture and more. Call 714-521-9939, ask for Dave, or write Dave 5699 Fullerton Ave #16, Buena Park CA 92601.

### DEAR DAD,

My name is Larry and I'm searching for you. I'm 5-9, brown/brown, 34, mostly smooth, husky, completely honest and sincere. I'm neither weak nor ignorant but need you to complement my life. I'm naturally submissive with unlimited potential with the proper motivation. I've got the abilities and aggressiveness, but lack discipline and structure to achieve greatness. I want you because you're a teacher and leader. I hope to share, learn, grow and achieve greatness through our association. I want to make a difference individually and collectively. If you know me or want to know me, call and let's see what you need. (714) 220-0513. 6566LF

### SANE UNCUT MASTER

Dominant WM, 180, 6 ft, 44, masc, muscular, well-built, hard nipples, guaranteed HIV-, br/br. Moustache, not afraid of love. Into spanking, rimming, and plowing a hungry bottom with slave mind. You: HIV-, slim, or muscular, wholesome, masculine, 22-35, looking for monogamous caring topman, not into drugs, smoking, or alcohol. Your photo returned with mine. POB 3834, San Diego, CA 92103. 619/297-3044.

### DAD WANTS PONYBOY/SON

Dad, 46, hunky model, exc shape, serious but fun-



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## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

loving, turnons: Leather, uniforms, rubber, spandex. Ponyboy: butch, 21-35, 5-4 to 5-9, must work out. Bubble butt a must, small pony cock a plus, into BD, Body shaving, tit & ass training, ripe armpits. No drugs or smoking. Dad will train. Boys send crotch hair, photo & phone to Dad, Box 7517

### IT'S BIG! IT'S READY!

DO IT! This horny, handsome, proud, experienced man says get over here right now! Your reward is satisfaction. . . Maybe. 38, blond, moustache, 6 ft, germanic, 8 inch cut, 170 solid. Leather worship with mutual pleasure resulting. Ball play specialty. Phone/photo gets same. You be hot and prime! J. K. Harris, Box 7512

### MUTUAL SHIT BUDDY WANTED

On regular basis. Heavy into the scene. By bl/bl, 38, 5-8, 160 lb, hairy, goodlooking pig. Not into fantasy or JO calls. Action only! Serious, experienced S. California scatmen reply: 1234 N. Laurel Ave, #18, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

### COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT

by successful, trim-bearded, hunky San Diego WM 42, masculine, loner, 5-10, 165, 8 in. Son: to 5-11, slim, 7-1/2 plus, 22-37. Levi/Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline/humiliation, heavy cock/ball/body/boot service. WS, dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke, aroma. Write w/pic if possible & phone. Box 6932LF

### WHITE TOP/MASTER/DADDY

wanted by white bottom Teddy Bear, 38, 5-11, 200 lbs. Husky, hairy, brown/hazel, hot tits, moustache. Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, jockstraps. Am G/p, FA/p (front/rear), SM, BD, WS, toys, titplay. Sincere only, Sir, Prefer L.A., Calif. Area. Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles CA 90067. 7483LF

### LOVER COMPANION SLAVEBOY

28 br/bk Italian seeks Master-Daddy Lifemate

25-45 who is masculine, intelligent, into SM/BD and bold enough to love his boy. Will take my place at your side as your loyal boy. Travel throughout California. Box 7540

### OBEDIENT BODYBUILDER

WM, 31, BB, 5-10, 165, very musc, passive, submissive. Boy/cunt seeking total top, Boss in and out of bed, raised to be the man in the family, naturally dominant, overprotective, musc BB who can beat the shit out of anybody his size and likes a bare chested fair fistfight, cops, firemen, military construction a plus. Phone + photo to Box 4246, North Hollywood CA 91607.

### PROFESSIONAL

salt & pepper haired with short beard, hairy, 6-1 tall, 170 lbs, blue eyes seeks similar versatile men with vivid imaginations. F a/p, G a/p or jo sessions outdoors, especially enjoy mutual milking and ploughing and expanding limits. If you desire discipline, submit your needs, expand your curiosities. (714) 758-1522; JAK POB 4382, Anaheim, CA 92803-4382. 7346LF

### BODY WORSHIP

Bottom, 42, GWM, into smelling, licking, servicing your sweaty body, WS, titplay, foreskins a plus. Call 213-654-2741, 5-10 pm PST.

### 2 HOLES IN 1

Masculine, in-shape total bottom, 38, 6-2, 173 has hot mouth and ass for hot cock(s). Toys. Small groups. Box 7462

### CALIF NIPPLES/LEATHERSEX

Handsome muscular GWM 40. Six feet. 170 pounds. Moustache. Insatiable nipples. Top/bottom. Seeks well-built versatile men for extended nipple work, body worship, leather/uniforms, SM, BD. Smoke/aroma. Your hot body, moustache/beard, and kinky imagination are pluses. Photo and letter to Box 7447LF

### ORANGE COUNTY BOTTOM MAN

WM, 5-11, 175, 50, younger looking, average build and looks, 6-1/2 in uncult, shaved balls, looking for Top to fill needs. Will try anything at least once. Expand my limits, you take control. Hiv+. Answer with picture. Box 7121LF

### BLACK AND WHITE COUPLES

Black Top 37, 6-3/white bottom-Top 40, 6-2, seek other Black and White couples into fucking, sucking, fisting, whipping, SM, and other forms of Big-Boy-Sex for hot safe sessions. Have toys, basement with sling, videos. No games - just be hot, horny and honest. Write: BWC, 3347 West 43rd Place, Los Angeles, CA 90008

### GLORYHOLE

Hot leather guys, 18-35, in good shape, to report to private glory hole to be serviced by a leather slave, 28, 165, 5-11, just out of the navy. Very private scene. Sessions happen often, so leave name and number if not in. Call Master Paul, West Hollywood (213) 657-5327. 7048LF

### LEATHER/VET/HARLEY BUDDY

seeks confident, in-charge, life successful and whole person with opportunities for loyal, quality service, respectful partnering & good mansex, then trust-scenes. Graham: open spirited, self-employed, assured, malleable, tactile, (42, 72 inches, 190, stache, brown, hazel, HIV+/good health, ringed, some earned L-gear,) change worthy. 175 Monroe, Pomona 91767.

### TED E. PIG

Pig slut embodied in teddy bear. My right pocket favorite bandanas: CHECKERED (always!), light blue, dark pink, yellow, pale yellow, mustard, gold, hunter green, cocktail napkin, doily, mosquito netting. Me: 6 ft, 165#, 29, dark hair. Wanting pig AND teddy bear relationship. 75% monogamous. Picture and phone gets same. PLEASE SIR! Box 7611

### MUSCLES & COMMITMENT

Educated, Levi/Leather, masculine, hard body, contractor Top (versatile to right partner,) 40s, seeks Lifepartner. Enjoys CBT, TT, Leather, Bondage, Cont. Ed., hard work, workouts, safe sex, friends, goals and honesty. UB Same and career-oriented, employed gym-goer. Phone & Photo to: PO Box 46531, LA 90046.

### LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 48, into serious BD (mummification, immobilization, sensory deprivation,) SM (CBT, TT, whipping, candles, shaving,) Have a fully equipped playroom that's waiting for those special Tops with imaginative and creative minds for kinky action. No drugs. Safe sex only. Call between 9AM-11PM. (818) 843-5428. 7393LF

### ORALIST

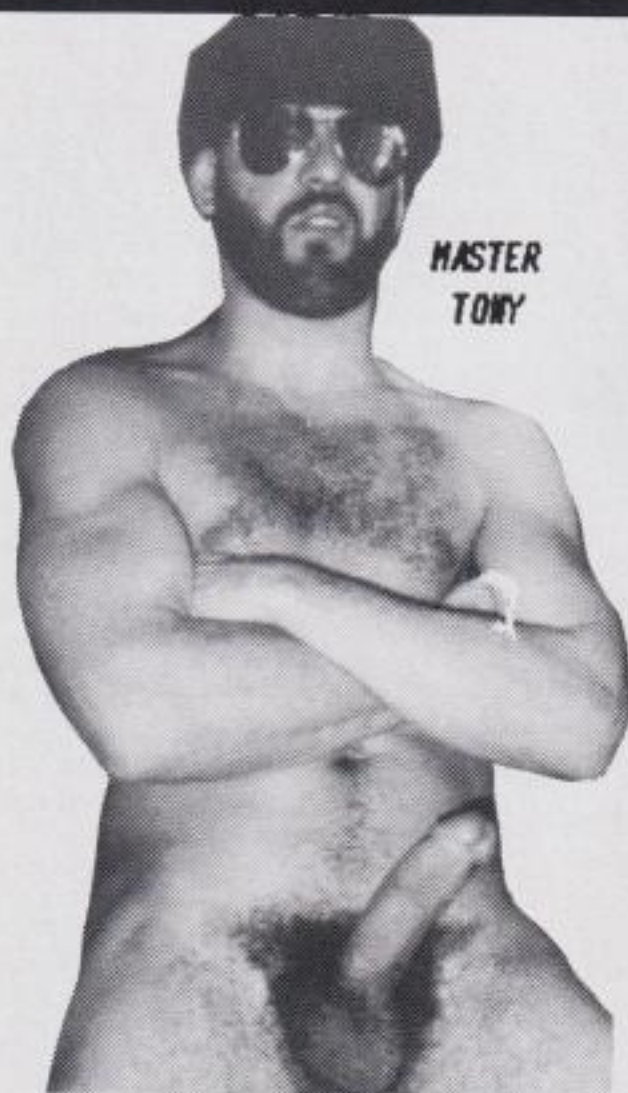
GWM, submissive Dad, 53, 6-3, 185, smooth, looking for tops or mutual players into beer piss, poppers, heavy j/o, uncults, leather, underwear, porn, fantasies, clothing (panties to business suits) and uniforms. No recip. nec. No greek, no scat, no fats. Married and bi A.O.K. Box 7587LF

### INTIMACY, DISCIPLINE

Want relationship with man who expects obedience. I'm 26 (look 20,) 5-9, 150, brown/green, considered a 7. Interested in almost all Drummer scenes. Am independent, but would consider lifestyle change for right person. Be White, no smokers/drugs. Westminster. Please send demands to Box 7115LF

### BIKE CUB: RED/GRAY RIGHT

seeks happy Leather Bear to trust, grow, build, laugh and hibernate with. Phil is bright, solvent, organized, affectionate, teachable, non-closeted, HIV+ and healthy, doesn't smoke/drugs, lite drinker. Commitments: friends, our community, pers. spir. understanding, music and empathy. 42,



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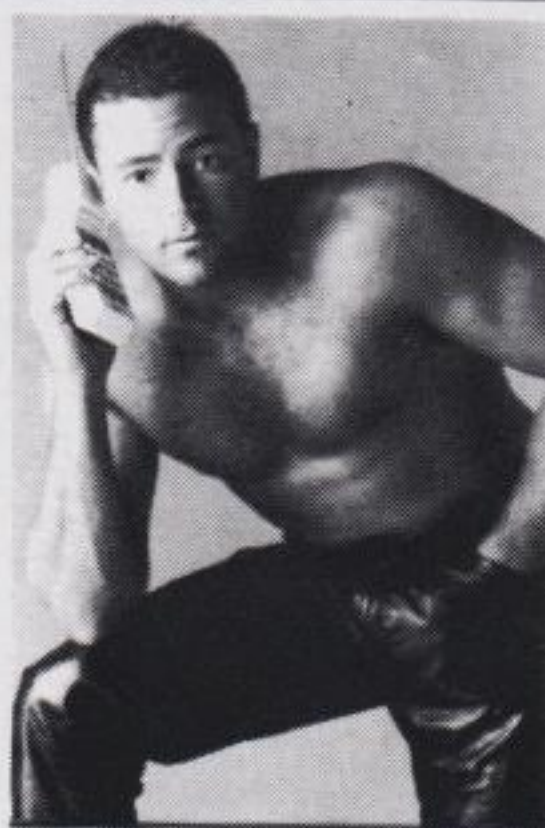
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MUST BE OVER 18



# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

72 inches tall, 185, br/hzl, moustache, pierced. 86 Virago 700. P/P to 175 Monroe St., Pomona CA 91767. 5412LF

## TORTURE QUEST

Wild, depraved, perverted fuck/torture animal unconditionally surrenders its steel-collared balls, by choice, and without any shame to an excessively evil-minded, cold-blooded Sadist who's criminal enough, knows how to hellishly torture an animal. Degenerate fucker hungers for a no bullshit Master/Sadist to probe and increase its tolerance and endurance to heavy physical pain through progressive training in unrestrained verbal abuse, rough contact, and controlled torture brutality. Proper attitude motivation are essential. Torture, and sex to Him must be a brutal act of cruel aggression and relief, and a marked symbol of his virile masculinity. Torture animal is hot, muscular, hairy, masculine white male, healthy, young, early 40s, that needs to struggle and sweat, as he's enforced to submit repeatedly in prolonged, inescapable bondage at new thresholds of torture pain. No bullshit! No limits! Just dick hard training. Detailed letter/photo to: Box 4827LF

## LEATHER SEX

Me G/p, F/a and more for right man. 32, 5-6, 140, masculine, into outdoors and country life. Very hot man looking for another to share good time with. You: 5-10+, 35-45, masculine, hung, very hot and total Top. Box 7197LF

## GO FOR THE THROAT!

Handsome, muscular WM, 38, 5-8, 145, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other muscular, masculine men for mutual choking scenes. Can your Adam's apple take it? Photo, letter with experience, fantasies, phone. Box 7589

## LEATHER PARTNER

VGL, 23, hot, trim pigboy into most safe, sane, consensual activities and uniforms seeks GL experienced, masculine, optimistic, caring, goal and health oriented, versatile (me mostly bottom), comfortable with sexuality, ready for equal partnership with special person. Nonsmoker, nondrinker, LA area. 213/960-7630.

## BODY WORSHIP

Bottom, 42, GWM, into smelling, licking, servicing your sweaty body, WS, Titplay, foreskins a plus. Call 213-654-2741, 5-10 PM PST.

## FF MANHUNT

Los Angeles - climb on top and slide inside of this handsome, healthy, versatile ponyboy - 30, 5-9, 160lb, moustache, trim bodywith hot receptive butt and talented hands. Seeking 100% masculine Top/versatile, big brother/mentor for regular good times, flexible roles, expanding limits to doublewide proportion. Photo/details. Box 7242LF

## SADISTS SOUGHT

Mexican masochist seeks sadists with the need to punch, kick, abuse. Does inflicting pain, the sight of welts, bruises turn you on? Are you a Master at the art of applied pain? I seek safety with perverted sadistic men. Boxholder, PO Box 86322, Los Angeles, CA 90086. 7150LF

## COLORADO

### DENVER TOPS 28 & 30

Seeking goodlooking bottoms for fun and friendship. Prefer boyish and under 5-9. Into motorcycles, leather and weightlifting. Write with picture or description and attitude to PO Box 300534 Denver CO 80203.

## CONNECTICUT

### MASTERS SEEK REAL SLAVES

This dominant white male couple ages 25 & 28 seek willing dedicated slaves for hot, safe, sane, and wild scenes. Sessions to include anything except FF and scat. Send a detailed letter with your description and fantasies, including your limits. Professionals, uniformed, and married strongly urged to reply. Box 7580LF

### BLUE COLLAR CONSTRUCTION

Bear, trucker type, 37, 5-4, bearded, hairy, self-

employed, blue collar tradesman desires to meet same, 25-35. Drive 4x4, bike. Sex: vanilla to kink. PO Box 2402, New Preston, CT 06777. 6677LF

## DC METRO

### DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5-10, bl/bl, 150 lbs, moustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. 4696LF

### BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5-11, 175, 45 chest, 30 waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safe/sex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O", 9-1/2 Weeks, "Image", "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. 5030LF

### FRIENDS/TOPMEN NEEDED

GWM, 31, 5-10, 160, good build, novice, nonsmoker, seeks experienced, masculine, muscular white men 18-40 for friendship, workouts, and hard sex. Prefer to be bottom or mutual. Clean-shaven, military a plus. No smoking, drugs; aroma OK. Photo/phone to Box 7434

### SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex, 40, 5-10, 44 ch, 33 waist, seeking submissive levelheaded bottom men for play times in SM, BD, CBT, etc. No raunch, am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & Phone to Box 6100LF

### SLAVES WANTED

Master, white, 43, 6ft, solid 185lbs, moustache, accepting slaves/boys 21 to 40, white, good builds (no tats, feds, drugs,) for training including humiliation, shaving, enemas, spankings, etc. Long term relationship possible. Apply with letter and photo to Box 7409

### YELLOW HANKIE

Left, right or in the middle. Seeks other watersportsmen for fun and games. Age 25-40 compatible. Box 7455

### FART SNIFFER

WM, 36, 5-7, 140, HIVneg, average looks, wants someone to far in my mouth and take a dump on my face. No eating due to health considerations, but I will kiss, sniff, and play with your shit. Wipe your ass on my beard. Your age and looks unimportant if you are in decent shape and ready to squat over me and let it go! Box 7605

## FLORIDA

### FRATERNITY BROTHERS

In shape exp/dgemaster GWM misses having trim, inshape 18-30 firm and bubble butts to bend over for the paddle. Central Florida. Box 7608

### CIGAR CHOMPIN' TOPS WANTED

Central Florida area cigar boy is looking for boot-wearing, foul-mouthed, beer-bellied, ass-kicking, butt-fucking truckers, Leathermen and uniformed Topmen who know what they want and know how to get it from this 29 year old, 6 foot, 160 lb cigar boy. Tattoos and beards a plus. Box 7271LF

### BLACK MASTER

30, 5-9, 162, very stern, safety oriented, seeks clean drug free, nondrinking, nonsmoking lackey, whipping boy. I demand totally obedient slave, not games. Slave must be under 30, 5-4 to 5-7. Enclose photo, phone. Box 7123LF

### MAN AGAINST MAN

Tests of strength, endurance, between real men, the winner chooses the torture scene: Roman Medieval, inquisition, Indian, using rope, chains, imagination. Short or long term. WM, 43, bodybuilder, 145, 5-6, br/br, seeks muscular men into sweat, endurance, competitive scenes. Winner takes what he wants. Box 7055LF

### INTERNATIONAL TRAVELERS

Two Orlando leathermen interested in meeting

leathermen from all over the world who plan to visit the Orlando area. Will provide information on places to stay, Bars to visit, Leather events and local attractions. Write for more information: PO Box 7674, Orlando, FL 32804.

### WELLHUNG BLACK COUPLE

Ages 42 and 46 seeks males, FF bottoms and rimers, any race to age 50 for discreet SAFE encounters. Photo a must. Write Joseph Harris, PO Box 608039, Orlando FL 32860

### DADDY DRINKS PISS

No limits for handsome, healthy, sadistic white "sons," Tampa area. Face photo. Box 7432

### BALL ACTION/BALL FIGHTS

Bisexual bodybuilder, 6 ft, 195lbs, great looks, looking for other dudes into ball contests, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights, ball wrestling, and hot ball action. Also bisexual scenes, leather, oil, sex outdoors, sex marathon contests, kink, spit and mangames. Health conscious sex. Attitude and action more important than age and race. But fats need not apply. Write with photos to: Jack Gunther, PO Box 7213, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338. 7327LF

### HEDONISM

Achievement is limited only by imagination. Hot, pierced tits, moustached, white, 41, 5-10, Ft. Lauderdale Bottom/versatile, seeks stable, aggressive, imaginative, leather/levi Top. Limits respected; willing to experiment; desires pure pleasure. No tats, feds, druggies. Photo, phone required. Real men need only respond. Box 7562LF

### BOOTED DADDY

Daddy is 55, 5-9, slim, seeks young son. Daddy into most sex, uniforms, boots, and leather. AUA member. AIDS negative. Enjoys active life, gym, outdoors. Son should be AIDS negative, nonsmoker, no drugs, straight appearing, any color or race. Photo/letter to Sir, Boxholder, PO Box 211, Cape Coral, FL 33910. 7047LF

### NEW TO LEATHER

WM, 27, 6-1, 195 lbs, seeking other men to explore the leather scene with. Hot raunch, spanking, shaving, groups, hot man piss, uniforms, enemas, sweaty feet and pits are a big time turn on. Write to Bill, PO Box 592376, Orlando FL 32859. Photo appreciated.

### PASSIVE DAD/DOMINANT SON

Submissive White Dad (49), slim, well-built, desires either a Dominant Black or Oriental son, 18-35. Dad into hot, versatile sex, BD, VA, tits, ass play, armpits, police uniforms, leather, tall boots, toys, and your desires. No SM or FF. Possible long term relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 7272LF

### STUD-DADDY NEEDS STUD- SON

into BD, ropes, chains, hot wax, and hot whacks. 28 yr old white bearded boot-wearing master, 5-10, 175, br/br needs white stud-sons, 25-40, who know how to take it like a man. Photo required. Bearded/hairy a plus. Not into romance, just hot sweaty man to man sex. Miami. No aardvarks. Box 7468

### SPOILED BRAT/SONS

Think you can do whatever you want. Not with this central Florida experienced, excellent shaped 42 GWM Dad. I'm going to spank your butt. For trim 18-35 who deserve/need to be punished and to get some control into their lives. I'm serious, sane, educated and real. Box 7489LF

### COCKY JOCK

30 year old hot jock bottom seeking aggressive guy to adjust my attitude. Top this 5-11 160 lb horny stud butt. Frat hazing, BB, locker room scenes, BD, leather, service, worship and whatever you demand. Photo/phone to PO Box 16135, Tampa FL.

## GEORGIA

### "NEWCOMERS"/SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM 40, 5-10, 155 lbs, moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles. Couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, BD, TT, photos, SM, etc.) Inexperienced OK. Photo, description: PO Box 76125

Atlanta GA 30358-1125. 6894LF

### ATLANTA AREA TOP/BOTTOM

Hot guy, 38, 5-11, 160, salt & pepper hair, hairy, blue eyes, moustache, talented hands and hungry hole seeks similar versatile guys. Box 7116LF

### SURRENDER, BOY!

Man seeks slaveboy, 20-32, anxious to unquestioningly serve hairy, husky, dominant, demanding Dad, 5-8, 155, boy must have a good body, preferably smooth, and desire to be kept naked, receive abuse, training, humiliation, WS, face fucking, safe rear workouts, affection if earned. Photo, application to: Manservant, PO Box 52946, Atlanta, GA 30355. 6727LF

### HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

Help me explore my bondage & SM fantasies. Experienced 38 year old white Libra especially into hoods, heavy leather bondage. Electricity, boots and more. Safe, sane, consensual man sex! Reply to Box 7508

### SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

WM 22, 6 ft, 175 lbs, br/br and moustache. Into BD, SM, WS, some raunch and all safe and hot, also into camcorders. Like Men over 30 with moustache, also like beer belly and rape fantasies. But most of all, to be himself. Write to Box 7148LF

## HAWAII

### WELL MUSCLED

Basic down home kind of guy, 33, 165 lb, 6 ft, lean, who occasionally likes to play rough. Looking for other men around my age who enjoy weightlifting, running and other athletic activities. Let's exchange photos, letters, and possibly meet. MC, 2542 DATE St., Apt 1405, Honolulu HI 96826. 7553LF

## ILLINOIS

### VACUUM PUMPS

WM seeks men for friendship. No sex. Box 59202 Chicago IL 60659

### DOG SLAVE WANTED

Master, 38, experienced, attractive, 6-2, blond, 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared, bootlicking dogs slave, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving, tit work, CBT, whippings assured. Affection, social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone, letter to: PO Box 148434, Chicago, IL 60614. 6935LF

### MASTERS NEEDED

GWM slave, 26, 180 lbs, 6 ft, 7-1/2 inch cut, seeking muscled, hung, cigar smoking Masters 25-40 for initiation into SM, BD, TT, CBT, hoods, VA, shaving. Expand my limits Sir, while I worship your body and fulfill your needs. NW Chicago subs. Phone, photo and orders to Box 6938LF

### PUNISHMENT NEEDED

I must do penance for my sins. I must submit to whippings with strap, crop or cat. I have a bad attitude and must be taught to be humble and respectful. Seek strict guidance. Am 41, 6-1, 165 lbs. Chicago area, limited travel possible. Ron Miller, Box 324, Skokie IL 60076.

### SEEKING 3 AND 4 WAYS

Two WM's, one 155 lbs, hazel eyes, black hair, one blond hair, green eyes, 5-11, 175 lbs, both clean shaven, seeking 3 & 4 ways with WM 18-45 yrs interested in light bondage, toys, whips, shaving, and ass play. Should be clean shaven or moustache. Photo required. Box 7557

### HORSE WANTED

6 ft one and a half, 205, 61, engineer, Master, wants any age, 220 lbs + BB or muscular, heavysset slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts. Mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. 5901LF

### HOT CONSTRUCTION WORKER

6-3, 175, 30, hairy-chested with hard hat and hard dick seeks other butch workmen for slit-



## DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

licking/butt-fucking 3-way marathons. Trucks, jeeps, outdoors, WS, aroma, photography AOK. Photo, phone to: Mike, PO Box 11697, Chicago, IL, 60611. 7518LF

### INDIANA

#### INDY BEAR CUB

25 yr old chunky cub seeks thirty-something bear mate. Enjoy moustaches, dreams, tattoos, porn and safe sweaty sex. Box 7591

#### SADIST

Seeking well built men in Indy area that desire to be put through their paces. Box 7601

#### SADIST WANTED

By GWM, 35, 6 ft, 190, brown hair and eyes, into receiving prolonged cock, ball, and tit torture. If you get off on inflicting pain, then I'm for you. No WS, scat, VA, fets or fets please. Let me put my balls in your hands, and let your imagination run amok. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer all. Lafayette area a plus, but can travel. Box 7585LF

### IOWA

#### MIDWEST LEATHERMEN

2 Des Moines, Iowa Leathermen, 30-180, 40-190; both 6ft, into tit, cock, and ball torture, hirsute muscular Leathermen, uniforms, and bondage; welcome other Leathermen with similar interests traveling through Iowa and the Midwest. Reply with photo, address, and your own interests. Box 7413

#### ATTENTION: TRUCKERS/BIKERS

Leather sex slave, 32, 6-3, 180, a real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass. Leather, cigars, beer, piss, sweat, aroma, semis and bikes a turn-on for a gang of macho bikers, truckers or for that one-on-one action (safe sex only.) Lee, PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, 50309. 7285LF

### KANSAS

#### MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/Daddy, 37, 5-10, 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good builds. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS, 66502.

### LOUISIANA

#### BELT, PADDLE, STRAP

GWM submits to Master, Dad, Disciplinarian for corporal punishment. Bondage, role-playing, leather, uniforms, all help get the point across. New Orleans. Box 7433

#### BODYBUILDER SEEKS MASTER

Handsome masculine 26 yo semi-closeted novice seeks initiation into clean safe rough SM sex. This muscular 6-1, 185 will only submit to big virile tough looking Master/Daddy. Photo desirable with reply but not necessary. Box 7609

#### DADDY SEEKS SON/BOY

Masculine GWM Dad, 33, 6-0, 185, seeks masculine son/little boy under 30 for a permanent relationship. Mixture of love, nurturing, cuddling, punishment, discipline, shaving and potty training. Let me see how much of a little boy you are. Serious only. Photo. Travel throughout Louisiana and some in Mississippi. Occupant, POB 4101, Monroe, LA 71203. 7487LF

### MAINE

#### MASOCHISTIC GM SLAVES!

wanted by sane experienced GWM Sadist Master, 46, for medium to heavy SM/BD torture sessions. Tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fist fucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance, & any other safe scenes, safe sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean and willing. A few limits OK. Send picture. Location So. Maine. Box 6431LF

### MARYLAND

#### LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Horny bottom seeks masculine and demanding

Top(s) for sweaty SM sessions. I'm 33, 6ft, 175, 8 inches cut. Into bondage, titwork, dildos, CBT, VA, boots, leather, and uniforms. Not into fisting or shaving. You, Sir: Muscular and aggressive and know how to give the orders. Photo returned with mine. Box 6625LF

#### "MASTER-MINDED TOP"

with hungry bottom, Iso others to reach extreme sexual levels. All scenes, all hot, all erotic - both 30s, attractive, serious minded players, are you!!! Box 7500

#### NOVICE NEEDS MASTER

Smooth-chested 25 year old looking for hot master or couple to show me the ropes. Mutual respect a must. Love the smell of sweaty leather. Letter, phone, picture helpful. Kiss and tell types don't bother. Box 7568

#### EXPERIENCED M

Hot bottom. This piece of shit ready to take if you can give. Total M, Into BD, VA, CBT, dildoes, leather, levis, chains, hoods, boots, etc. Total servitude. Only limit: health conscious. Make me do it your way. 40s, 155 lbs, good body, stash. Box 7597LF

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Black Daddy, 35, looking for white son slut who wants to be used. Daddy knows you're a whore and wants your hole. ME? 6-4, bearded, in-shape Top, 200, thick dick. You? Bearded asspussy into VA, submission, spanking, admiring Daddy's leather. Age unimportant. Smoke, aroma, booze, NYC, SF, OK. Box 7529LF

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Sir, would like to be a male sex slave. Would like intense, indepth, and thorough training sessions. Keep me naked, in bondage, and shaved of all hair. My loyalty and obedience will be given. I'm 36, 5-2, 125 lbs and have a muscular build. Please write with instructions. Box 7429

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Two men, both married, uncut, hairy, slim, varied interests, seek same, Boston area. Safe, sane. No one nighters. Open to mutual agreement. Box 7612

#### WANTED LEATHERMAN

WM, 28, 195, 6-4, brown/blue, moustache, handsome, bottom into leather, dildoes, toys, assplay. Looking for handsome well built leather Top, 25-40. Photo a must. Box 7471

#### BIG RIG TRUCKERS

with heavy loads wanted by WM 30, 5-10, hot and handsome. Prefer Bisexual WM 25-55 rugged and Irish, cleanshaven. Reply PO Box 519, Boston MA, 02258.

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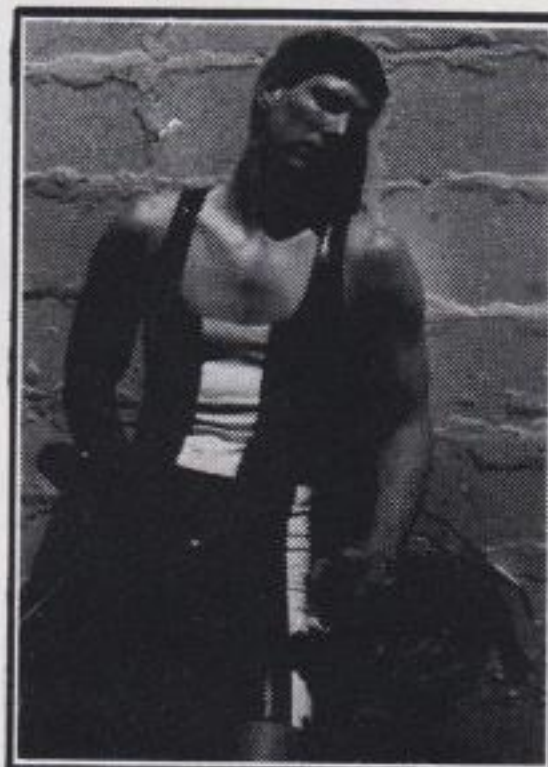
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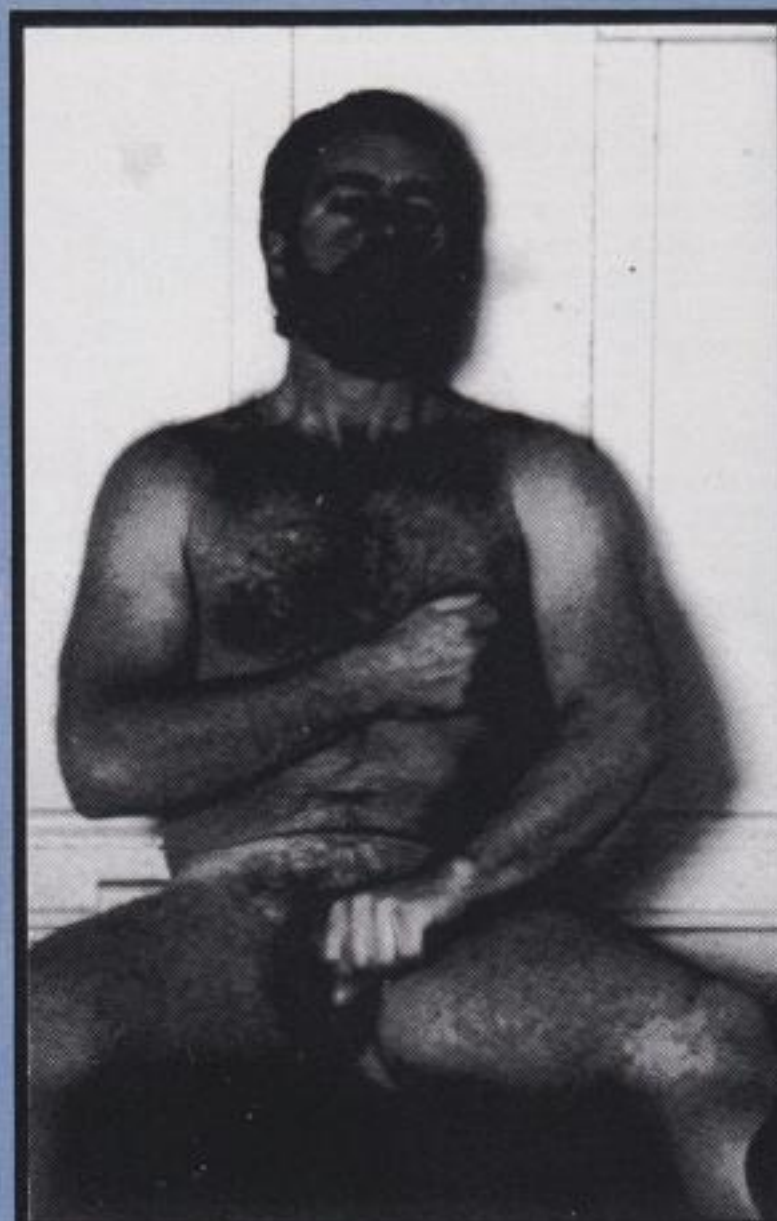
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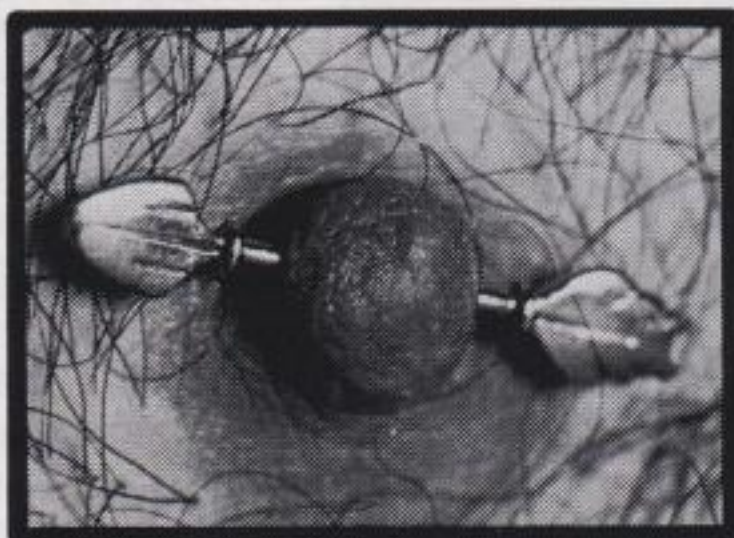
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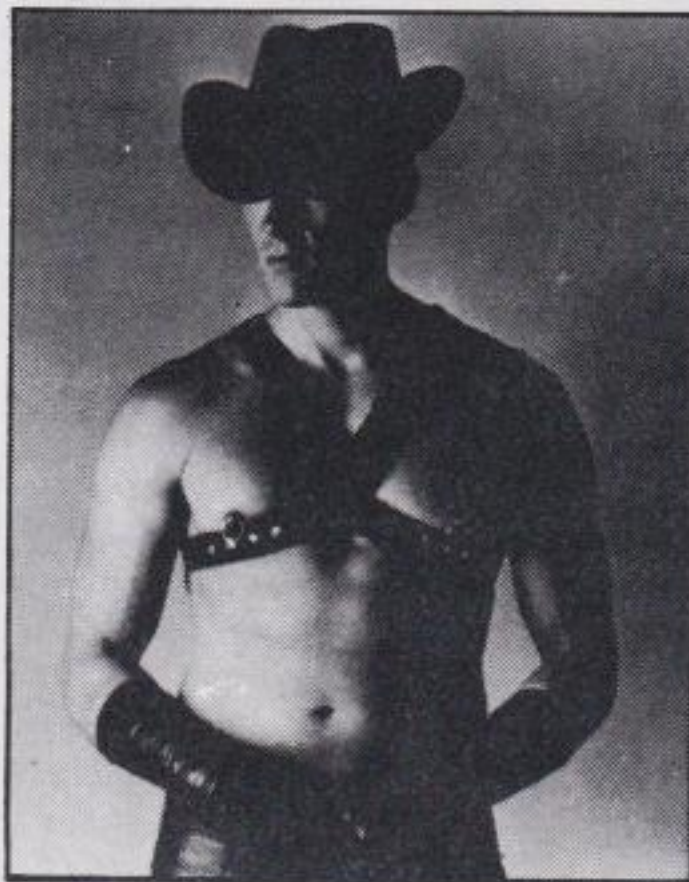
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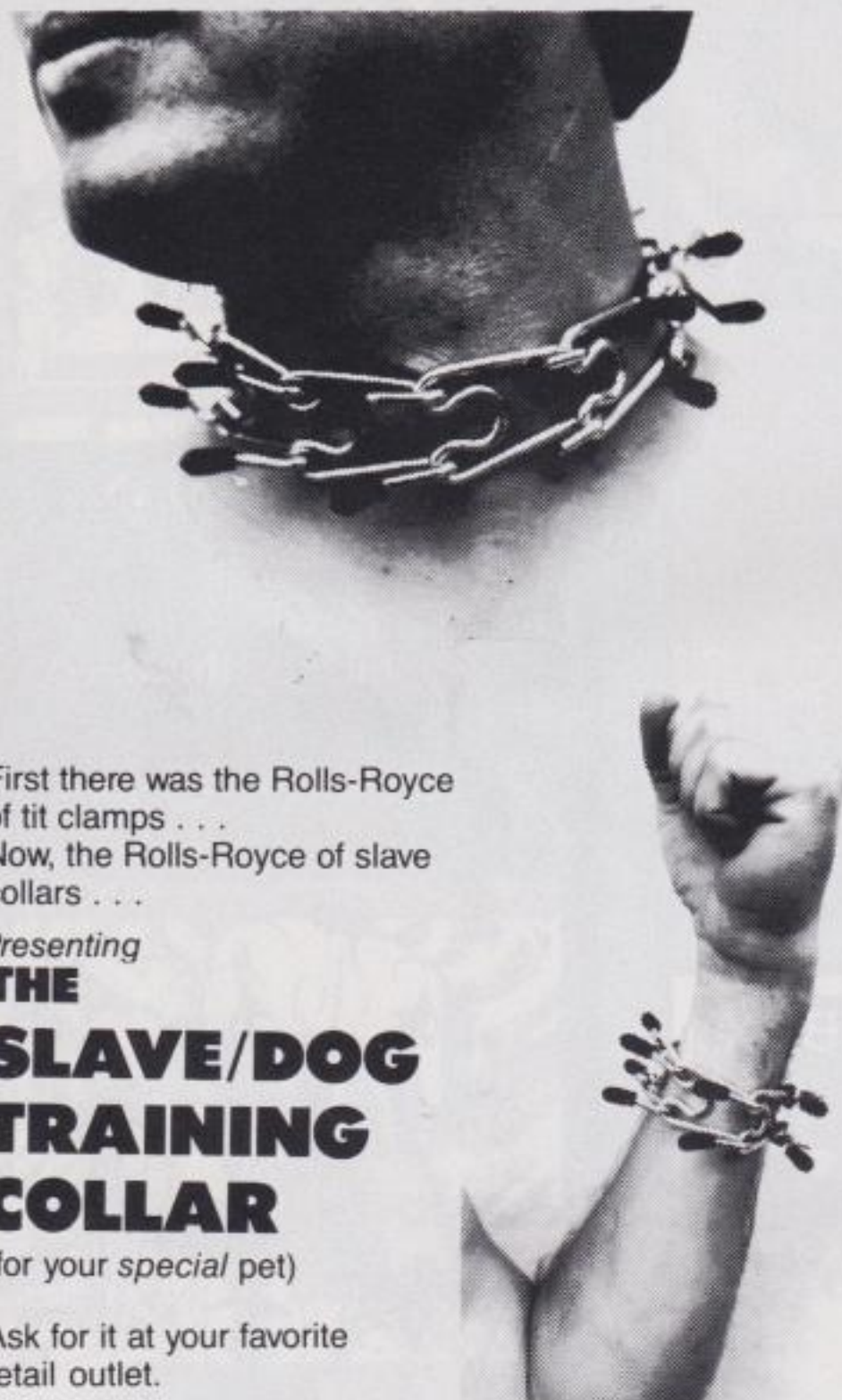
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ed/novice OK. Fantasies become reality. You: in-  
to pain, total servitude, anything! Serious only!  
Master: 45, 6ft, 180, lives NY, Miami, travels. Supp-  
ly detailed experiences, desires, photo, phone. Box  
345, 70-A Greenwich Ave., NYC 10011. 7200LF

#### WANTED NYC HIGHWAY PTRLM

I'm 27 GWM. Want to service a NYC Highway  
Patrolman in his full leather uniform. I've single  
handedly caused back-ups on the Belt, slowing  
down to check out the tough leather cops! Maybe  
I could meet one of you on the SI westshore ex-  
pressway and service you in your car. Will meet  
you anywhere in NY Metro area at home or on the  
job. Discretion assured. Box 7570

#### SADISTIC PIG MASTER

HEAVY 220, hairy, beard, masc., 33, seeks  
masochistic pig slave/bottom with hot tongue for  
total abuse. Heavy raunch, discipline, beatings,  
bullwhip, choking, VA, humiliation, degradation,  
face sitting, fisting, piss, shit, sweaty, dirty and  
rough. Dog collar, dish, treatment. Booze, smoke  
OK. Prefer stocky to big who admits his needs, fate  
and accepts it all. Age/looks unimportant. Desire,  
attitude are. Also would like to hear from all others  
seriously into the above and interested in group ac-  
tivity. New York, New Jersey. Box 7569

#### LEATHER MASTER SEEKING

obedient leather cock slave to worship and serve  
in all respects, BD, TT, WS, FF, CBT and whatever  
else I demand. This fortunate slaveboy will be  
trained to dedicate his body to serving this 6 ft, 180  
lb, pierced, huge cock Master. At the same time MY  
slave will be made to feel proud under his Master's  
shadow. Apply now slave with foto and phone. Box  
7563

#### DADDY WANTED

Latin boy, White, healthy, cleanhaven, sub-  
missive, 5-4, 130, 40, in-shape, hairy, uncut, seeks  
Top bearded Daddy, caring, for relationship,  
domination, leather, spanking, VA, safe kink. No  
cigarettes. Box 7151LF

#### LAW ENFORCEMENT

Male Law Officer sought by WM to act out arrest  
scenes. And possible more. No heavy drinkers.  
Easy car parking/NYC outskirts. LSA, 147 W. 42  
St., Suite 603, NYC 10036.

#### 40 PLUS

Mature gent seeks in-shape 40 plus gent to share  
SM sex. Top or bottom including affection and  
maybe more. Box 7251

#### THE CELLBLOCK ANNEX

Hosted by Lenny of the Cellblock and David of the  
Hangout. A Subterranean Men's Club for your  
cruising and playing pleasure. "Where Men Are  
Men and Boys Are Toys." Open Friday and Satur-  
day nights. Full juice and soda bar (BYOB.) 673  
Hudson St., NYC 10014. Telephone: (212) 627-  
1140. Call or write for information.

#### CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily  
bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded  
hard. But this healthy 41 WM Scorpio pig's ass has  
a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is  
5-7, 135 lbs, bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shav-  
ed chest, ass-c/b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass  
toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue  
drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks,  
and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unex-  
perienced, and men who only have fantasies but

are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning  
(212) 255-3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440  
Madison Square Station, NYC NY 10159 with  
photo, phone, description. Experience a real MAN!  
5575LF

#### NEEDS EXPOSURE

WM, 6ft, 175 lbs, need someone to keep me nak-  
ed and exposed. Forbid me clothes, shave my  
body, show me off. Enjoy TT, CB, bondage, aroma,  
outdoor and long term nakedness. Other exhibi-  
tionists welcome. Write with ideas. Box 7542

#### DIG LONG, SLOW BLOW?

Grateful cocksucker, 6-2, 180, 38, likes takin' my  
time, treatin' it right. Joe, Box 6354 Grand Central  
Station NYC 10163.

#### MARRIED LEATHER TOPMAN

Daddy, 50, 6-3, 250 lbs, beard, hairy, tattoos, big  
gut, cigar smoker, 6-pack drinker, fat cut meat, big  
hangers, polar bear into CBT, foreskin, TT, WS,  
gloved FF. Especially like competition BBs and  
bubble butts. Looking for a true bottom for week-  
ly workouts. Photo with letter. Box 6834LF

#### RIM MY HAIRY, JUICY HOLE

long and deep until I'm so loose I dump a hot load  
of shit in your mouth. Rim without scat OK too. I'm  
34, 5-10, 200, masculine Latin looks. You're under  
45. Looks not important, deep-penetrating tongue,  
stamina are. Box 7530

#### MASCULINE BIG MUSCLED MEN

with god-like looks, huge cocks, super-hero nip-  
ples, torture skills, a right to pleasure: that's what  
we are! If you are also (and into abuse, pain, and  
service.) send photo/phone. One-on-one or  
manplay with both. Muscle Tops and mutual  
scenes encouraged. Mitchel, Box 110, New York  
NY 10464. 6984LF

#### PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 28, 28 Ninth Avenue, New York Ci-  
ty, NY 10014 (downstairs) Meets every Sunday  
3PM-3AM, also meets every Monday through  
Thursday from 8PM-3AM. And Parties on till???  
FREE CLOTHES CHECK and FREE SODA BAR.  
BYOB. For more information stop by, write or phone  
(212) 733-3144.

#### GIRLFRIEND TOTAL SLUT

Rugged biker type seeks to be used as a slut, cunt,  
whore. Make me service you and your buddies.  
Have wet mouth, tight ass and big tits. Any ideas?  
Reply Lennie: Suite F4, 496A Hudson Street, NYC  
10014. Tel: (212) 367-7484. 6389LF

#### PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 28, 28 Ninth Ave., New York City, NY  
10014 (downstairs.) Meets every Sunday from 3PM  
to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thurs-  
day from 8PM to 3AM and parties on till ??? FREE  
CLOTHES CHECK AND SODA BAR. BYOB. Bring  
in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP. For more in-  
formation, stop by, write, or phone (212) 733-3144

#### CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Hot Master and handsome slave, 39 and 30, both  
construction workers, 6ft, 178, moustached, hung,  
uncut and cut respectively want goodlooking stud  
Masters and slaves who are versatile for 3, 4 or  
more ways. Safe action only. Photo, phone or no  
reply. Box 7079LF

#### BODY/TIT PUNCHING

In shape 40 y/o leather-addicted GWM needs guys  
30-45 to deal and take this special punishment.  
Beauty lives in tits, stomachs, and fists with or  
without fight gloves. Tough sex can follow. Box-  
holder, PO Box 613, Buffalo, NY 14217.

#### MUSCLE BOY/POWERLIFTER WTD

by NYC hairy Dad with good build. 45, 6-0, 190,  
br/bl. Son must have big powerful legs, live in, be  
into bodybuilding or powerlifting, need endless  
pec-nipple work, CBT, and guidance. Photo/phone  
to Box 4717LF

#### SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking,  
choking, and rough action in general. If you're not  
into this, don't waste my time with a j/o letter. Phone  
number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen



# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another leatherman. Box 4840LF

## LEATHER MASTER

6-1, 200, handsome, 38, seeks obedient slaves interested in giving pleasure/taking orders. Phone/photo required. AI, PO Box 20004, LD-TR-Sta, NYC, NY 10011.

## SPANKED RAW!

your ripe, full, and bare ass is long overdue for a good hand spanking, then your already tender glowing cheeks are positioned for a hot strapping. Ow! You might seek revenge on this 48 WM bearded hairy chested disciplinarian and blister my naked behind. PO Box 123, Midland Park, NJ 07432.

## HOLESOME

Bottoms wants to serve endowed Topmen. Open my holes wide to dominating use. I am a hungry fuckmouth, a pissface who needs his ass plunged. VA, beer, grease/grime, bondage, aroma, safe sex, NY area. Photo, action. Box 6427LF

## ROCHESTER NOVICE

24, brown hair/eyes, 6-1, 180, beard and moustache, into leather, TT, CBT, shaving, piercing, BD, watersports, needs nonsmoking Master/lover who can show me the ropes but who won't mind have the tables turned now and then. Box 7045LF

## WANTED: HOT LEATHER STUD

Must be turned on by the smell, feel, and look of black leather. Handsome, masculine, blond, 35, 6ft, 165, good build, needs safe leather sex with hot men in full leather. Let's gear up and explore leather, SM, BD fantasies. Kingston area. Letter, photo, phone. Box 7452LF

## PISS PG CAN'T GET 'NUFF

of hot, wet men, groups or single, juicy assholes and foreskins, L/L, TT, deep rim, vacuum, dildoes, Top, bottom, mutual; FF Top, 44, in shape, 5-10, 150, big tits, dick and balls. Shaved and pumped. Deep ass and mouth. No fats or furies. Photo/phone. Box 7051LF

## LAZIEST BEAR IN TOWN

Lay me back, spread my legs, and show me what your slurping, slobbering mouth is for. You're intelligent, affectionate, trusting, and need lots of mutual intimacy and slow, non-reciprocal cocksucking. I'm 43, 5-10, 185, Br/Gr, bearded, hairy, chunky bear. Make me feel good, and I'm yours. Box 7041LF

## INITIATE A PREPPY!

Collegiate, cleanhaven, 28, 5-9, 150 lbs, reddish-blond, cut, Joe-College look. Dirty talk, assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe, hot, masculine time! Box 8501, FDR Station, NYC 10150, 6936LF

## HOT YUPPY TOP

Very handsome, blond, 30, 6ft, 160, dominant, (bottom to select few,) with all-American looks and firm hand seeks masculine kid brother/slave to slap around, service me, cigar in hone hand, your hot butt in another. We'll take things from there. (Also bottom buddy available for 3rd.) Photo/phone. POB 1955, NYC 10025, 7374LF

## NYC STUD SEEKS PUSSYBOY

GBM, dominant, handsome, and hung heavy needs devoted male pussy to use at will. I'm 24, 6-1, 175 lbs. Pussyboy is any age/race, Gr/p, Fr/a. Stud also enjoys spanking, CBT, TT, assplay and body worship. Safe only, NYC area. Send photo/phone. Box 7376LF

## NORTHEAST BARBER

Tall WM thirties interested in giving haircuts from trims to very short cuts. Also into bodyshaving. Thinking of getting that military look? Taking off that moustache or beard? Want the feeling of a baby smooth chest or crotch? Then write and let's discuss it. Box 6768LF

## BEER BELLY MASTER

Italian, 38, 5-9, 215, cigar smoker, seeks chunky dog/pig into heavy whippings, torture, CBT, TT, WS,

FF, bondage, scat, dog food, leather, complete humiliation, degradation. Shit that wants to be treated like shit. Photo, detailed letter, qualifications to Box 7322LF

## TALL/BROAD MEN

Do you need really exciting service (especially those big feet?) by a hot WM, 33, 6-1, 185, very attractive, masculine, works out, and sincere? Then Top or bottom, please call Burt, between 8pm-12mid at (212) 675-7352, to meet in NYC. No phone JO. For your regular locker room pleasure, total explosive action and more. 7292LF

## SCUM-SUCKING PUSSYBOY

31, 6ft, 155, cleanhaven, married, needs to get fucked weekday mornings in NYC (Chelsea/Village areas preferred) by masculine, well endowed TOPMEN/DADDIES. Dark complexions (Italian/Latino/Black,) hairy, muscular and/or uncut are all turnons. 70A Greenwich Avenue, #467, NYC 10011. (212) 978-3692. 7295LF

## RUBBERMAN

in Western NY needs a Master or playmate for regular fun and games or phone sex. Heavy into rubber and latex, leather, sports gear and jocks. I like bondage, boot licking, water sports, heavy verbal abuse, etc. Sir, I'll take care of all Your needs. I'm 38, 6ft, 175, bearded, pierced tits and dick. Sir, I need to serve You, please. Box 6699LF

## BLACK SEEKS WHITE

"brother"/lover for lusty lifemate! Sibling's 30, 6-3, 165, smooth bronze swimmer's build body. Moustache, quiet, educated, professional. My "older/big brother" is submissive, total bottom cocksucker, masculine, reliable, gentleman, makes me horny for pumping (safely) his hot white buns, feeling his warmth when sucking big black dick. SERIOUS about relationship/commitment/monogamy, togetherness, levelheaded. Clean healthy living. NO drugs, brutality, pain, FF, macho bullshit, but man enough for love, masculine intimacy, sensitivity, romance, caring, special bond only two men can share. Feels so good! Guess that's what "big brothers" are for. Box 7454

## RAUNCH MAN

Hot WM, 34, 5-10, 160 looking for a great time. Partner must be hot pig looking for action. Safe long assplay and ass worship. Send photo/number. Box 7453

## DOG PIG NEEDS TO SERVICE

a hot raunchy man to collar me, make me lick and service boots, feet, armpits, balls, chew raunchy, sweaty jockstrap, sweatsox. I will eat and drink from dog dish. Also WS, verbal abuse, tit and ball work. Sir, please send orders & photo if you can. Box 7232LF

## MAN TO MAN

Wet and horny ass hole into FF looking for versatile huge dick to use me 24 hours, if it is your fantasy call me, I am good looking 39 5-9 150 lbs. No overweights and unexperienced. 212-315-5859. 432 W 56 St. # 5W, NY NY 10019. 7231LF

## BOOTMAN WANTED

White New York City area bootlover wants high-booted black/white/spanish bootman for safe Greek action. No SM. Box 7598

## YELLOW HANKIE

6-2, 185, br/bl, 33. I wear mine on the right. Looking for topman who wears his on the left. Photo, phone please. I am a healthy West Villager. Box 7596

## PUSSYBOY

Goodlooking GWM, 29, 5-8, 145 lbs, blue eyes, brown hair, good body, great tits, has tight pussyhole and eager mouth for you to horsefuck. Seeking dominant, heavy hung, beefy top (age/race unimportant) whose only concern is his own satisfaction. Rape me. No drugs, heavy scenes, bullshit. NYC area. Photo/phone. Box 7588

## IRISH TOP SKS BOTTOMS

Attractive, dominant WM, 34, 6-2, 160 lbs, seeks young men, 20 to 40, to use and abuse. Kneel

before me, worship my body, take whatever torture and humiliation I want to give. SM, BD, TT, CBT, WS. Limits respected. Manhattan. Box 7420

## CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Bottom/passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgeable Master(s). Young acting and thinking 45, educated, it. blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and SM arts. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and appearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Phone and photo helpful. Box 6930LF

## NORTH CAROLINA

### CIGAR SMOKING BIKER

46, 6-1, trim WM, gray/brown hair and beard, looking for FF action. Smell my cigar and leather while I fist your ass. Can switch. Cycle cruising with your ass plugged. No drugs, aroma OK. Cigar smoker preferred. Relationship possible. NC, SC, VA area. Photo if possible. Box 7042LF

### SUBMISSIVE PREPPY

Seeks masculine, blue-collar Dad for lust and companionship. (919) 983-6917

## OHIO

### DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185, 5-11, beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7 inches cut, Fr/A, Gr/P, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled, hairy Tops, 24-45 for SM, BD, WS, TT, CBT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton, Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

### BOTTOM SEEKS TOP MASTER

Kinky, submissive, goodlooking, muscular gay white male, 37, 155, 5-7, blond/green eyes. Exhibitionist into light SM, bondage, dildoes, FF, enemas. Display me naked in front of your friends. Piss on me, verbally abuse me. Can travel. Send letter and photo (a must.) mine. Box 7152LF

### NE OHIO/W. PA HOT BOTTOM

31, 5-9, 165 Needs dominant sadistic top (hung a plus) into SM, BD' straps, whips, restraints, any race. Phone, time to call. Discreet/safe. Box 7548

### NE OHIO/W PA HOT BOTTOM

31, 5-9, 165 needs dominant sadistic top (hung a plus) into SM, BD, straps, whips, restraints, any race. Phone, time to call. Discreet/safe. Box 7469

### VERSATILE FIGHT FANATIC

Intelligent sadomasochistic professional GWM, 39, 5-10, 175, needs chiseled to average masochist partners. Sane gut, rib, body punching, varied torture games under blindfolded, gagged restraint. Limits. Ultimate scene, ultimate trust, role reversal. Fight experiences, needs, shirtless photo, phone to PO Box 19830, Cincinnati OH 45219. 7536LF

### MASTER/TEACHER WANTED

WM, 27, 190, 6-11, 6-1/2 inch cut, always hard, looking for Top man to work my body over. Into heavy ass play, dildos, tits, toys, bondage. Occupant, PO Box 1722 Newport KY 41071. Cincinnati area.

### ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks US butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM, 41, sensitive to novice limitations. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114. 6895LF

### BROTHERS IN LEATHER

WE: share, care, play, grow, respect, foster, acknowledge, openly, warmly, sincerely, communicate, touch, tickle, massage and SAFELY ENJOY building friendships, SM and MORE! I AM: gwm, 35, 6-1, healthy, trim, bearded, educated professional, NO smokes/drugs. YOU: respond appropriately! PO Box 12650 Toledo, OH 43606. 7299LF

### CINCINNATI BOTTOM

Handsome, muscular GWM, bottom, 6-1, 175#,

healthy, 33. Into bondage, CBT, gags, blindfolds, discipline. Seeks Tops, especially blacks, into expanding slave's experience. All letters with photo answered. Box 7236LF

## NUDE HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

wanted part time. 21-30, slim, short. Some exhibitionism, SM. Cleveland. Photo and phone to Box 7329

## OREGON

### LEATHER DADDY/DADDY BEAR

35 y.o. bearded attractive WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy Bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex, playing with tits, ass, balls, and mind. Box 6937LF

### ASSWIPE

38, fucktoy, humiliation, leather, WS, BD. Box 7534

### MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into ongoing leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink, just healthy leather sex, bootlicking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the boot/leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF

### HUNGRY BOTTOM

Eugene GWM seeks dominant BB leather stud to submit to. All scenes considered. Black stud or couples a plus. Send detailed letter and photo. Box 7604

## PENNSYLVANIA

### MALE PUSSY SEX

Hot WM 35 6ft 160 with insatiable pussy needs mutual/top buddy for intense fuck sessions. I'm masculine with big cock but need man who understands/shares need to have my cunt stretched by large cocks, dildoes, maybe fists. Frequently in Philadelphia. POB 987 Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

### SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking, and rough action in general. If you're not into this, don't waste my time with a j/o letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another leatherman. Box 4840LF

### ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater, seeks Tops, bottoms for regular weekend action & possible evenings. Pluses - shaved & stretched holes, uncut and live in Philadelphia area. Into armpits, VA, WS, FF. Race not important. Serious minded answered first. Photo helpful. No scat. Relationship possible for the right man. Box 6902LF

### BOY WANTS LEATHER DADDY

Very handsome, 30, 5-11, 165, brown hair/blue eyes, submissive son seeks a Leather Daddy/Topman figure to serve and respect. Boy wants to learn to have fun with his Dad. Cigar smokers and photo a plus. Please write to: Sonny, PO Box 15285, Philadelphia, PA 19125. 7040LF

### SCAT INSTRUCTORS

Masculine WM 35 yr old Phila WM seeks hung bodybuilders who can instruct me in the skill of asshole worship. Keen interest in ritualistic scenes whereby I am compelled to accept and respect whatever comes from your anus. WM, muscular, masculine only. Please send photo, phone, perhaps short description of possible scene. Will contact you ASAP. Drummer Box 7521

### CURIOUS NOVICE

WM, 32, 5-8, 155, smooth, in-shape, masculine professional seeks hot man under 35 with nice ass/body for safe, sane experimenting: role playing/reversal, BD, spanking. Prefer dark hair/eyes but open. Box 7515

### STRICT DADDY

Novice looking for hairy, strict Daddy for TT, CBT, GS and shave. Horse fuck your new boy. Spank my ass hard. Relocation considered with right Daddy.



# DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS

You: 30 or older, no fats or feds. Me: 30, 5-11, 210 lbs. Write D. Chubb 124-B Emerald St, Harrisburg PA 17110. Photo/phone. 7348LF

## LEHIGH VALLEY MASTER

is looking for a new slave. After four satisfying years, the latest one's career has taken him out of the area. I'm forty-two, almost six feet tall, and weight about one hundred sixty; all in all I'm pretty average. You must live in the Lehigh Valley and have your own place where we can get together. Other than that you can be anything, provided you're willing to be molded to my needs. If interested, please write. I will quickly answer all. Mailing address preferred; photograph desirable but not required. J. A. Dvorshak, PO Box 341, Emmaus, PA 18049-0341

## RHODE ISLAND

### TOILET PIG

Blue collar, 6 ft, 160 tattooed looking for same for shit, filth, piss, toilet trips. Box 7558

### MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot, masculine, muscular body for your pleasure. Interests: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasuring demanding Master. Sir, I need Teacher, to be naked, expand my limits, train me. Hardworking, goodlooking. Box 6342LF

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### MASTER BARBER

wants willing subjects/slaves for haircutting/barbershop scenes. Me - Top, bald, 36, belly, beard. You - clean, full head hair, into receiving disciplinary haircuts and body shaving. VA, BD, WS. HIV-neg, you same. Interested in group scenes/rituals/initiation/induction. Contact Box 7417LF

### BY YOUR BALLS

Cigar-chewing redneck Daddy, 43, 6ft, lean and mean, will take ownership of family jewels of healthy young buck needing ass turned into cunthole for heavy horse cock. Discipline, shaving, TT, WS, VA. Give Daddy your balls and be his pussyboy punk. Hot photo & letter. Box 7050LF

### SC SLAVE NEEDS HUNG TOPS

25 yr old slave needs horny, hung Topmen to fill my hot holes. I am obedient, healthy and love using my lips and tongue anywhere you say. Also have tight asshole that needs hard, juicy cocks inside. I would enjoy submitting to WS, dildoes, BD and have large collection of BD and Leather videos you could enjoy while I service your Topman needs. Top couples, also groups welcomed. Write to K.M., PO Box 6947, Columbia, SC 29260. 6698LF

### WM 40S WANTS LIVE-IN

Clean, employable, healthy (I'll check!) obsessively oversexed, manly, s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t WM (Ital-PR-Lat, 25-34, muscles, hung t-h-i-c-k, bullnut lowhangers, hairy, dominant, verbal, rough, thuggish, exhibitionistic, arrogant) to suck worship. Handwrite complete details, your expectations, several nude pix (a must!) Box 7237LF

## SOUTH DAKOTA

### BONDAGE BOTTOM SOUGHT

Discreet WM, 40, wants young healthy bottom for evening or weekend activities. No blacks, experience, Gls, pain, penpals, or sex needed. GFLH, PO Box 3461, Rapid City SD 57709.

## TENNESSEE

### SEEKING BOTTOM/COMPANION

Mostly Top wants mostly bottom for moderate to heavy SM, kink, passion, pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 5-9, 175#, professional, beard, very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather bonds, straps, whips. Desires sexual bottom/slave, but in other respects, partner/companion, willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6833LF

### MASTER

Looking for slaves or bottoms who are into getting

fucked, CBT, sucking, hot wax, getting shaved, hoods, fist fucking, dildos and especially long assplay. Novice welcome. Letter, photos, and phone number to Mr. Ron Apple, PO Box 160022, Nashville, TN, 37216. 6977LF

### REAL MEN GET REAL SERVICE

White male, 6-1, 220, six and a half uncut, needs Masters to serve. WB truckers/bikers, hairy a plus. Mid-Tenn on 140 between Nashville/Knoxville. Have play room, lite to heavy SM, FF, WS, domination and much more. Only REAL MEN call. No JO, bullshit. Travelers welcome. Have place to park big rigs. Call (615) 528-5128. John (Perm Master/slave possible.) 6943LF

## TEXAS

### REDHEADED PHOTOGRAPHER

Craig, you took some photos of me at the Drummer contest. Contact me in Los Angeles at 213-665-8670. Don, 6-3, bl/bl, long hair.

### TEXAS TOP

38 year old Daddy, 5-10, 140, brown hair/eyes, moustache, hairy, cut, wants self-assured nonsmoker who keeps fit, has dark hair and is a moderately hairy anglo. You should like LIGHT: SM, bondage, spanking, and cock, ball, and tit manipulation. I want a guy around my age who can deal with dominance and tenderness. Send photo and description to PO Box 70792, Houston TX 77270-0792.

### KINKY LEATHER BOOTMASTER

Sweaty, stinky Latino, 6-3, 200, 45, seeks slave(s), Corpus Christi, Texas area only. Pigout on my 16 inch high engineer boots, gloves, jeans, till your face is black with axle grease, oil, mud, asphalt, grime. Master will administer chain bondage, whippings, CBT, TT, etc. Only letters with photo will get response. Box 7153LF

### INTENSE LUBBOCK STUD

GWM, 38, 5-9, 160, good build, hung, masculine, into CBT, TT, bondage and lots of hot but safe action. I'm mainly Top, but am looking for the Man who can tame and train me. Looks unimportant; brain, build and attitude are. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

### RICK P. OF AUSTIN

CALL DALLAS DADDY. WE NEED TO TALK.

### ROPED AND GAGGED

Muscular Dallas jock WM, 5-8, 160 lbs, 36 yrs., into heavy restraint with straps, gags, and heavy duty ropes for tight inescapable bondage. Forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Also into TT and CBT. Discreet safe and expect the same. Box 6158LF

### SENSITIVE TOP MAN WANTED

Deaf man wants workouts and bondage scenes. Sign language or notes. No drugs. Safe sex only. Piercing optional. Box 7321

### FART SNIFFER

seeks assholes to lick. Robert, PO 181281, Dallas, 75218. 214-320-2785.

### BOOTLICKER

Your boots, my face. Everything else secondary. I'm big, goodlooking. Call me: (214) 539-8190.

### LET'S RODEO!

This clean-cut all-American buckaroo wants to be roped and hog-tied by a masculine leatherman who is ready to tie the knot. Buckaroo is 27, has thick auburn hair, moustache, loves to cuddle, loves to service boots and likes camping outdoors. He seeks a special Knight in Shining Leather from Dallas-Ft. Worth area who is 30-45, nonsmoker, has thick hair and a creative imagination tempered with lots of horse-sense. PO Box 15006, Dallas TX 75201-0006.

### YOUR FIST - MY ASS

or vice versa. Austin area, fisted once and loved it. Would like to EXPAND my horizons. I'm 30, fit, nonsmoker, nondrugs. Write PO Box 7665, Austin TX 78713.

## UTAH

### VERSATILE LEATHERMAN

57, 5-9, 180, gray hair and beard, glasses, motorcycle man into assplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM fantasy fulfillment, and more, seeks men 21-50+ for laid back to heavy encounters. HIV neg. Novices OK. Am patient teacher. Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. Box 4733LF

### HOT LEATHER BUDDY WANTED

SLC, 25 yrs, 5-11, 150 lbs, brn/brn, Leo, moustache, good looks. Seeks similar hot man for brother, friend. Interests: camping, hiking, skiing. Enjoy making out, mutual titwork, long hot jerkoff sessions, toys, smoke, aroma. Looking for safe hard workouts. Letters with photo get first response. Box 7481LF

## VIRGINIA

### BOTTOM NEEDS HOT TOP

Handsome GWM, 38, 5-8, 148 lbs, masculine, brown eyes, very little body hair, well built, tight stomach, looking for aggressive top to surrender. Must be GWM, 30-45, not fat, big dick, preferably hairy chest. Must be AIDS conscious. I am a novice who wants total submission. I love to be fucked by a man who is dominant and knows how to do it. I am ready for other activities but am inexperienced and need training. No drugs, scat, or heavy pain but you can expand my other limits. I will be a good and loyal slave for you. Potential for longlasting relationship. Central Virginia. Send photo/phone. Box 7554

### SON SEEKS DAD

WM, 26, 5-11, 170 lbs, 7 inches cut seeks older same for mutual relationship. Turn-ons include j/o, WS, enemas, possible fisting, heavy assplay, rimming, face fucking and raunch. Turn-offs are power trips, bondage, intense pain. If you're seeking a healthy, masculine, safe partner, respond with explicit letter, and photo if possible to Boxholder, PO Box 9351, Richmond, VA 23227.

## WASHINGTON

### HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

34, 5-10, 177, hairy, bearded, versatile, with good build seeks b uddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, fu cking, fistfucking, SM, BD, and more. Ich Kann auf Deutsch. Jeg taler norsk. Hablo espanol. Photo to Bridwell, 3318 Lincoln Way, Unit A, Lynnwood, WA 98036.

### NORTHWEST BUDDY NEEDED

48, 5-11, 210, brown hair, thick moustache, seeks companion for medical scenes. Into humiliation, light SM and enemas are plusses. Prefer photo/phone, old fashioned hay rolling sex OK too. G.B., Box 8126, Spokane WA 99203. 7056LF

### SEATTLE IN JAN 90

GWM, 28, 6-2, 195 lbs, blond/blue, moustache. Interests: football, basketball, bicycling, nights in town pal-ing around. Turn-ons: mature masculine men 28-40, old fashioned safe sex. Turn-offs: obesity, TV's, femmes, smokers, drugs. Mainly interested in finding good friends, but maybe more! Box 7400

### HIV-

Cute 37 (looks 25) 5-9, cleanshaven, 150, nice body, seeks confident, stable, mature Caucasian or Black Master/Daddy into ownership, training, sex, domination of virgin slave boy. Please, Sir, use mouth as urinal, tongue toilet paper. Am lonely and hungry for serious, lasting SM relationship. Box 7264LF

### SUCK

Seattle top, 40, with gut wants cocksucking, rimming, live-in bottoms. Any age/race. No smoke/drugs. Photo/phone to Box 7607

## WEST VIRGINIA

### AROMA/RAUNCHBUDDY WANTED

GWM 30s BB seeks cut GWM (21-40) for hot mutual buttbuddy love. Monogamous relationship

with right guy. Photo appreciated, serious only. Steve, Box 7537

### GENTLE MASTER NEEDED

Am 30, but look younger. Looking for construction worker, biker, trucker, pro wrestler types. Into leather, worn Levis, tall boots, pecs, muscles, armpits and tattoos. Need limits expanded to getting fucked for the first time by a real macho stud. Any age. Novice to scene. Not into torture scenes. Send photo. Box 7204LF

## WISCONSIN

### BONDAGE BOTTOM

seeks experienced Top into mummification and total immobilization, loves to have tits and cock worked on. Me: GWM, 6-2, 200 lbs, 45. You: 30-45 GWM 5-6 to 6ft. Central Wisc area. Write Box 7430

### BOTTOMS/SLAVES ACCEPTED

for initiation or growth in SM, BD, CBT, TT and spanking/paddling. Other desires inspired by your Drummer reading also explored. Willingness and sincerity more important than experience. Get down and submit that application. Box 4876LF

### NOVICE BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Masculine bondage bottom, 36, WM, 6 ft, 160 lbs, into ropes, gloves, leathers, hoods, gags, levis, restrictive bondage seeks sensitive nonsmoking leather top for firm, careful scenes. No pain. Straight acting, younger, athletic a plus but all answered. Limited travel possible. Possibly switch for right person. Box 7581LF

## INTERNATIONAL

### YOU TWO DO SEX

So do we - let us see - exchange pics of your hot shots and favorite positions. Letter and pics get replies - us under 40 and bold! - you? - who cares just let us see! Box 7459

### SWISS TOPMAN COMING TO US

Muscular, darkhaired, bearded, early 50s, 5-11, 160, good shape, perfect health (HIVneg) this leatherman wants to meet masculine, hairy, kinky leathermen, 28 to 50 for extensive assplay, titwork, optional FF, scat and mainly long raunchy rimming sessions either at his place or when visiting USA (3-90 next). Write with photo Boris Rahm, Hardstr. 58, Basle Switzerland. 5048LF

### ORLANDO - TRAVELERS?

Two Orlando leathermen interested in greeting leathermen from all over the world who plan to visit the central Florida area. Will provide information on places to stay, Bars, attractions and leather events. Write and let us know if we can assist you. PO Box 7674, Orlando, FL 32804.

### BLACK SADIST/MASTER

cruel and uncompromising, demands total obedience and submission within a framework of safety and healthy SM. I am 30, 5-8, 163, highly intelligent, not interested in bullshit or Eurocentric stereotypes of Black people. You are meek, healthy and ready to serve. Photo & phone. Box 7049LF

### WANTED: EUROPEAN COUPLE

This dominant Black man, 31, 182, 5-9, looking for submissive male/female bisexual slave couple visiting Florida to serve me. Must be able to relate to me on a personal basis. You both should be masochists, enjoy spankings, whippings, nipple/breast torture and serving. Photos of you both required. Box 7600LF

### W- 25LKS, SMTH, TOP, ATHLTC?

141, 6-2, 215, hry, VGN. 805-566- 8978.

### AUSSIE LEATHERMAN

Hot Aussie leather guy, 40, touring Canadian Rockies, Paris, Amsterdam, Switzerland, Italy, seeks contact and accom. with other hot hung guys into CBT, titwork, shaivng, c/rings and stretchers. Hot letter and photo will receive same. Touring Jan 1990. A.L.A. Ray Rendell, PO Box 526, Hermit Park, Qld, Australia 4812.

### BEARDED BRITISH TEDDY

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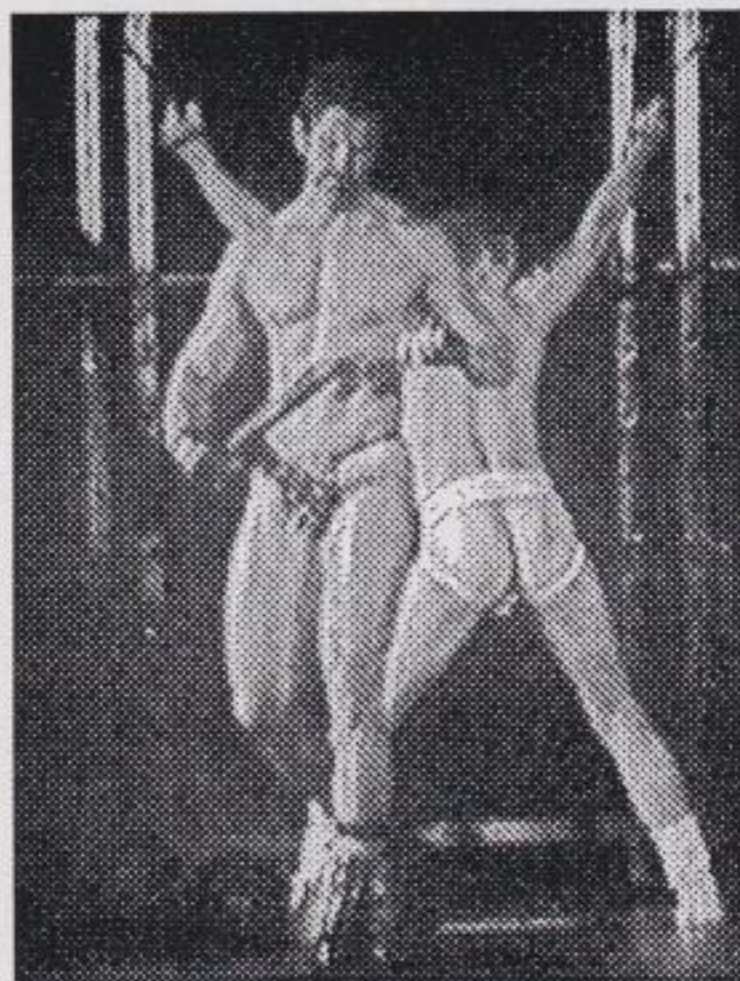
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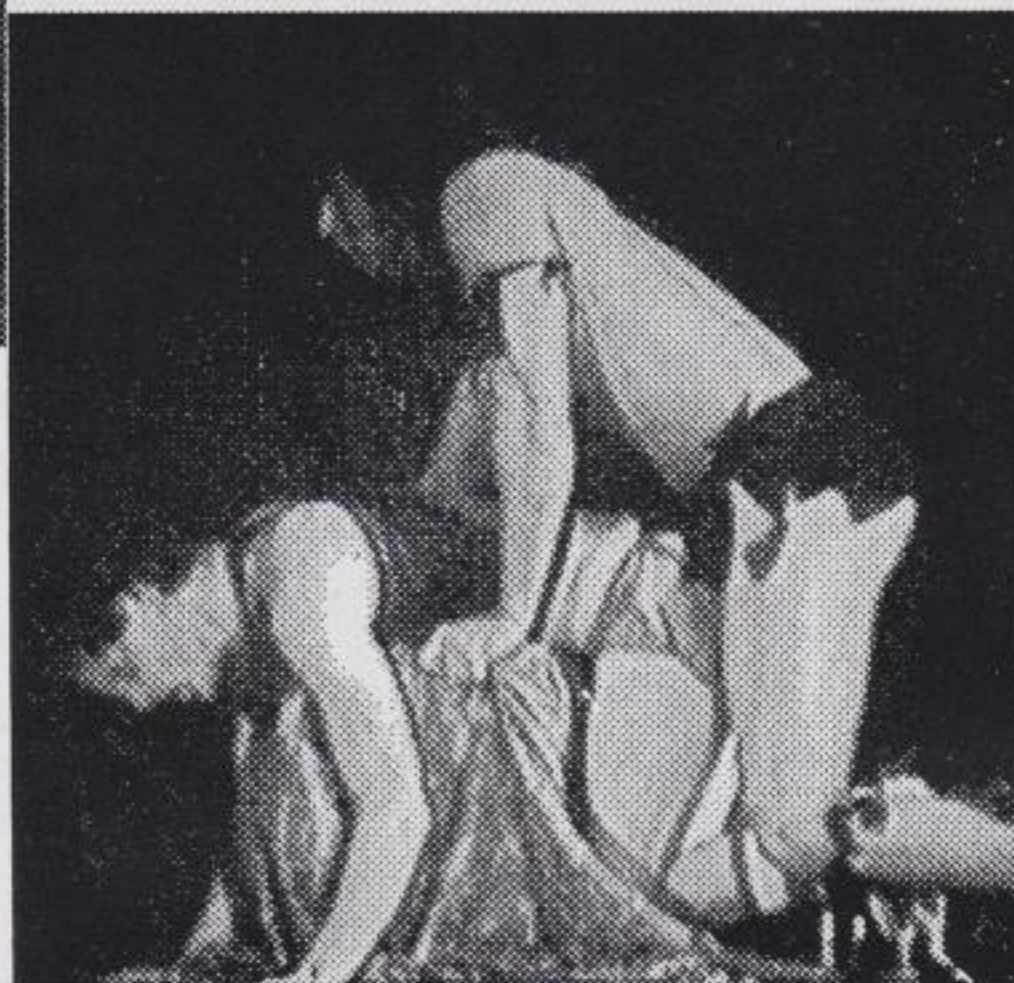


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#### LEATHER DOWN UNDER

2 Leather/Rubber bikers 38 and 32 with own playroom into mutual good times including boots, slings, bondage, WS, hoods, etc. Welcome guys with similar interests. Prefer photo - P# Box 174, Cockatoo 3781, Australia. Intl + 61 + 59 + 688665.

#### LEATHER/BONDAGE GUY

Versatile leatherman welcomes overseas and Australian visitors to Tasmania. Can also meet in Melbourne. Prefer to meet Top, but will accept bottoms. Bondage (rope, leather, metal, tape,) pegs, wax - anything safe, sane, consensual. I know my place with the right Master and will serve well. 44 yo and very fit. Write me! (International Postage Required.) Box 7525LF

### CANADA

#### TRAINING NEEDED

boy, 28, 6-1, seeks training by sane, experienced leather Top. I'm willing and eager to learn from the right man who can extend my horizons. Interests include leather, boots, bondage, uncut men, light SM. You: 35+, fit, uncut and hairy a plus. Photo appreciated. Box 6978LF

#### MANBOY

29, 5-11, 135, brown/blue, moustache, 8 inches cut, into shaving, leather, underwear, piss, sweat, tits, ripe crotches, boots, dirt, looking for Daddy or Big Brother to share life experiences and fantasies: head to toe shaving, bondage, short-term slavery. All answered. Box 7300LF

#### BOOTS - TORONTO

Early 30s GWM boot boy turned on by the feel, smell and taste of tall shiny black boots and leather. Wants to hear from BOOTED leather clad guys with sarpe interests to share fantasies. Box 7428

#### BOOTS, SPURS, HI-TOP SNEAKERS

Locker room valet for football, basketball, hockey teams, licking, sucking, eating dirty, sweaty sneakers, socks, feet clean! Bootboy in bunkhouse full of cowboys with grimy socks, boots and spurs! Bootblack for squads of motorcycle cops! This is my wish for 1989. Box 7057LF

#### UNIFORMED DADDY/TOP

Daddy/Master looking for son/slaves, to join Leather Family. Must be into SM, BD, WS, uniforms. Daddy is 38 yrs old, 5-11, 160 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache. Photo preferred with letter of introduction. Toronto. Box 7507

#### BOOT FANTASIES

WM lives in a world of booted and leather fantasies; 37, 6-4, hot, goodlooking. Enjoys mutual action in leather and booted scene with men in tall highly shined boots. Have large collection of boots and leather. A descriptive letter stating scene with leather booted photo gets response. Box 7427

#### BOOTS & BALLS

White BB 6ft, 200, needs muscle coach to gut-punch and ball-stomp him during power workout/wrestling match. No mercy shown/expected. Send ph/ph to B.M., Box 141, Station P, Toronto Canada, M5S 2S7.

#### BOTTOM

Clean shaven, moustached, piss trained bottom, 41, 5-6, 160 lbs, good body, average equipment, would like to hear from mature big muscular brutes: pro military or police types a plus, who can advance my training. Can travel for my 'medicine.' Looking for top who knows what is required. Photo and phone preferred. Jerry B., Box 15882, Station F, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K2C 3L4.

#### EXPERIENCES WANTED

2 lovers eager to learn, afraid to make mistakes, looking for teachers in the finer points of SM lifestyle. Box 7460

#### GWM

99, 5-9, usually bottom, can switch, into BD, TT, SM, whippings, leather, uniforms, humiliation, boots,

motorcycles, etc. Seeks similar. Reply Box 7507

### ENGLAND

#### LONDON LEATHER MASTER

Active 28, 5-11, 175 lb, wants well built leather men preferably with thick moustaches and big chests. Into C/B work, FF and lots of leather. Send photo and/or phone number to Box 7599

#### MASOCHIST DAD

62, excellent physical condition, 5-10, 180, short silver hair, moustache, super tits, masculine, full leather, deep throat expert, TT, dildoes and more, welcomes hot BB/musclemen Tops. Visit NY often. Box 7240LF

#### SOCIAL SLAVE

I like heavy scenes, but like to be social too. Visitors get shown around, I get used. Bearded 36 bottom likes being roughfucked by Cops, Bikers, and generally rough Tops, one or more, who are into Bondage, SM or other ideas. I also like Vanilla. Crazy? No, English, 36, and 6 ft tall. UK Rope/Leather Master needed for regular scenes. Photos and action details please. Box 6230LF

### WEST GERMANY

#### MASOCHISTS SOUGHT

Non-leather bearded Topman (43, 6-4, 220) looking for submissive masochists/bottoms minimum 35 yrs/bearded. Must be into TT, CBT, anal dilations, catheters; some needles, piss, etc. No dirty! Blacks/Latinos welcome. Can host. Photo welcome. Write Box 7418

#### A REAL COPPER TO TOUCH

I'm 45, 170cm, 80kg, collecting all police items and have to sell or to exchange many police items. I'm very into leather, uniforms, breeches and motorbikes. I'm also keen on SM, (top and bottom), bondage, lead the whip, titwork, and to cuddle the hairy belly of a man. Box 7551

#### SLAVE SOUGHT

by German uncut leatherman, 27, 6-20, 187, pierced tits, P.A., dark short hair, moustache. Slave with dark short hair, beard or moustache must be interested in piercings, brandings, leather, SM, CB and Tit Torture, facesitting, FF, shaving. Photo a must and will be sent back. Box 7544

#### K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather, uniforms, BD, Top or bottom, can take what I dish out. All military, MPs, SPs especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops, bikers, write too, Stateside or in Europe (Often in US.) Here's your chance - sit on your ass and we won't meet. If you're legit, write! Box 6770LF

### COMPUTERS

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### POSITIVE IMAGE

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### CS

An organization for cigar smoking men. For information write: CS, POB 12151, San Antonio, TX 78212.

### FF NATIONAL NETWORK

Send SASE to: ASP, POB 14543, SF CA 94114.

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Weekly parties. Write NYPT, PO Box 783, New York, NY 10025.

### MAN RIDERS

Contact club for men into the use of man - and/or horse power for transportation. SASE: MRC, PO Box 1256, Rocklin CO 95677.

### JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

Correspondence/meeting club for men into leather, bondage, toys, etc. SASE to PO Box 9221, Stockton, CA 95208-1221.

### ARMPITS

New correspondence club for men into hairy armpits. Newsletter, parties, photo exchange, etc. For free info, send SASE to: AP, 44 Monterey Blvd #353, SF CA 94131.

### POSITIVE IMAGE

AIDS? ARC? HIV+? HIV-? Tired of the media and establishment bullshit? Join POSITIVE IMAGE, a provocative communications network, SASE/information, PI/DR, PO Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

### MALE: PECS-TITS- NIPPLES

For men turned-on: by/to chest sex, this may be just your safe-AIDS-free ad club. Over 8 years of happy titting! Edenite, PO Box 515, South Beloit, IL, 61080.

### LASHMATES

National whipping, spanking, paddling, etc., club. Hot contacts! Info: RS, 496A Hudson #H24, NYC, NY 10014.

## PHONE SEX

### B & K FANTASIES

Sadistic Master into breath control, piercing, raunch, ultimate trips. \$20.00 VMC 315/457-6073.

### FONE SEX BIKER

Punching - spitting - fking - pissing - verbal beating - \$16.95 - no credit cards needed - talk now - pay later - (213) 651-5937

### THE HOTTEST LIVE PHONE SEX!

There's no doubt about it! "Male Call" is the hottest Phone Fantasy service available. The Men at Male Call specialize in dominant and submissive fantasies, or any other scene you desire! Call (614) 621-8255 now. "Instant" credit, Visa/MasterCard or pre-payment.

### B & K FANTASIES

BB construction worker into punching, rubber, nail-ing, spitting, pissing. \$20.00 VMC 315/457-6073.

### CALL YOUR MASTER

Beg for the beating of your life. Take it like a man, and Daddy just might let you lick his hairy bunghole while he jacks his huge man-meat. You know you need it. So pull out your credit card and call me, before you get too far out of line. Call 1-800-621-2821.

### B & K FANTASIES

PLEASE NOTE: In issues 133 and 134, Drummer published an ad in this category, entitled "B & K FANTASIES PHONESEX," which was an unauthorized use of the "B & K FANTASIES" name. The ONLY phone number B & K customers should use is (315) 457-6073. The ads running in this issue are authorized ads.

### MARRIED MAN

TALKS RAUNCH. MY TERMS. (801) 532-6406. VMC/AMEX/DISC.

### B & K FANTASIES

Leather Master into shaving, wax, humiliation, whipping \$20.00 VMC 315-457-6073

### HOT TOPS/HUNGRY BOTTOMS

All live phone scenes available 24 hours. VMC/AMEX/MO. 1-305-SEX-9388.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

### PHOTOGRAPHY

On your own turf. Portraits, Event Coverage, Business/Products, or Private Scenes. Winner, Cable Car Award for Photo Art; Official Photographer 1988 Mr. Drummer Contest. Droux Photo, 519 Castro St. #73, SF 94114. (415) 864-6769.

## PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

### ADVERTISING SPECIALISTS!

A perfectly normal, mainstream Advertising Agency owned and operated by Lesbian Leatherwomen! Friendly, personalized service. Custom designed print media, direct mail, business and/or calling cards. Everything from outdoor signs to magazine ads. Let us help make you a success! Call Smith-Johnson Enterprises, Advertising Division, (408) 248-7769

## SERVICES

### THE ACADEMY

The Academy, a full-time staffed facility, continues to offer men with a serious interest a unique alternative service. The Academy can design and implement each detail of your experience in various environments and scenarios for weekend or week-long sessions. Special situations such as public arrest, hostage, and other complex programs are executed in a realistic correctional or military atmosphere. Cell confinement, immobilization, isolation, interrogation, sensory control and endurance situations are all offered in safe, sane discreet and monitored environment. All Academy programs are administered by professionally trained military, corrections and LE personnel. A brochure or video tape is now available. Reservation and deposit required (deposit and/or video may be charged by credit card.) References provided after commitment. Contact: The Academy, PO Box 672, Bridgeton MO 63044, (314) 239-7571 or 1-800-525-7717. The Academy cannot offer sexual situations as part of their programs.



### FREE BODY PIERCING OFFER

Gauntlet trainee seeks interested parties. Piercings done under direct supervision of master piercer Jim Ward. Offer includes basic stainless Gauntlet Jewelry (total value \$60.00.) Contact Drew Nicholas at Gauntlet San Francisco, (415) 431-3133 for appointments.

### CHICAGO BED & BREAKFAST

Private room/bath in Northside condo. Amenities, playroom. On Transit line. 15 mins from Loop or boystown. Continental breakfast served by slave-host. ALSO, Completely PRIVATE executive apartments. Quiet west side neighborhood. 5 mins from expressway/transit. Playroom/slave possible. Bring own toys. Advance reservations/deposit preferred. Kip (312) 561-0041. 7370LF

## VIDEOS

### COP JOCK VIDEOS

7 TOTALLY "ARRESTING" COP OLYMPIC

VIDEOS. "Never a dull moment on screen!" COP WRESTLING 1, 96 min.; COP WRESTLING 2, 110 min.; COP BOXING, 60 min. and hot!! COP POWERLIFTING: DAY 1, 90 min; COP POWERLIFTING: DAY 2, 108 min & MASSIVE! COPS & OTHER JOCKS' TUG OF WAR, 60 outdoor min. These 6 videos are \$49.95 each. Finally, try COP BODYBUILDING, 120 min of 225# cops sweating & posing, \$69.95. State VHS or BETA. Purchase all 7 videos (more than 10 FULL ACTION- PACKED HOURS!) in one set on the same date (normally cost at \$369.65 for all 7,) and you pay only \$259.95! SAVE \$109.70. If you buy 1 video to "sample" the quality of picture & action, you may still purchase the entire set in 1 order. Simply subtract the cost of the sample video you purchased from \$259.95. We're that sure you'll like these videos you can't buy anywhere else. If you have a thing for cops, jocks, and handsome men, do it! Be sure to add \$4 EACH TAPE for postage & handling. CA residents: 6.5%. Money orders/Cashier's checks REQUIRED for full 10-Hour sets & fastest service. Send for FREE Cop Brochure and/or place an order: P.D. Video, 2755 Blucher Valley Rd, Box 8, Sebastopol, CA 95472.

### NEW S&M FETISH VIDEOS

Former DRUMMER editor Jack Fritscher's PALM DRIVE VIDEO says: "Palm Drive your own dick." Free photo-packed brochures. HOT FETISH VID-E-OHIS include SUPERSTAR KEITH ARDENT from sexpits of Manhattan in 9-Inch Pec Stud in BLACK RUBBER, ULTRA LATEX, VA, 80 sleazoid min., \$49.95; Uncut pro-wrestler-size Big Black Dick Black, 80 beefy foreskin-poppin' min., \$39.95; Gut Punchers, 2 greasy muscle men SEX-BOX for EROTIC FIGHT/BOXING GEAR FETISH fans, 78 min., \$39.95; Straight Mud Fighters in slimy combat, 50 hunky-wet MUDPIT min., \$39.95; Cigar Blues, 5 guys/5 Cigars, 80 min., \$39.95; Filthy Musclemen Jason Steele is Leather Tit Animal, massive UNCUT cock, heavy-duty TT/CBT, pecs, spit, knife, whip, super-INTENSE autoerotic S&M, 90 min., \$59.95; BEARDED BEAR Rugged Jack Husky in Nasty Blond Carpenter J/O, cigar/piss/rifle/VA, 70 min., \$39.95; Double feature: 10 Inches Uncut and Foreskin Jerkoff, titles say all, 80 min., \$49.95; DAVE GOLD'S GYM WORKOUT, seasoned Colt BB, 9-10 inches, very handsome DADDY, iron-pumping, cigar, FOOTBALL, heavy VA, 85 min., \$39.95; Hairy 9-Inch Sweat Hog Jerkoff & Whipping, starring DRUMMER DADDY'S BOY, Whipster Lee Baldwin, heavy TT/CBT WHIPPING, cigar, spit, knife, pain & passion, 70 min., \$39.95; Bearded Daddy's Beer Belly in Bondage, classic beergut, fat dick, cinched down with black leather straps, big load, 70 min., \$29.95. XXXXTATIC SAMPLE VIDEO: PALM DRIVE'S GREATEST HITS, 100 1-HANDED min., \$39.95! SEND FOR FREE PHOTO-PACKED BROCHURES! Add \$3 postage EACH video title (\$4 EACH UPS.) CA res., add 6.5% tax. You must state and sign you're 21. Money orders receive 24-hour turnaround. Void where prohibited. Order VIDEOS & FREE BROCHURES: PALM DRIVE VIDEO, Dept. "D", PO Box 3653, San Francisco CA 94110 (not 2755 Blucher 95472.)

### BIKER VIDEOS

Mud, oil, grease, piss, beards, tats. Catalog \$2. Club Mud, Box 277, Rio Nido CA 95471.

### COLLEGE WRESTLING

Instruction film now on video! Judo and boxing. Send \$1.00 to: World Service, Box 12444, San Diego CA 92112-2444.

### WET & SHITTY ACTION!

VIDEOS featuring HOT guys into pissing & dumping! Peed pants! Soaked beds! Drenched diapers! Golden arches! Watersports exchange! Plus HEAVY DUTY "MONSTER DUMPS!" Hot enemas! Messy Levis! Send \$5 for 64 page photo-illustrated CATALOG plus HOT samples! Michael Steven Holden, 82 Wall Street, Suite 1105, New York NY 10005. (ALL foreign orders welcome.) PAL Video/Yes! Airmail to UK 5 pounds. Discreet Worldwide Delivery Guaranteed.



# TOUGH CUSTOMERS



**TC-136-06**

**UNCUT MEN PREFERRED**

Married TC needs to enjoy servicing hot Topmen and Daddies in San Francisco.



**TC-136-02**

**SEEKING LEATHER DADDY**

29 year old East Texan wants "that right man" to teach him . . . things.



**TC-136-03**

**HE'S A  
BERLINER**

Speaking only German  
and Italian is no problem.

He also speaks  
leathersex! Call in West  
Berlin, 030-791-2190



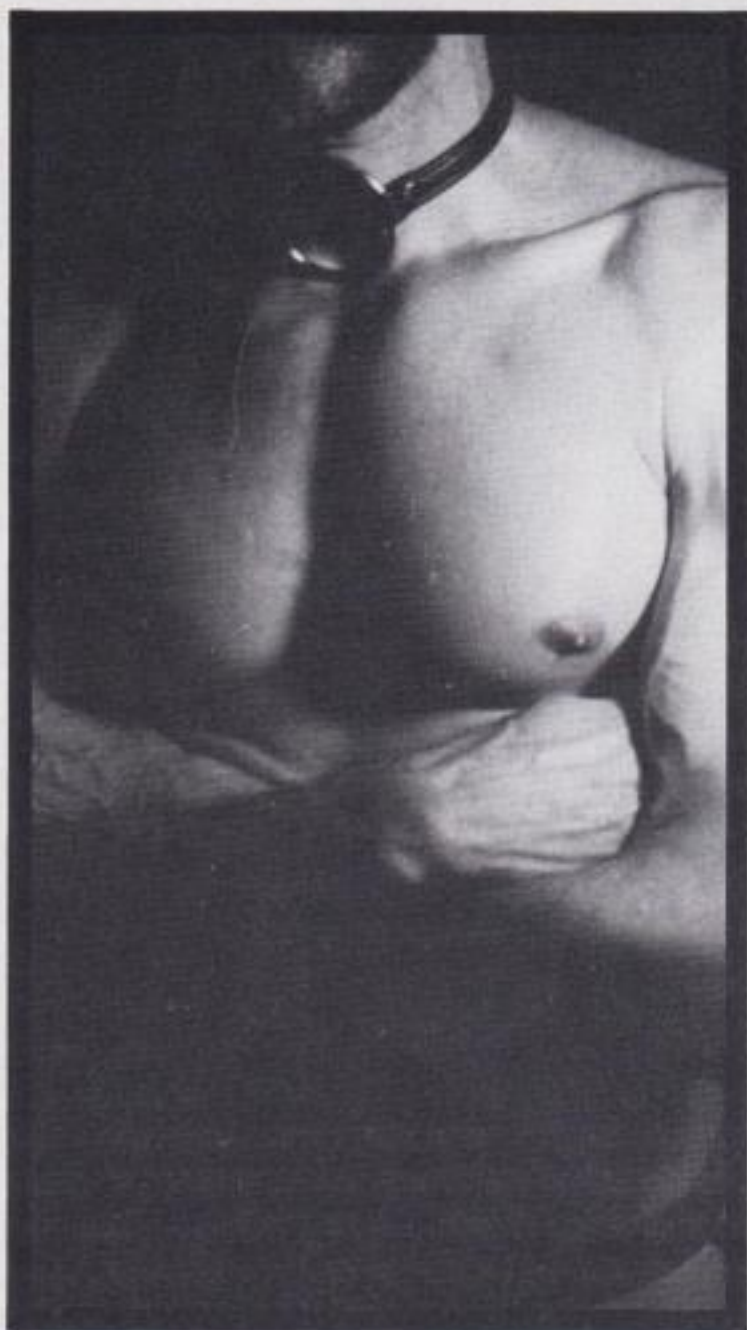
**TC-136-01**

**EAT MY ASS**

This hot TC is into mutual leathersex, spit, pits, tits, piss and boots. (Rhode Island)



# TOUGH CUSTOMERS

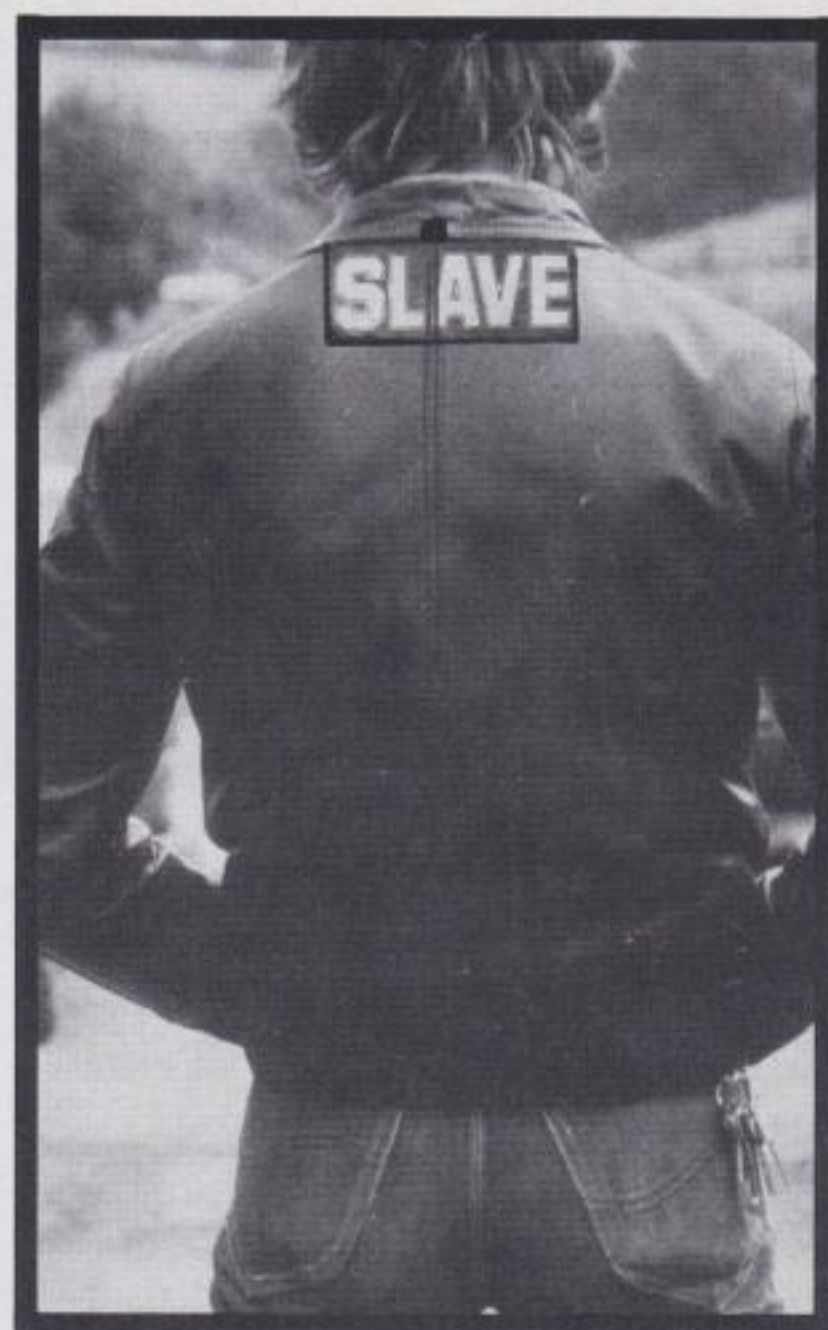


## TC-136-08

German-American in No. CA seeks trim, lean, defined, wiry men for long, hot tit torture sessions.

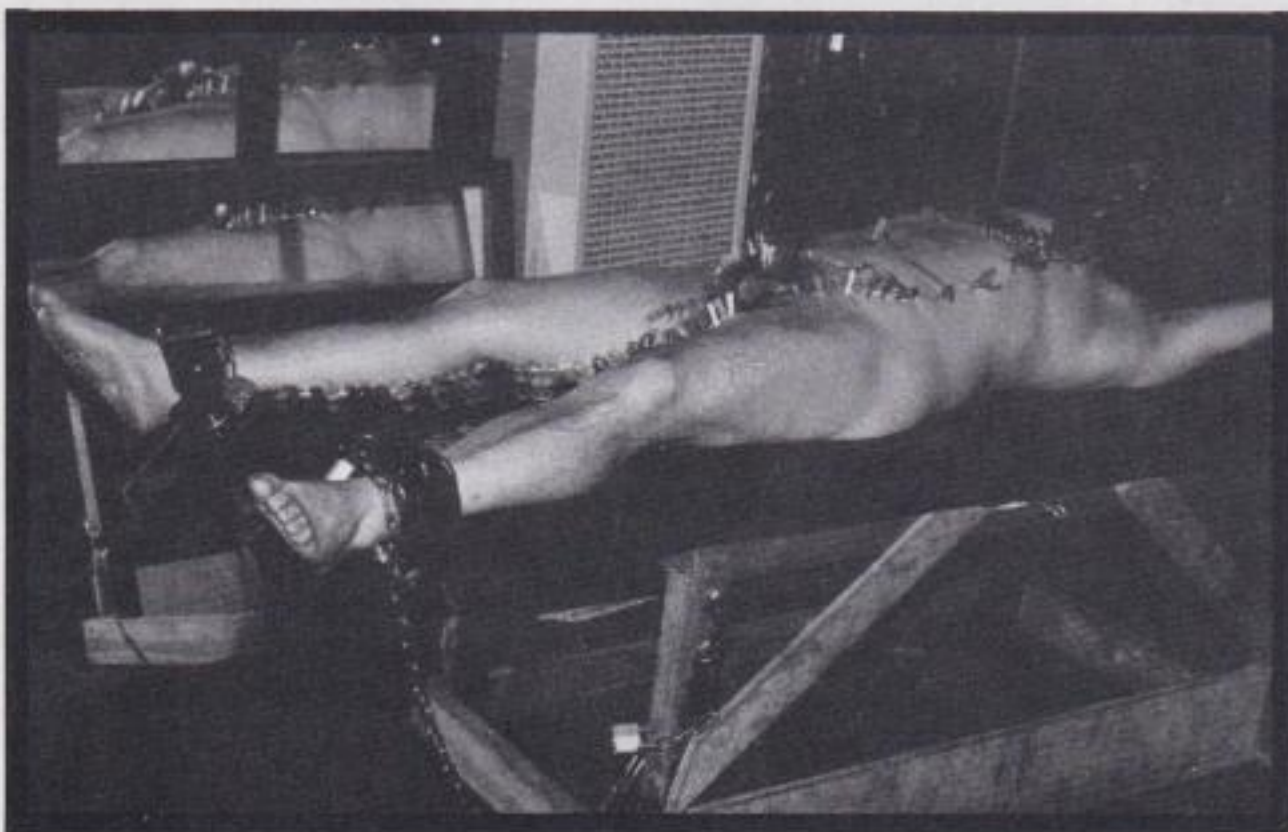


## MUTUAL TIT WORK



## TC-136-07 WEST GERMAN STALLION

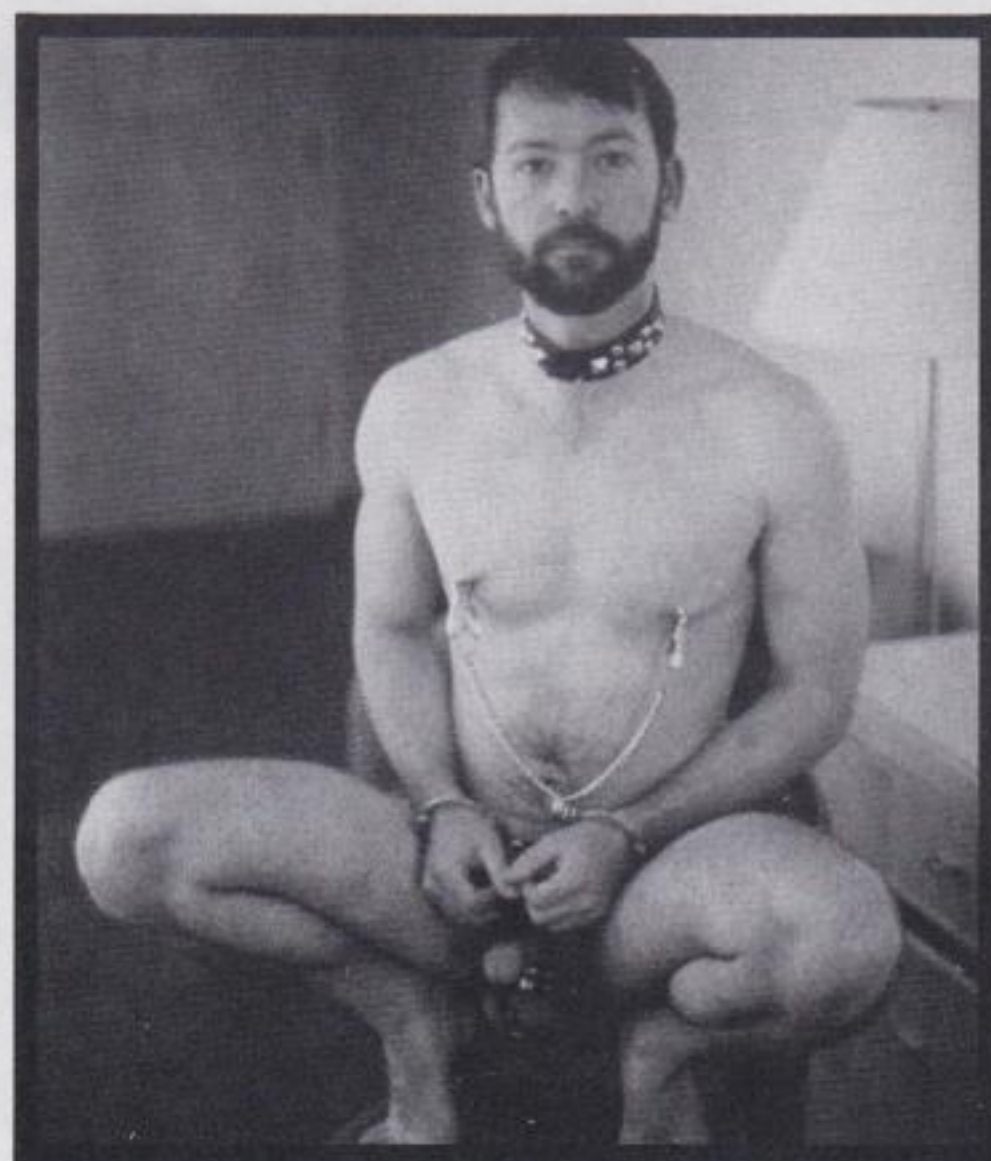
No experience but plenty of willingness to submit to bondage, fisting, and your other desires. Enslave this Tough Customer if you dare.



## TC-136-05

## COLORFUL MASOCHIST

This racked and shackled bottom is decorated with rows of brightly colored wire clothespins. (Santa Rosa, CA)



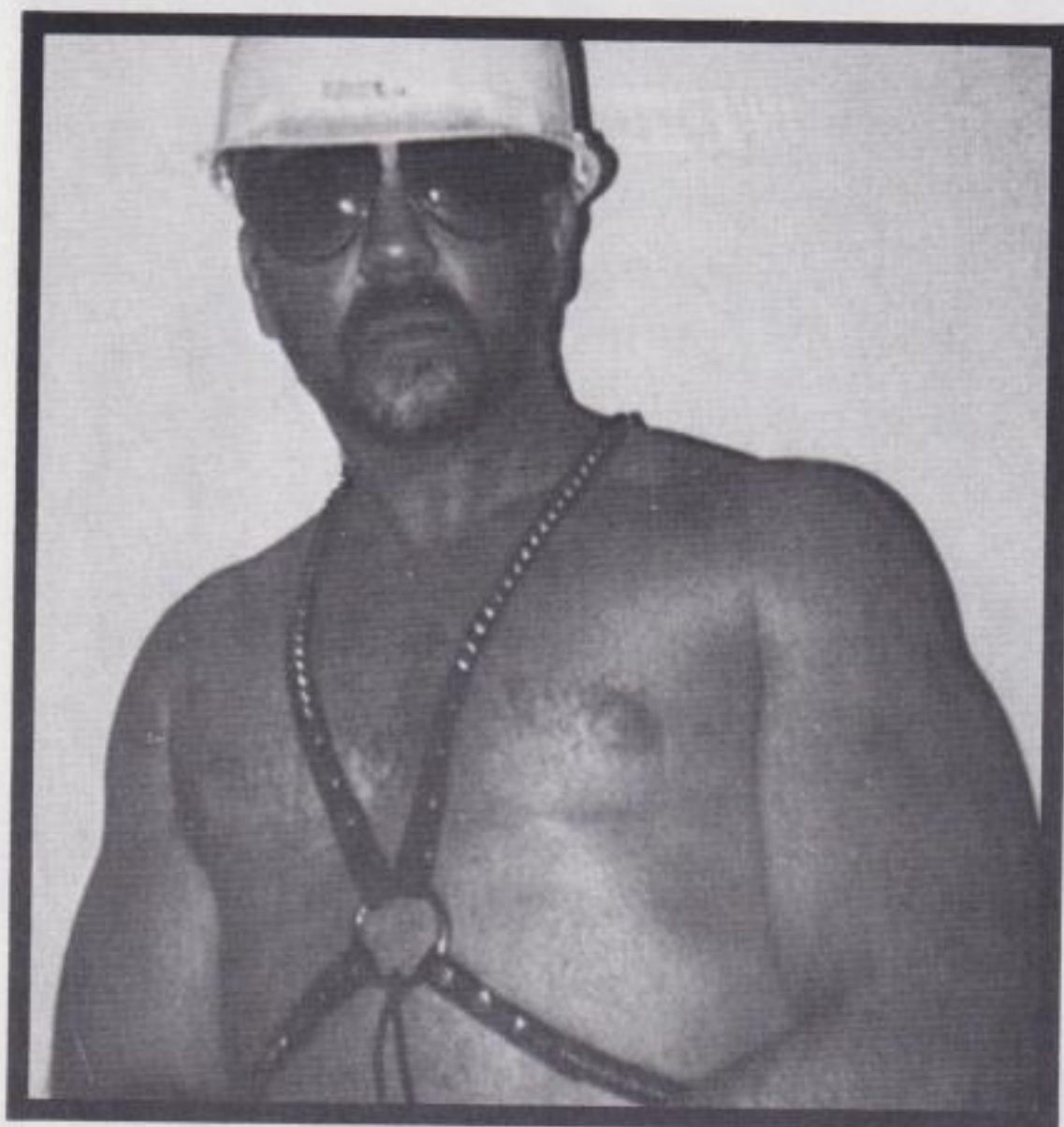
## TC-136-09

## NEW ENGLAND BOTTOM

Wants to experience pain-pleasure trips: ball torture, whipping, electricity, sensory control and bondage. No tourists or one-nighters.



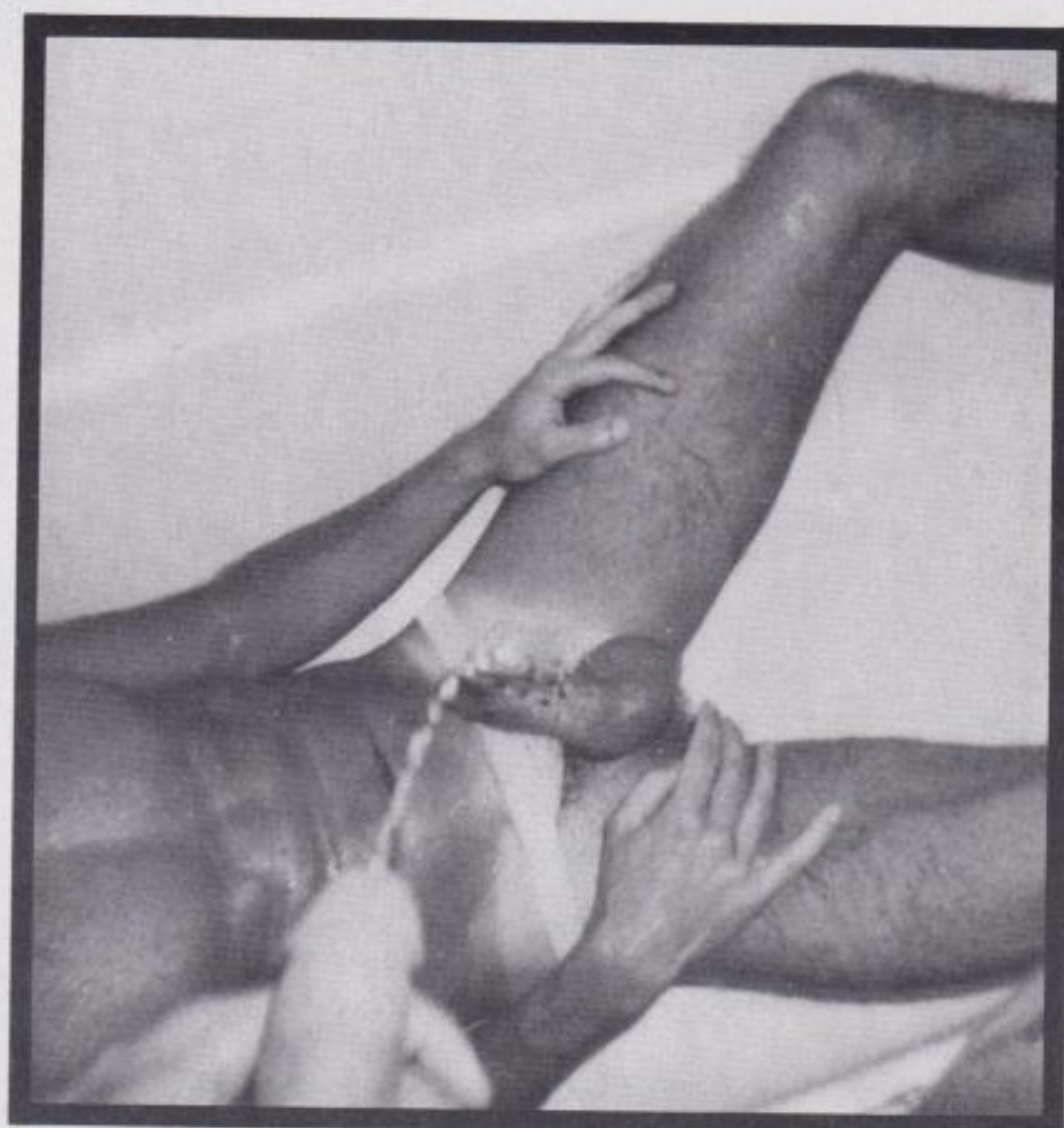
# TOUGH CUSTOMERS



**TC-136-11**

**CALL THIS ONE SIR**

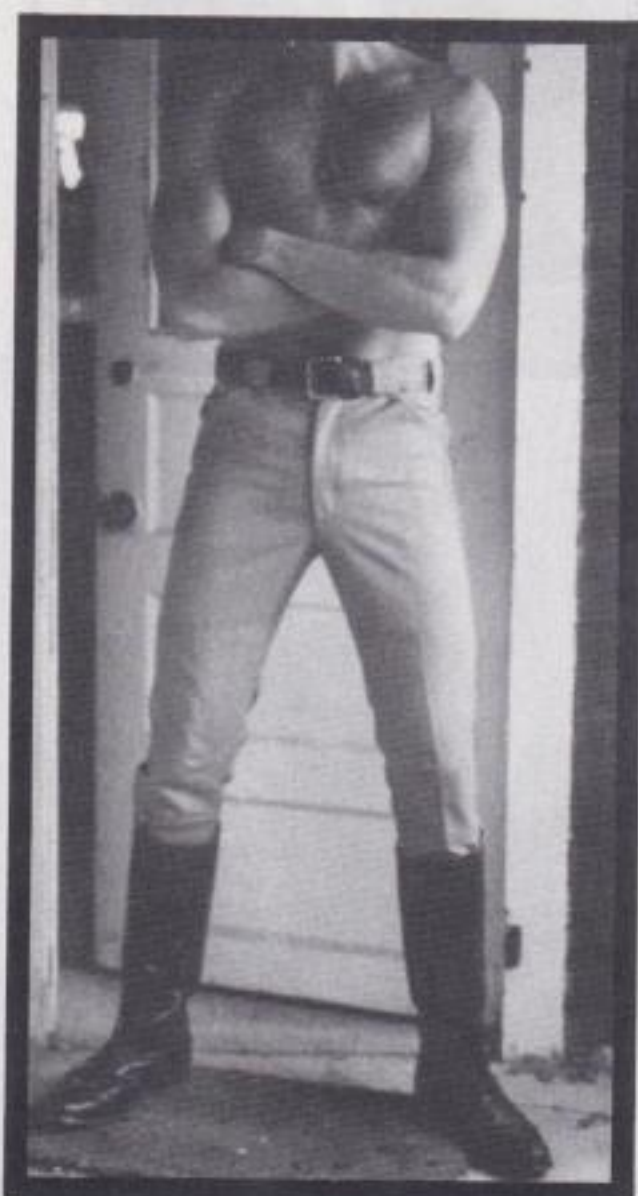
Tough NY Top with 200 lbs of muscle wants to fuck face and get some body worship from hot bottoms.



**TC-136-04**

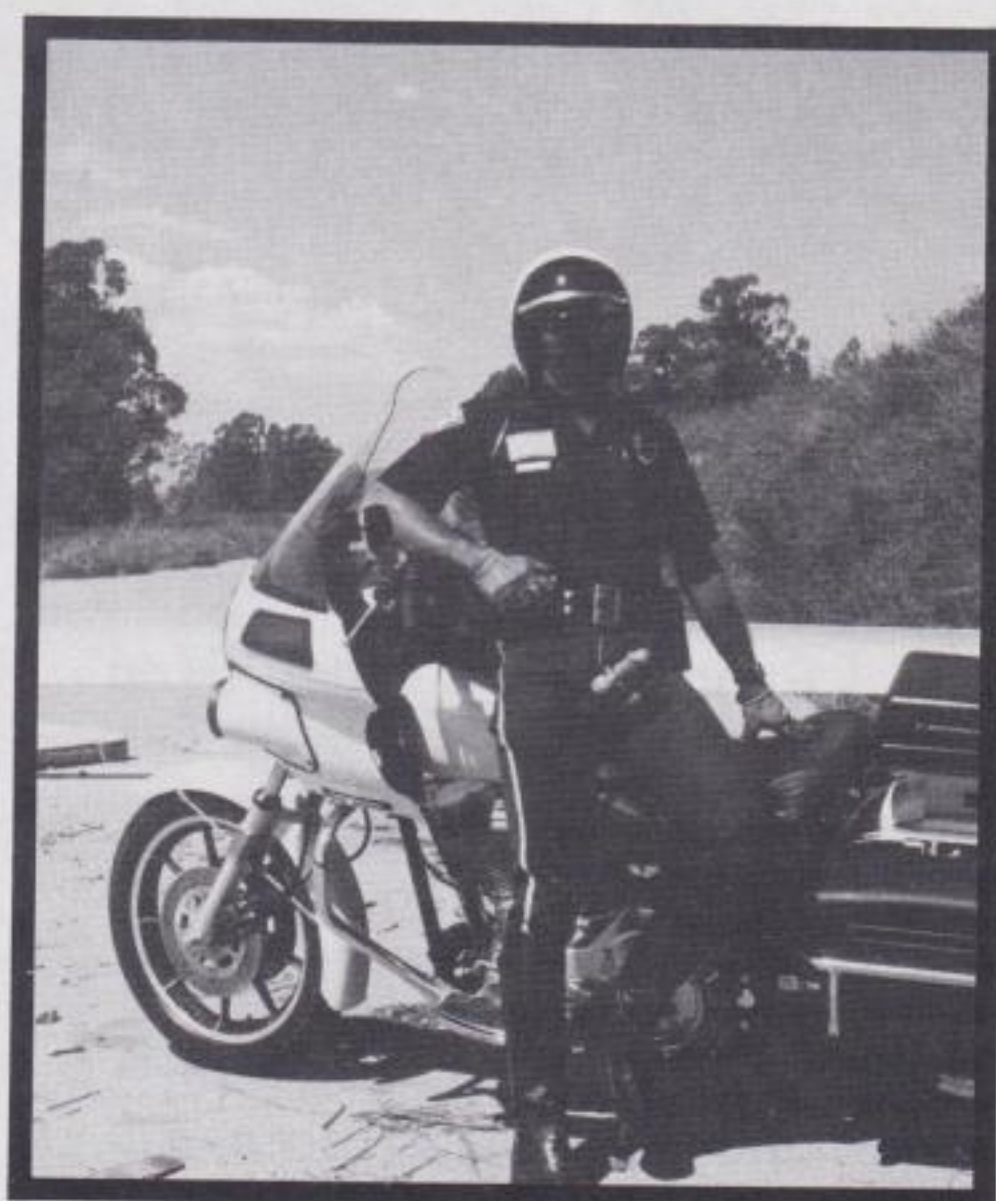
**ROUGH, RAUNCHY COUPLE**

Daddy and boy looking for Tops and duos in Sacramento.



**TC-136-10**  
**OBEDIENT BODYBUILDER**

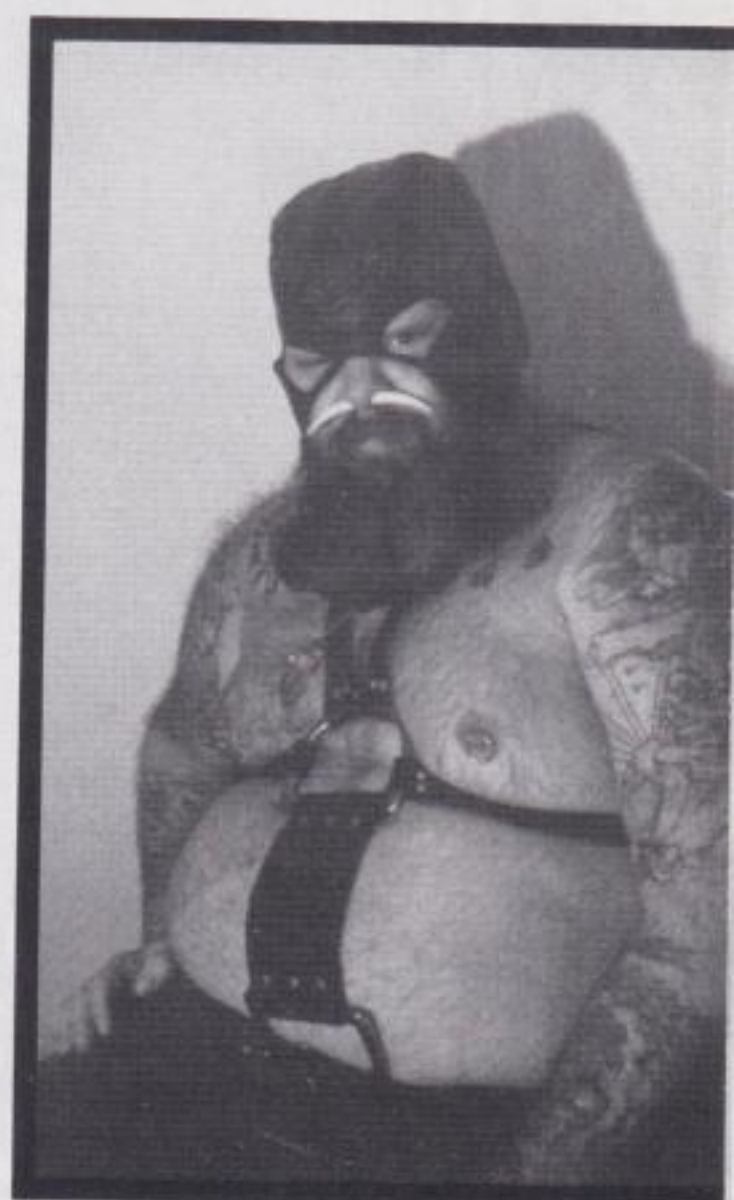
Looking for one MAN who knows who's boss in and out of bed. See "CUT THE BULLSHIT" in Dear Sir, under So. CA.



**TC-136-13**

**LINE-UP FORMS HERE**

Southern California motor officer seeks copsuckers for safe sex and fantasy scenes.



**TC-136-12**  
**DADDY GOES FOR DADDIES**

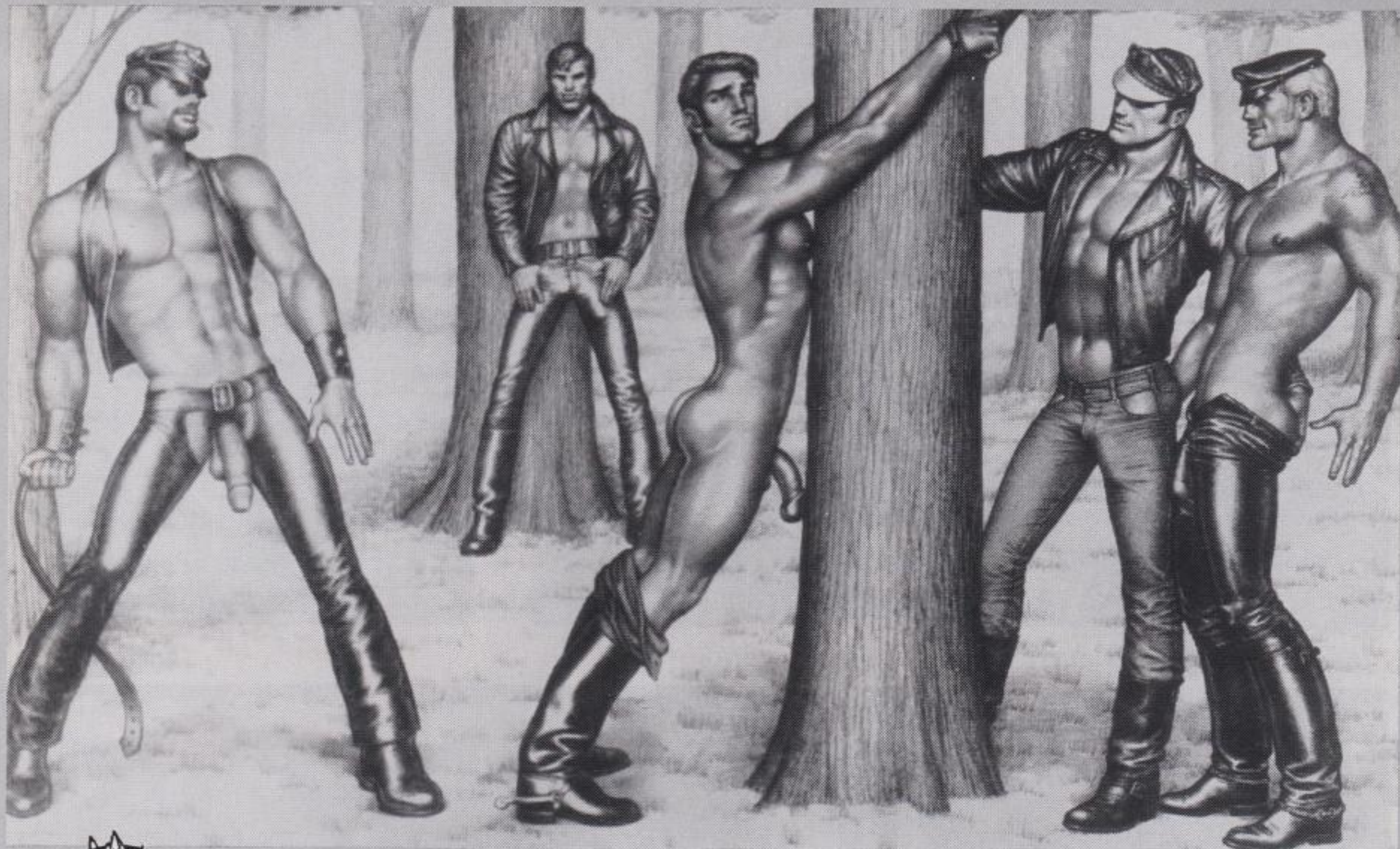
Thin boys need not apply to this heavy, heavily tattooed, beard-loving hunk in Florida. Over 40 and long, long beards welcome.



Our promised "Remembrance of Sleaze Past" issue, scheduled for *Drummer* 137, is still "ripening" and will be along in a couple of months. Meantime . . .

# CUMMING UP

IN *Drummer* 137

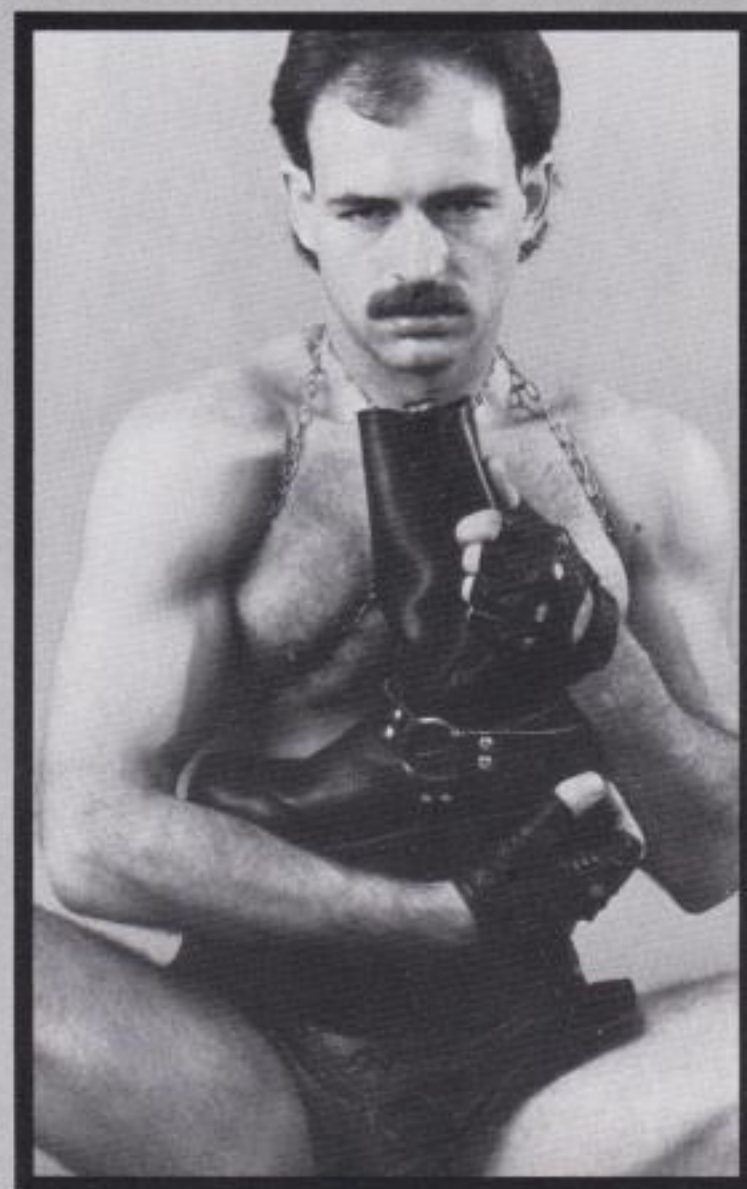


The winners of the Tom of Finland Story Contest . . .

Gohr, a hot new cartoon strip of the erotic future by The Hun . . .

A portfolio of Sexual Portraits by Mark I. Chester . . .

. . . and Jim Wigler's photographs of both Anthony Citro, Mr. Northeast Drummer (see the center-spread of *this* issue), and Dustin Logan, Mr. Great Plains Drummer (shown here).





# THE LEATHER LINE

**CALL NOW!**



HEY BUDDY...  
IT'S FOR  
YOU!!

TALK LIVE WITH  
HOT LEATHER MEN  
24 HOURS DAILY!

**TOPS - BOTTOMS**  
**MASTERS - SLAVES**

95 CENTS PER MINUTE  
\$2.00 THE FIRST MINUTE

( You must be 18 or older )

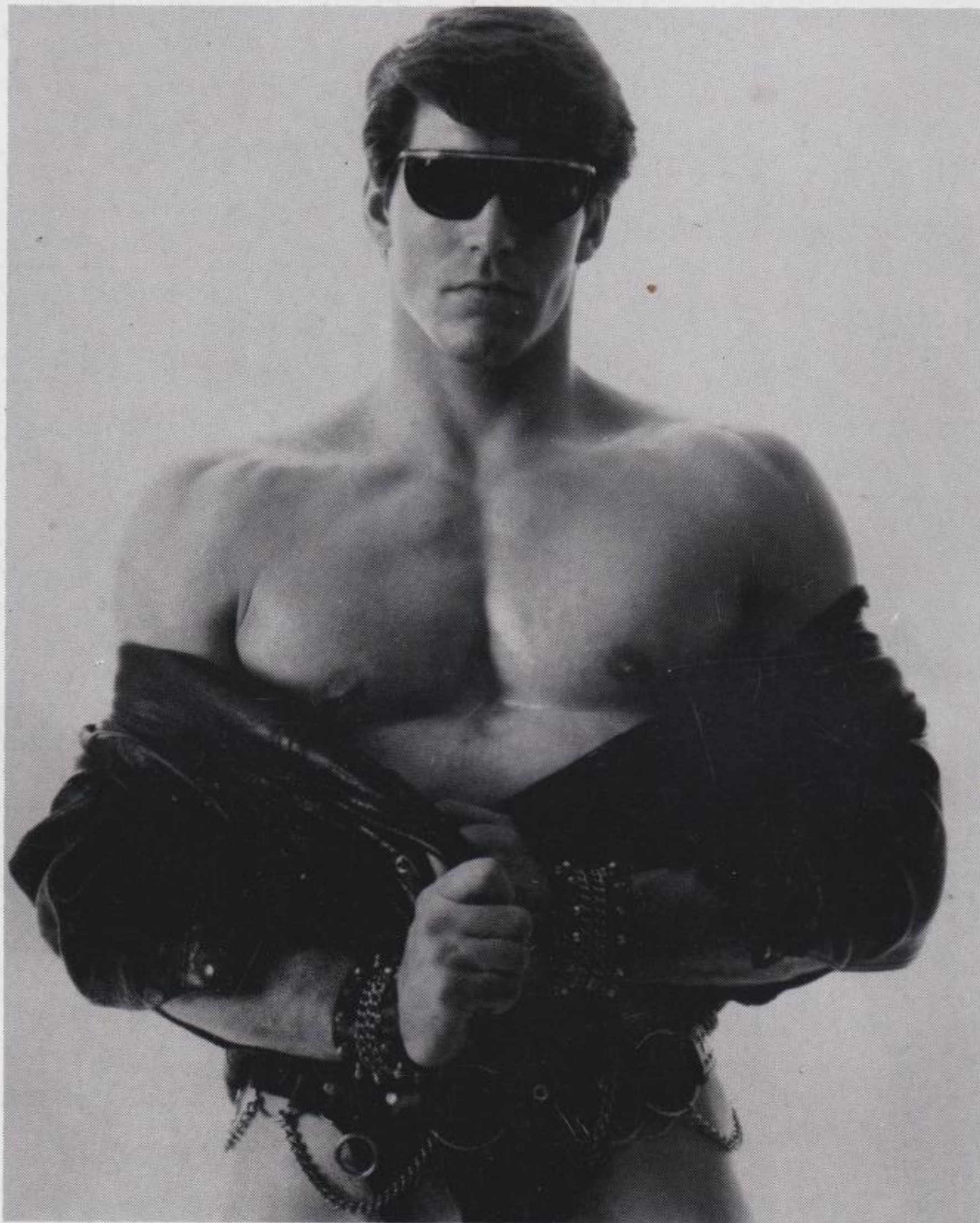
*Alternate Line, Inc.*

© 1989

**1-900-999-6576**  
**1-900-999-OK-SM**



# DIAL NOW GUYS ARE WAITING!



BILLED TO YOUR PHONE AS "DATELINE"  
95 CENTS PER MINUTE  
\$1.50 THE FIRST MINUTE

## 1-900-999-3131

## 1-900-963-6363

BILLED TO YOUR PHONE AS "REALPEOPLE"  
\$3.50 PER CALL

© COPYRIGHT 1989 REAL PEOPLE LTD. YOU MUST BE 18 OR OVER